

THE
ENCYCLOPEDIA
OF
.. DEATH ..

AND
LIFE IN THE SPIRIT-WORLD.

OPINIONS AND EXPERIENCES FROM EMINENT SOURCES

BY J. R. FRANCIS,
Author of "Search After God," "Is the Devil Dead?"

VOLUME III.

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INTRODUCTION.

We are confident that this, the third volume of the Encyclopedia of Death, and Life in the Spirit-World, will attract wide attention among all classes of thinking minds. It gives the modern concept of Death in a fascinating, instructive and interesting manner. Rev. M. J. Savage, one of the most popular divines of the present age, gives his views; and emanating from such a distinguished source, they will undoubtedly attract a great deal of attention among those who are not closely allied to Spiritualism, as well as among Spiritualists themselves.

We are, indeed, under many obligations to all the master minds who have contributed to make this work so intensely interesting. Our main object has been in the publication of these volumes, to relieve Death of the extreme terror that has clustered around it ever since the dawn of creation. The different views presented seem to run in one harmonious current, establishing the sublime fact that Death is just as natural as Birth, and the former is as much a segment of Divine Law as the latter. We believe that all the libraries of the world, independent of these three volumes, cannot begin to furnish the sublime truths that they contain. They will hold the interest of the reader from the beginning to the end, and he will arise from their perusal, with a grander knowledge of the ways of Nature or Divine Providence, than ever before. He will realize more fully than ever after mentally digesting the facts presented, that spirit existence is merely a continuation of this life, and that each one passes into the realm of souls precisely as he left the earthly body—no better—no worse—and with every incentive to improve morally and intellectually presented before him, he will not remain stationary, but will soon commence to progress.

J. R. FRANCIS.

Is Death the End of Man's Existence?

SERMON NO. 1—BY REV. M. J. SAVAGE.

SCIENTIFIC DEDUCTIONS—NO SYMPATHY WITH THE SAYING: "IF THERE BE NO FUTURE LIFE, THEN THIS ONE IS ALL A MOCKERY"—WOULD NOT HAVE THE OLD PAST, OR GO BACK ONE STEP—"SPIRIT" DOES NOT MEAN "NOTHING."

It is very difficult for men to argue while the heart aches or with eyes dimmed with tears. And if we do not feel the pain tugging at our hearts to-day, if our eyes now are clear and able to reflect the light that is in the sky above us, still is it not true, in the case of every one of us that we have had these times of heart-ache, these hours of dimmed eyes when we could not see? And can we put all these memories away from us so completely as to enable us to treat a matter like this dispassionately in the clear light of reason, unbiased by any prejudice or fear or hope? Are not these desires of ours, these longings, these precious bitter-sweet memories of the past, like an outside influence that deflects the needle from the pole? And, if we will find the direction of the true north, must we not discover some way of isolating the needle, so that it will tremble toward its true direction? These outside forces that do thus deflect the needle are a part of the very problem itself; but, to find out their real worth, we must isolate the needle if possible, and then measure the difference between the north and the point of its deflection. So if we will estimate rightly the power of these passions, the hopes and fears that sway us, and that sweep over us in such mighty power, we must, if we can, look at them objectively, estimate them, measure them, weigh them, see what they are and how much they mean. Let us, then, this morning look this problem as clearly as we can in the face.

I do not know how it may be with you, but I, for one, can

have no sympathy with that common saying, that I hear on every hand, "If there be no future life, then this one is all a mockery and a sham,"—that this is not worth while. Of course this must be a matter of personal feeling only. I cannot answer for you; but for myself I wish to put it on record that in spite of all life's tears, with all its heartaches, with all its disappointments, with all its poverty, with all its sorrows,—and pardon me if I say that of these I have borne a full share,—with all these, this life seems to me so full of mystery, so wondrous, so grand, that, whatever the future may have in store for me, I would not have it that I had not been. This brief look at the wonderful light of the blue sky; this hour of marvel at the stars of night; this bending over the mystery of a flower or blade of grass, and seeing there the infinite might and power pushing itself up in infinitesimal forms of beauty, grace, and fragrance; this clasping the hand of friend, if it be only for an hour; this feeling the throb of human love, if only for a little while,—all these, I say, seem to me so wondrous, so grand, that I rejoice and am thankful every day that I live. And if, at the end, it is only saying good-by to it forever, still even with my last breath I would say, "I am glad that I have been there even this little while."

Another preliminary point: we are told on every hand, we hear it echoed from pulpit and platform, it is uttered through newspapers and reviews, it is talked on the street, it is used as a cry of warning, and with it men shout, "Halt!" to the march of human intelligence,—we are told that the progress of scientific thought and investigation is leading the world down toward the darkness of materialism, the abyss of nothingness. And they cry out to us that, if we wish to keep the precious hopes of the past, we must retrace our steps and come back again into the old circles of faith and ecclesiastical trust. I wish to say again, concerning this, that I believe nothing of the kind. I wish to say reverently, simply, but with all the earnestness I can in the utterance, that, even were it so, I would not have the old past, or go back one step. Far better, infinitely better, say I, is materialism, the dearest hopes being quenched in utter nothingness, that that which the old ecclesiastical orthodoxy of the world dares to hold up in the face of human intelligence, offering it to us as a gospel,—“good news.” Is it good news that you and I and a few of us, perhaps, shall attain immortality and bliss, but that others, the larger part of humanity, or call it the lesser part, or reduce it to a million, ten thousand, one thousand, one hundred, a single human soul, that

this soul shall find eternity to be only an everlasting wail? Is that "good news" that can be given to a waiting, hungering world in terms like these? Better, I say, any other alternative that the human imagination can conceive. Better that the world lose all respect for order and law, and hold one high carnival of crime, that it plunge into woes and sorrows that stretch themselves out to the very crack of doom, if it lasts a million years, and then, if there may be nothing at the end, there is hope as compared with that which they dare tell us is the gospel. Better anything rather than the wail and the cry and the heartache and the bitter hopelessness that stretch on until the millions of ages are only minutes in their timeless tread. Better no future than a mis-named gospel promise like this.

One other point as preliminary. We must bear in mind clearly the nature of the problem that we are discussing this morning. We must have a clear definition of what we mean, and have a right to mean, by the word "knowledge," so that we may not be disappointed with the result of our investigation.

We mean by knowledge that which can be investigated and verified as a part of human experience. Nothing that transcends the experience of humanity either as being above our reach, or as being (for the present) beyond our reach, can, in any proper sense of the term, be called knowledge.

Now, then, if there be another life, if death be not the end, but if at the same time this other life be something higher than the present, under conditions which as yet we cannot experience or imagine, as manhood transcends childhood; if it be something beyond our present reach, like a horizon under which no ship has ever sailed, like a country unvisited, a sea unexplored; then, whatever we may think or hope or believe, whatever we may have reason to think or hope or believe, still we cannot as yet properly call it knowledge. Suppose, for example, that one comes to me, and makes the claim that he is from that other shore. But he is here now as a part of this present earthly experience of mine. I cannot go over beyond to verify his report. How can I establish the fact that he has really been there? How can I establish the fact, by what he claims, that there is any such country; for, while he is here, he is not there; and it may be never has been? I speak of this only to suggest the difficulties that surround the investigation of a theme like this. And yet, whether we shall be able to call it demonstrated knowledge or not, we need to consider carefully how much may be represented by those two little words,

“faith” and “hope.” We need to draw a clear dividing line between that which goes by the name of faith and that which we may truly call a scientific faith. Faith, in the popular language, as it is used many and many a time, means nothing more nor less than simple credulity, accepting a statement without evidence. Not such is the faith to which I refer,—the faith that is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen, the faith that the scientific man holds in regard to that which he has not yet been able to demonstrate, which is separate from knowledge, but which moves along the line of the knowledge of the past, which stands on the highest peak of the present attainment, and, in accordance with all the principles that have given us the grand demonstrations that we have already attained, simply looks forward and anticipates that which it may expect to realize. To illustrate what I mean, take the faith of Columbus in regard to the New World. He was not able to prove it. No man in that day could demonstrate the rotundity of the earth; but there were reasons of this kind, and of that kind, reasons here and reasons there, that led the wisest of the ancient world, of all the ages down to the time of Columbus, to speculate, to hope, believe and prophesy that some day it would be demonstrated. And in this faith, not in an unreasoning faith, not in credulity, but in the light of what was known and following along the rays of that light, out into the darkness Columbus sailed. He was not a fanatic, he was not a credulous man. But, in the light of all the past, he sailed on into an unveiled future, and discovered the New World. Even then, the question of the world’s shape was not settled.

It was only when Magellan, that grandest navigator of all the world, believing in the prophecy of the shadow, ventured to sail out and round and beyond the known, with the daring purpose of circumnavigating the globe, even when the Church declared to him that he would be lost, and his sailors mutinied, and the wise men called him a fool, and told him there was nothing there, that he would be lost in the wide wastes of darkness, and never reach his home again,—it was only then that he attained the demonstration. That shadow had a great meaning at his heart. He had noticed that the shadow of the earth during an eclipse of the moon is round; and this indicating shadow led him on until he turned it into a magnificent fact. Thus we, not unreasoning, not credulous, simply standing on the farthest verge of attainment, launch ourselves on the unknown, and sail toward demonstration.

I believe that, though we may never be able to demonstrate the truth, still it is best as it is. The order of human growth and progress is a wise one,—first that which is natural, afterward that which is spiritual, beginning here in the present and completing this, then leaping out into that which is beyond.

In the ages of the world, when there has been the clearest and most perfect confidence in a future life, this life has been little benefited by it. I have read you some words from the Egyptian Book of the Dead. Go back for a moment into that ancient Egypt, and see the time when there was the most explicit and most earnest and unquestioning faith in the future life, more earnest, perhaps, than the world has ever seen, before or since, there or any other where. So unquestioning, so real was it that one of the first things that a newly married groom and bride provided for was the disposition of their bodies after death. Death dominated every thought. It meant to them another life beyond that which we call death; but it so dominated the present that this life was all crushed out and ancient Egypt was one dreary, desolating tyranny,—tyranny in government, tyranny in society, tyranny in religion. The future blotted out the present, and made it poor and mean.

So in the Middle Ages, during the “ages of faith,” as they are called by the Catholic Church, there never has been a time, except perhaps in ancient Egypt, when this world has been less cared for than then. Men dreamed so much of the future, and cared so much for being ready for the future, that this world was left practically out of account. And this evil was increased by that pernicious faith, not yet outgrown, that the next world is to be secured by a line of conduct utterly divorced from the development of this. So long as men believe in a future eternal life; so long as they believe, as they must if they believe at all, that it is of infinite importance as compared with the present; and that the way to get ready for that world is to scorn this one, so long this world will continue to be what it has been called, a vale of tears. But let men believe in that future life, cherishing it as a hope in their hearts, as a grand outlook, but carry along with it the faith that it means only the culmination, the completion, the coronation of a noble life lived here, then the two, not divorced from each other, shall stand in the relation of manhood to childhood. By completing and rounding out nobly the life that is given us here, we shall grow naturally into the eternal life.

Now, then, let us face the problem frankly and squarely, and

see if we know anything about it, or what the facts we do know naturally lead us to think. I shall pass by nearly all the old and common arguments on the subject, not saying that they are of no worth, casting not one breath of slight upon them, simply telling you to keep them, cherish them in your hearts if you find they give you strength or comfort you, using them not as separate from those I shall offer you, but as buttressing them and giving them additional support.

The old Hebrew poet puts the problem so forcibly that I want to give you his words: "There is hope of a tree, if it be cut down, that the tender branch thereof will not cease. Though the root thereof wax old in the earth, and the stock thereof die in the ground, yet through the scent of water it will bud, and bring forth boughs like a plant. . . . If a man die, shall he live again?" That is the question. But here the old writer, it seems to me, misses the main point of our discussion. Cut down a tree, and let the rains of spring come down upon it, and the sunshine fall about the roots, and a new shoot will come up and a new tree develop; but it is not the old tree. It is another. One of our American poetesses, Mrs. Whitney, has sung to us beautifully in regard to the fact that God does not give us strange flowers every year, but that the old familiar faces look into ours every spring. And she fondly clasps to her heart the sentiment that it is the same old violet that is here. But it is not the violet of last spring. It is a violet that never was here before, and never will be again. It seems to me we can get very little hope from that class of comparisons. Carried out logically, they only prove that this body of man, when it disintegrates and crumbles into dust, is not annihilated; that it will spring up another year, perhaps in the grasses over our graves or in flowers by and by. Perhaps these same particles may reappear in another human body, but it will not be I. I gather no hope, therefore, from comparisons like these.

Now, what is the fact as demonstrated to us by the best science of the age? What do we know? We know that matter is never annihilated; we know that force is never annihilated. Matter and force are eternal. They may take on their million varied Protean forms summer after summer, age after age; but matter remains the same, force remains the same. If I take a crystal and break it to pieces, tearing asunder the fragments that make up its beautiful form; if I crush it and grind it into powder; if I turn it into vapor and drive it off into the air,—still with competent instruments I could gather out of the air again the very identical

elements that entered into its composition. What was crystal remains, only in other forms. And so force remains. Whatever changes it may pass through, it never ceases to be. But I do not want simply to have it proved to me that the particles that compose this body are never to be annihilated. The question is, Shall I continue to think, to love, to feel, to hope? Shall I pass through this great change called death, and shall I be I, five minutes or a year after friends gather about this body, and say, "He is gone?" That is the question that we want settled, if it may be.

Now, have we any light on it? If we have nothing very positive, we have some very powerful negative considerations. I wish to give you some of the grandest attainments of the world as bearing on this great question.

I have said that science can explain a tree. Science can explain a crystal. Science can explain a flower, even to its perfume. It can tell me all the particles remaining, all the forces remaining, all the gases remaining, after it is dissolved. Science has been trying for ages to explain man after this same fashion. But here, according to the testimony of the wisest men in the world, science has come to a halt. It has to face a problem that reaches into the fathomless mystery of the infinite.

I touch this desk. A sensation is started in my nerves, runs up the nerves toward the brain, and I think of the desk, and I notice its hardness, its color. As a result of that thought, I make some other motion, or give utterance to the same through words, And so here is a chain of cause and effect running through the desk into my brain, and immediately thereafter finding utterance in speech,—a perfect chain of physical motion. But I have thought, I have felt, in connection with the movements of these molecular particles that constitute my brain. Can science explain the fact that I have thought, that I have felt, that I have been conscious, that I have had an emotion? No; here is the gulf on the edge of which all human knowledge pauses and confesses it cannot cross. This chain of physical motion is complete. The law of persistence of force holds good. The law of molecular motion holds good; but it does not approach an explanation of thought. Thought is not one of the links in this chain running through my brain. The chain is complete; the movements are all complete, with the thought left out.

Here, then,—and this is the one thing most important of any I shall have to offer you this morning, though it be difficult for me to make it perfectly clear,—here is the one thing that science

has demonstrated to us, more than all ecclesiasticisms, more than teachers or churches have ever attained unto. Science has demonstrated that that which is essential in man no scientific method can explain. Here, then, is this I, this consciousness, this thought, this feeling, this hope, this love, that do not enter into the problem of molecular motion at all. Mr. Huxley tells us that perhaps some time science will be able to find the exact mechanical equivalent of a thought; but he tells us also that, if it does find that, it will not find the thought. Mr. Tyndall tells us that we know no more to-day in regard to this problem of the relation of the soul and body, from the scientific standpoint, than was known in prescientific ages.

This, then, is the thing that science has demonstrated; and here is ground whereon to take our stand,—a basis on which to found our most magnificent hopes. That which makes the essential thing in me, my thought, my love, my feeling, my hope, that is no part of that which the scientist can explain according to the laws of matter and motion. Here, then, is ground on which to rest. Here is a field of infinite possibility. And remember that it is science, this much berated, much-abused science, that has given us this magnificent result.

Now let me hasten to another point, important as bearing on this great theme. I regard it as something of unspeakable worth, as relating to this subject, that the simple fact exists that man believes in a future life; that he has believed this, practically, in all ages, under all skies, in all nations. How does it happen that this grand belief has sprung up? If I should find a dog, or some other lower animal, thinking about living after death, speculating about it, wondering if he should, would not I be justified in saying we must recast our definition of the animal, and put something into his brain or heart that we never dreamed of before? How does it happen that this wonderful animal man, of all the productions of the world, dares look the grave in the face and smile at death? It is the belief that he shall outface it and outlive it, and be mighty beyond its power.

If you take the lowest possible conception of the origin of man and say that he is created by the universe,—that is, that he holds the same relation to the universe that a coin does to the die that stamps it,—then you must believe that for every mark in the coin there was something in the die corresponding to it that created that mark. Every grand instinct, hope, feeling, in the human heart must be accounted for. They have been produced.

They did not spring causeless out of nothing. If the universe made the human heart, then there is something in the universe that is responsive to the human heart. We know that light, for example, has created the eye through long periods of time. There was a time, far back in the distant past, when the rudimentary eye was only a little spot, just a bit more sensitive, somewhere along the line of the rudimentary nerve. There was no clear vision, only this rudimentary sensitiveness.

Light called, and the eye came out to see. When that process was only half complete, before there was any clear vision, if there had been any competent intelligence looking on and studying this problem would he not have been justified in saying that, since there was a potency and promise of vision, there must be some great, creative force corresponding to it? So, through the ages, sound has created the ear. There was a call from the Infinite, and this curious mechanism came out to listen. At first, it was only rudimentary. But if, as in the other case, when the process was partially complete, and there were only indistinct murmurings instead of clear voices, had there been an intelligence to study this problem, would he not have been justified in saying there must be some great fact in the universe that corresponds to this ear, that is gradually and progressively creating it? If the needle is deflected from the north, it is by a power that pulls it aside; and astronomers have discovered new planets that they have not seen, simply because they have mathematically determined, that there must be some attractive force as yet not visible to man, by the movements of things that were seen. Thus, humanity, in its mighty sweep through the ages, has been perpetually deflected from its course and pulled toward some great eternal verity which must be postulated to explain the motion.

One other line of argument. The flower, the grass-blade, the tree, the animal, these all pass through the cycle of their existence and are complete on this earth; but man seems to be formed after some grander pattern, so that he does not reach his completeness here. In all the other departments of nature, everything seems amply qualified to fulfill all the promises that she makes. Shall we not believe that it must be the same with man?

If you should go into a hot-house and find in some little circumscribed earthen vessel a growing germ of what you knew was capable of becoming a mighty Norway pine, would not you be justified in saying that this was not the original place of development, that it was not intended to come to completion here? If

you, having never seen the ocean, should go into a ship-yard on a little river miles away from the sea, and should study the structure that was going up, knowing that it could not go on the land and that there was not room for it in the narrow river, would you not be justified in saying, "Either here is some huge blunder, or somewhere there is wide room and scope for this mighty thing to spread its wings and sail to some far-off shore?" When you see a man like Goethe, in the fulness of his powers, having studied so deeply into the secrets of nature, dying with the words upon his lips, "More light;" when you see a man like Newton, in that often-quoted comparison, speaking of himself as a little child gathering pebbles on the seashore while the infinite ocean lay before him,—do you not feel compelled to say, "This manhood that only grows and grows, but never culminates here, is a prophecy of a place where there shall be room for this mind that wanders through eternity, for this heart with its infinite capacity for love?"

You would not feel satisfied, nor should I, to treat this great question, and leave out of account the facts reported as true in all ages, and now in this modern world represented in a more marked degree in that which is known by the name of Spiritualism. There is a great body of testimony stretching back into the distance of antiquity, testimony not confined to any religion, to any nation, to any race, testimony, not of the poorest and most ignorant, but equally of the wisest men of all ages and times, to the belief that there have been at least occasional breakings through from some other sphere, or glimpses on this side of that other sphere. There is an amount of testimony so respectable that were it given in evidence of anything else in the world, we should never dream of doubting it. Yet concerning so stupendous a fact as that we do doubt, and perhaps as yet, or for a time, we must. I have no sympathy with those who speak of these great matters with contempt. I do not feel that I know. There are testimonies from such men as Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes and Dr. Edward H. Clarke as to glimpses and visions of the dying; there are testimonies from all the ages covering this general field,—mixed up, it is true, with delusion, with palpable fraud, with all sorts of follies, that make one pause, hesitate, and question,—yet I believe there is so large a mass of testimony here that it cannot be brushed aside contemptuously by any man. Some day it must be sifted, to see if there be a residuum of fact as its basis. Will you not be glad if there be? Most certainly shall I!

And yet so anxious am I not to be deceived in regard to these high things that still I pause and wait for the competent investigator to sift the whole and give me the gold, if there be gold, in this great mass of dust and chaff.

One more question: Is there any rational theory of a future life that can be held by the modern world? If I cannot answer this question positively, I am sure at least that there is one theory that no reason and no science can condemn. You are familiar with the fact that that which we see and hear is only a very small part of this universe. We see so long as the wave movements of light are a certain number in a second. We hear under like conditions. But we know that above and below and all around us stretch reaches of this universe that no present faculties of ours enable us to touch. So far, then, as science has anything to say on the subject, this little world that we inhabit may be only like an island floating on the bosom of an infinite sea of being, compassing it on every hand, and yet unseen, unheard, unknown by us. Science knows nothing that can contradict such a theory. What indications there are rather lead us to think it probable. In regard to these bodies of ours,—for, mark you, I have no belief in spirit which means nothing, I have no belief in the old idea of the ghost as emptied of all that constitutes existence; I want no such life as that; I want no life poorer, lower, than what I enjoy to-day,—not only has science nothing to say against it, but there are many even who accept the theory, that within this body there is another, ordinarily invisible, that cannot be touched or weighed or handled by the faculties we possess. There are some scientific experiments that lead us to believe that there must be between the ultimate physical particles that compose this body other particles that, for the want of a better name, we call ether particles, forming a body complete and perfect in every function and every part. Just as science tells us that, to explain this universe, we must postulate the ether that fills all the space between the stars, so the space between the particles of this body must be filled with ether particles. What hinders, then, until the opposite can be proved, that I should cherish the belief that when death comes, this body should simply step forth from the crumbling ruins of my old home, free, complete, fitted for that other, higher life that we may trust surrounds us everywhere now, and of which, even to-day, unknowing, we are a part?

Immortality, from a Modern Standpoint.

SERMON NO. 2—BY REV. M. J. SAVAGE.

“IF A MAN DIE SHALL HE LIVE AGAIN?”—SOME BIBLICAL PROOFS THAT ARE NOT PROOFS TO THE PRESENT MAN—MUST SEE TO KNOW—BATTLE MUST BE BETWEEN THE AGNOSTIC SCIENTIST AND THE SPIRITUALIST.

For I delivered unto you first of all that which I also received, how that Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures;

And that he was buried, and that he rose again the third day according to the Scriptures;

And that he was seen of Cephas, then of the twelve:

After that, he was seen of above five hundred brethren at once; of whom the greater part remain unto this present, but some are fallen to sleep.

After that, he was seen of James; then of all the apostles.

And last of all he was seen of me also, as of one born out of due time.—I. Cor., xv., 3-8.

“If a man die, shall he live again?” asks the old poet-author of the Book of Job. And it is safe to assume that no other one question has so long and so deeply stirred the heart of man. Since the first father, mother, friend, looked down on the first white, dead face and wondered what it all meant until to-day, men have tried to lift at least a corner of the leaden curtain of darkness and silence. They have peered, they have listened. Some have said they caught the sudden gleam of a face or the swift beckoning of a hand, or that they heard a low whisper out of the stillness. Others have taken all these things to be only the subjective impressions of an excited brain or a longing fancy. So, after all these thousands of years, a large part of the world is waiting and asking still.

For perfect clearness and accuracy of thought, we need, from the outset, to bear in mind one important distinction. Even if we could prove to demonstration that some soul had survived the dissolution of the body, we should not then have established immortality. This means endless continued existence. And it is at any rate quite conceivable that a soul might continue through many such changes as that we call death, and still come to an end at last. This distinction, however, is important only for clearness of thought. If we could be quite certain that this first stupendous change does not mean the cessation of conscious personal existence, the most of us would confidently take our chances as to the results of any future crisis beyond that. To this one point, then, let us address ourselves, and see how it looks from the standpoint of the modern world.

The disciples of Jesus claimed that he reappeared to them after his death—that they saw him, talked with him, and made themselves sure of his identity; and all this on more than one occasion. This is the most notable instance of the kind on record; for it was made the foundation stone of a great religion. And this religion is the one which has coincided with the greatest civilization of the world. Paul says, "If Christ be not risen, then your faith is vain," the basis of Christianity is gone. We will take this claim then as our starting-point.

Let us refresh our memories with the outlines of the familiar story.

Jesus had been with his disciples for three—to them—precious years. They had come to believe that he was indeed the promised Messiah of their race, who was to establish on earth a perfect condition of human society, which they called "the kingdom of heaven." But, at last, disappointed and dismayed, they find him in the hands of the Roman power. This power, urged on by the influential and official portion of his own people, has put him to an ignominious death, the death of a common criminal. This is Friday afternoon. And, now—as we see in the case of the two friends who, through the cool of the evening, walked to Emmaus—the disciples have given up all hope. With an undertone of exceeding sadness and disappointment, we hear them saying, "We trusted that this had been he who should have redeemed Israel." But it is plain that the trust is gone. They read in the cross only one more terrible failure. But, on Sunday morning, they are startled by the report that somebody had seen him alive again. He suddenly appears to the wondering little company,

though the doors be shut, and after a brief conversation as suddenly vanishes again. At another time, he eats with them, and shows them his wounded hands and side, telling them he is no spirit only, but has flesh and bones like themselves. And then, long after, when they supposed him to be with God in the skies, he appears to Paul in a vision; and he talks of having "seen" him, as truly as had the rest of the apostles.

As the immediate result of these "appearances," their hopes revive again. In the confident assurance that they are the disciples of a living master, they start out to preach their "good news"—that the reign of death is ended, that Jesus is only withdrawn into the heavens for a little time, and that he will quickly return to reign over the kingdom of their grandest hopes.

These later expectations we know have not been fulfilled. But our concern for to-day is only with this story of the reappearance. Let us then note two or three things concerning their report.

1. What is the nature and value of their testimony? Reverently, and with perfect frankness, we must deal with this from the standpoint of the modern world. Though they be Jesus' own words, we cannot agree with them, when he says, "Blessed are they that have not seen and yet have believed." We do indeed believe many things which we have not seen; but, when it is a question of material fact, like the alleged coming to life of the dead, this is no matter of legitimate faith, but calls for adequate evidence. We must respect Thomas then for being a doubter until the proof is forthcoming. The world has suffered too much by "taking things for granted" for us any longer to consider it a virtue.

As, then we look over the evidence of the four Gospels, we find it confused and contradictory. No matter if it be on minor points—as, for example, as to whether it was Peter or Mary Magdalene who first saw him, or as to whether it was before light or about sunrise—the Holy Spirit does not make mistakes as to matters of fact. This much, however, may well be said; though the contradictions are utterly inconsistent with divine inspiration, they are not such as to necessarily impeach the accuracy of the story from a merely human point of view. These variations of detail are only such as we are all familiar with in the testimony of honest people concerning things that we know are true.

But, if Jesus actually reappeared, it is a fact of a very strange and unusual kind; and extraordinary facts require extraordinary testimony, both as to quantity and quality. You may reasonably

believe almost anybody, when he asserts facts of common, daily occurrence; but, when a person asserts that very strange and unusual things have happened, it is only common sense and common sanity to demand a proof that is adequate. People may be very honest and yet very greatly mistaken. Were not this principle adopted in our courts, justice would miscarry much oftener than it actually does.

Have we then here, in our New Testament, reasonably satisfactory evidence that Jesus really appeared to his disciples after his death? Frankly, we must admit that we have not. We do have abundant evidence, in the records and in the history of Christianity, that the disciples honestly believed that he was still alive after his crucifixion. But for this belief, the course of human history would have been changed. But Christianity is not the only religion that is rooted in what seems so doubtful a soil. Had not the followers of Mohammed believed in his supernatural claims, had he not believed in them himself, it is doubtful if there would have been any Mohammedanism. A similar thing may be said of Buddhism, of Mormonism, and of many another movement in human history.

But what is the precise nature of this testimony? To give us rational ground for belief to-day, we need a great deal of remarkably good evidence. And it is hardly too much to say that we do not have it. We are not sure of the testimony of one single eye-witness. The Gospels are anonymous, and contain only hearsay. We cannot trace one single witness to his home, find his name, his standing in the community, his carefulness as an observer, or his means for a knowledge of the facts. The Apostle Paul is the only even apparent exception to this statement. He tells us, in what are undoubtedly his own words, that, "last of all, he was seen of me also." But this supposed seeing was long after the alleged ascension into heaven. It was on the occasion of his vision on the road to Damascus; and he distinctly tells us in another place that he had never known Jesus "after the flesh."

The church does not help us any in this matter; for all her Easter ceremonial, and even the date itself, are older than Christianity, and are palpably borrowed from pagan sources.

On such testimony, then, as the New Testament furnishes us for so stupendous a claim as the reappearance of Jesus, no modern court would convict a criminal of petit larceny. A thousand times more evidence in favor of spirit return in the modern world is offered us by the despised and outcast body of Spiritualists.

And yet thousands believe an alleged fact eighteen hundred and fifty-one years old, while rejecting a good deal better testimony for similar alleged facts from the lips of their next door neighbors.

2. In the next place, if the orthodox claim be true, and Christ was God, his rising from the tomb after lying in it only two nights would hardly be good evidence that we shall rise from our graves after having gone back to dust for thousands of years. A wholly exceptional case like this is hardly good ground on which to base a common hope for our common race.

3. But, once more, if he was a man like ourselves, and if we can find reason to think he really did appear to his friends after death, then we may reasonably hope. For one such fact would prove that death is not necessarily the dissolution of our personality. If one man survives the shock, then

“We are [not] such stuff
As dreams are made on; and our little life
Is [not] rounded with a sleep.”

Then, we might shout: “O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?” But, for this ancient story, alas! we have no such satisfactory evidence.

Do you not want such evidence? I most certainly do. Yet there are, in this modern world, many true, sweet souls, who, like Harriet Martineau, say they have had enough. They do not quarrel over-much with life, but they get tired and only ask for sleep. I, too, get tired; and, often, I feel oppressed with “the weight of all this weary world.” But still I want to live. The wonder and the love of all this conscious existence are very strange and very sweet to me. The mystery and glory of the world sweep over me at times, until I feel for days together like a child at a show, looking with wide-eyed wonder at the visible embodiment of an endless fairy tale. Even if this is all, I am glad with every breath to be alive. And do not think that this is because I walk through no darkness and thrill with the agony of no sorrows.

Few, perhaps, are more sensitive; for, if I know the heights of heaven, I have also walked the gloom of hell. But I have stood on sunny mountain-peaks of experience, where one swift moment's ecstasy was pay enough for years of sorrow. I need no heaven, then, as payment for earthly trials. So I have no sympathy with the doleful wail of Tennyson:—

“Shall he,
* * * * *
“Who loved, who suffered countless ills,

Who battled for the True, the Just,
Be blown about the desert dust,
Or sealed within the iron hills?

"No more? A monster then, a dream,
A discord. Dragons of the prime,
That tare each other in their slime,
Were mellow music matched with him."

But I want still to live and labor and think and love. What will the world be in a thousand years? I want to know, and to help on, if I may, in whatever sphere, the process of evolution. I want to travel this wondrous universe, explore its deeps, and stand on its light-crowned heights. So standing here on the lower one of

"The world's great altar-stairs
That slope through darkness up to God,"

I want to climb and see if the mystery resolves itself, and so find the key to this great enigma of life. Let us then address ourselves anew to our problem.

It is eighteen hundred and fifty-one years since the alleged re-appearance of Jesus. How stands the matter to-day? Though the church claims that Jesus was God, and that he came on purpose to establish a divine kingdom among men, only a small part of the human race knows anything about him; and but a fraction of even this small part accepts the claims that are made on his behalf. From the church's standpoint, it looks dreadfully like a disastrous failure. The average Christian seems but half in earnest about it. Paul says, "To die is gain"; and "To depart and be with Christ is far better" than to live. But church members to-day do not at all act as though they really believed it. Very little is the apparent consolation they find in the hour of death. With crape on their doors, they wail over going to heaven, as though it were the last great disaster that crowns with gloom a cheerless life. I think it will be the honest testimony of both doctors and ministers that the Christian dies no more peacefully than another man. I have just learned that my old father of ninety, after more than seventy years of active work as an orthodox church member, is now mourning by the day over the fear of going to hell. "Miserable comforters are you all," may we well say of this great, frowning group of orthodox doctrines, that claim to speak for God.

After this eighteen hundred and fifty-one years then, we find the world divided—so far as our purpose needs to take account of it—into three great camps. On the one hand is the great army of

science. Its greatest leaders are agnostic; they simply say, "We do not know." In personal conversation with Herbert Spencer, he has given to me his opinion that, concerning the matter of a future life, science can neither affirm nor deny. "Evolution," he says, "does not necessarily touch the question. It stands just where it did before." Such, in substance also, is the opinion of Huxley, of Tyndall, of John Fiske, and the other great exponents of modern thought, both in Europe and America. Personally, they may believe or doubt; but no wise or cautious man among them will claim any scientific warrant for positive affirmation either way.

At the other extreme stands the great army of Spiritualists. In spite of frauds and delusions, which are only too numerous; in spite of all the "exposures," false or true; in spite of learned "explanations" of all the strange phenomena—it is still true that this army is on the increase. Converts from science, the church, and the world, are swelling their ranks. Only still more evidence of depravity, thinks the church; only another swelling toward the flood of the ever-turning tide of popular superstition, thinks Science. In any case, it is true the tide is rising, whatever be the cause. Scientists, philosophers, physicians, statesmen, novelists, poets, artists, jurists, people of every rank and country, are declaring their conviction that those we call the dead do live, and that they can send back proofs of both their existence and their identity.

Between these two great armies stands traditional Orthodoxy. It possesses the advantages of neither side; and between them, as though they were upper and nether millstone, its crumbling and inconsistent material is in danger of being ground to powder. It has neither the logical method of science nor the present claimed proofs of Spiritualism. It drifts down the current of the centuries, swept on by the force of tradition. But, like an iceberg at sea, however bravely it may glitter, it is getting into latitudes too light and too warm for it, and is destined to melt away.

The great question of the modern world is as to whether this is a material or a spiritual universe; and this question the church cannot help us to settle. Science has a vast body of truth capable of constantly repeated verification. Spiritualism has a large body of asserted truth that she, at least, claims to be able to prove by ocular and tangible demonstration. As against these, orthodox Christianity has only the traditional testimony of certain unknown men long since dead.

In talking with one of America's best known literary men the other day, he expressed his conviction in—as nearly as I can remember—words like these: "The battle, it seems to me, has got to be fought out between the agnostic scientists and the Spiritualists. Orthodoxy is now only a tradition, and does not count." So far as this great problem of continued existence is concerned, I agree with him.

Let us see, then, if we can justify this opinion, and see where a rational man may stand in this modern world.

1. A few words more as to the orthodox position. As fine a morality and as profound and tender a spirituality of character as the church can show are to-day found on every hand outside its walls. It has no monopoly of the anti-materialistic philosophy of the world. As a church, then, it contributes to the solution of our problem only an alleged fact of reappearance after death, testified to by inaccessible and unknown witnesses. Science rules the testimony out of court, and declares it to be incompetent; while Spiritualism, on the other hand, claims that she can offer a thousand similar facts, testified to by living witnesses, while, at the same time, she rejects the body of doctrine that the church has built up. Even if her asserted fact be granted, either science or Spiritualism can assimilate and use it for their own purposes, while rejecting all else that is special or peculiar. We will leave it out of account, therefore, and see what the others have to say.

2. We pass, then, to consider the attitude of science. I take science first, because, if it can prove that the belief in continued existence is not true, or that, even if it is true, we can never find it out except by dying, why, then, of course, the discussion is at an end.

In speaking of the attitude of science, I need to define myself. The spirit of dogmatism is not confined to any one section of humanity. So we need not be surprised to find scientific dogmatists as well as religious ones. Men like Clifford and Haeckel and Buchner are ready to declare very vigorously that all hope of future existence after death is absurd. But, in so doing, they violate the spirit of science, and go beyond the facts. When they say such things, you may comfort yourselves by reflecting that you are listening to their individual voices, and not to the voice of science; for it has gone to the utmost limit of its legitimate warrant, when it has modestly said, "I do not know."

But this is, by no means, the end; for, in the first place, the

belief has the field, and it has a right to retain it until it is driven out by fact and argument. And, in the next place, all that science knows on the subject is open to the investigation of any intelligent man; and he is at liberty to put his own construction on the facts, so long as he does not contradict any established principle of reason. And it is my opinion that the facts and reasonings of science are by no means all on the side of doubt. Let me hint a few points for your consideration.

(1) To my mind, it is much that science cannot disprove the "hope" that

"Springs eternal in the human breast."

(2) Then, this hope itself is a fact—a fact produced by and springing out of the universe, a fact that must be accounted for at least before it is rejected. And, though some of the forms that this hope has assumed may have been explained, the fact itself has not.

(3) The dominant science of the world is anti-materialistic through and through. The demonstration of the law of the persistence and correlation of forces demonstrates the immateriality of mind. Thought and feeling—that which is highest and most distinctive in man—the materialist can give no rational account of. Mind—an insoluble mystery—is found in company with matter—an insoluble mystery; and that is all that science knows about it. If any man shall confidently attempt to "explain" either of them to you, you may set him down at once as an ignoramus. Since, then, science cannot explain mind as the result of putting together cunningly devised particles of matter, it cannot assert that this same mind will cease to be when the material particles are taken to pieces. It is open to any man to say that he has never seen any mental action that was not associated with a brain. And, then, it is equally open to me to tell him that there are, doubtless, a good many other things that he has not seen, which things may, nevertheless, be true. Col. Ingersoll said the other day, "I don't know much about it; for I live in one of the rural districts of the universe." That thought may well make all of us modest.

(4) Then, again, science demonstrates that the invisible and intangible forces of the universe are mightier than all we can see and handle. And it proves that all so-called facts and phenomena are the outcome and product of an unseen and eternal energy that we cannot think of or figure as material. It only needs to

make this eternal energy prescient and loving, and we have the God of the highest thought of Jesus, he who is "spirit" and who is to be "worshiped in spirit and in truth."

(5) And, once more, for all that any man knows to the contrary, this earth may be surrounded, encompassed, and accompanied in its mighty sweep through space by an invisible, intangible, though intensely active world; a world beautiful in form and color, and peopled by wise and loving intelligences akin to ourselves. On what looks like indubitable evidence, science asks us already to believe as wonderful things as this. For example, the inter-planetary and inter-stellar spaces seem to us quite empty. But the undulatory theory of light, which science regards as established, asks us to believe that this apparently empty space is filled with a luminiferous ether that Prof. Stanley Jevons says, is "immensely more solid and elastic than steel." The pressure of this ether upon each square inch of the earth's surface has been calculated by Sir John Herschel to be about seventeen billions of pounds. "Yet," says Prof. Jevons, "we live and move without appreciable resistance through this medium infinitely harder and more elastic than adamant." Beside the difficulty of imagining such facts as these to be true, the passing of matter through other matter, the wonders of clairvoyance or magnetism or any claimed power of mind over matter, seems easily credible. In presence of such facts, Prof. Jevons adds, "All our ordinary notions must be laid aside; yet they are no more than the observed phenomena of light and heat force us to accept."

We know that the ordinary pressure of the atmospheric air upon our bodies is about fifteen pounds to the square inch. And, through this, the wave movements that we call light—when they are translated into consciousness—beat upon the sensitive nerves of the eye at the rate of from 500 to 800 millions of millions of times in a second. By so wondrous a process do we perceive the beauty of a rose or answer back the glance of one we love. "We see then," says Prof. Jevons once more, "that mere difficulties of a conception must not in the least discredit a theory which otherwise agrees with facts; and you must only reject hypotheses which are inconceivable in the sense of breaking distinctly the primary laws of thought and matter."

And Dr. Young, the discoverer of the universally accepted theory of light, commits himself distinctly to the opinion that other inhabited spheres may be all about us. It is, then, strictly

in accord with all we know that the soul may be represented as saying:—

I know there are voices I do not hear,
And colors I do not see.
I know the world has numberless doors
Of which I have not the key.

Science, then, does not negative such a belief; and she compels us to accept a universe quite as wondrous. If one will believe only plain and simple things, he will believe very little in a universe like this. To the wise man, it is all wonder.

3. Leaving science, then, let us pass to what is known as Modern Spiritualism. Without fear or favor, I shall try to treat this fairly, as I endeavor to all other subjects.

And, at the outset, let me remark that it is too big a factor in modern life to be ignored. Thousands and thousands, in Europe and America believe in its central claim. There are thousands of silent believers, who do not like to be called knave or fool, and so keep still about it. Like Nicodemus, they come by night, "lest they be cast out of the synagogue." It is my conviction that, whether true or false, it ought to be investigated by competent minds. If it is true, ignoring it will not blot it out. If false, the thousands of deluded victims ought to be helped to find it out, and so be delivered from its bondage of error and folly.

What are some of the attitudes that men take toward it? Crowds of people pooh-pooh it, as all nonsense. Many are afraid of it, with a sort of superstitious fear. Many, like Prof. Phelps, of Andover, admit the claimed facts, but say, "It is the work of the Devil." Many look at it askance, because it is not yet "respectable," just as thousands of churchmen in England would have nothing to do with Darwinism, until Darwin himself was buried in Westminster Abbey. Now, it has been recognized by "society," and they will condescend to look at it. In the presence of a great fact, it seems to me that all these attitudes are unwise. And whatever else we may say about it, that large masses of people do believe in Spiritualism is a fact. It is a fact big enough to touch and shape a large part of our modern life.

Do you wish to know my own attitude toward it? I have nothing to conceal, and am willing to tell you frankly. I would like to believe its central claim. That is, I would like to know that the continued existence of the soul was demonstrated as a fact. I hope and believe; but I would like to know. Beyond

that, I have no prying curiosity. If I never had a single message from beyond, it would give me great content to be demonstratively certain that there is a beyond. I count my faith as very strong already. I doubt if any clergyman in Boston has a stronger belief. But, if any man says he knows, on the basis of any old-time doctrine, I know that he is saying what he does not know. If he says he feels quite certain, so do I. But that is not the dictionary meaning of knowledge. Tennyson frankly sings:

"We have but faith; we cannot know;
For knowledge is of things we see."

All men who are perfectly frank and open, inside the pulpit or out, must join in the Poet Laureate's song.

Let us then turn and look at Spiritualism, and see what is the form and outline it presents to us. As to any alleged impossibility attaching to its central claim, Science can have nothing to say. It can only ask for adequate proof. There is nothing in it out of accord with the faith of those who already believe in continued existence. That our friends, if they still live and love us, should want us to know it, is only what we should expect. It reduces itself then to a question of fact.

(1) The most obtrusive fact that presents itself to us as we look at Spiritualism is a large amount of what, it is charity to believe, is self-delusion, and what one is fairly compelled to believe is outright fraud. This is repellant and disgusting. And all honest believers can do their cause no better service than by helping to exterminate and destroy this whole horde of conscienceless parasites. To trade thus on the most sacred affections and hopes of the great army of the afflicted is the basest of crimes.

(2) The next fact for us to notice is that, in spite of all this, it continues to live and grow, having among its adherents some of the wisest and best men and women of the age. The story goes that, many years ago, a man went on a visit to Rome. He was amazed and disgusted at the corruption he found there; and yet he returned a convert. When asked to explain the apparent contradiction, he said, "I became convinced that nothing short of a divine religion could carry such a load of evil, and live." Perhaps, in such a reflection, some of the better Spiritualists may find some consolation.

For better ones there are by the thousand. And they repudiate and fight against the frauds and delusions as vigorously as anybody. And it is a noteworthy fact, well known to historical

students, that almost all the charges made to-day against the common run of Spiritualists were equally made against the common run of the early believers in Christianity. Indeed, the parallel here is very striking.

Hundreds of true and honest men, like Col. John C. Bundy, of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, of Chicago, are ready to say, as he has said to me, "I know all the frauds; but I also know, beyond a shadow of a doubt, and as the result of prolonged and private investigation under all sorts of test conditions, that the dead do continue to live, and can under certain circumstances communicate with us." To establish this claim, there is a body of evidence that would be regarded as conclusive proof of any other proposition whatsoever. Yet I find no fault with this incredulity, so long as it is honest and sincere. For if it is true, doubt will not destroy it. And we can all much better afford to wait than we can afford to be deluded.

(3) It is worth while, next, to consider as to just what might be regarded as adequate proof. Physical manifestations, however startling, are not enough. The phenomena of hypnotism, of mind-reading, of clairvoyance, of magnetic healing, all these, however well established, would fall far short of proving Spiritualism true. And yet, by the unthinking, they are frequently all classed indiscriminately together. One fact, and one alone, can establish it. And that is undoubted proof of the presence and activity of an intelligence that is not that of any of the embodied persons present. I can conceive of evidence that might be regarded as satisfactory. And, if such evidence were forthcoming, I see no reason why either Religion or Science should hesitate to accept it. As to Religion, it would only be proof positive of her every-day assumptions. As to Science, I see no right that she has to turn her back on any fact. And, since she is all the time dealing with invisible forces, the nature of which she cannot explain, it could be only arrogance that could lead her to disregard one of these, because it seemed to be intelligent.

(4) To go back now, for a moment, to the early Christian claim with which we started. It is worthy of remark that, if the modern world shall ever demonstrate the fact of spirit return, it will make it perfectly reasonable for us to believe that Jesus actually did return, and that his disciples saw and talked with him. In that case, however, it would be no miracle; and it would not necessarily be any evidence in favor of the special dogmas of

Christian theology. It would also be a rational explanation of a thousand other claimed facts of human history.

Here, then, the matter stands. I have no quarrel with those who cling longingly and lovingly to the hope, even if they can give for it no sufficient reason. Neither have I any quarrel with those who claim that they have found adequate proof as the result of modern investigation. Only, for their own sakes and for the sake of others, I would have them thoroughly "prove all things, and hold fast" only "what is good." Neither can I have any quarrel with those who tell me they think this life is enough. Such a state of mind is little affected by argument. But, as for me, though I find this life very sweet, I do want another. And, though I cannot go so far as to say "This one is not worth having, if there be no other," I do say that dust and ashes seem a somewhat poor and impotent conclusion for such a magnificent, grand, terrible life-drama as that we are playing here on this old earth.

"So strange, so deep, so wondrous life appears,
I have no words, but only happy tears.

"I cannot think it all shall end in naught,
That the abyss shall be the grave of thought,
That e'er oblivion's shoreless sea shall roll
O'er love and wonder and the lifeless soul."

No friends, I expect to keep on. I have no fear of death, and I do not regard the grave as my final home. Rather do I look upon it as a low-arched gateway, through which I hope to pass into the brighter sunshine of another life.

Meantime, whether we feel assured or not, the best thing we can do is to build ourselves after the plan of a large and noble life, so that, if death does fulfil our hopes, and lead us across the threshold of a higher existence, we may be ready to enter it with all the advantage of the best life-training here.

Learners are we all at school,—
Eager youth and weary age,—
Governed by the self-same rule,
Poring o'er the self-same page.

Life the lesson that we learn,
As the days and years go by.
Wondrous are the leaves we turn,
On the earth and in the sky.

Oft our sight with tears is blurred,
While we strive in vain to tell
What may mean some harder word
Than our wisdom yet can spell.

But we read enough to trust
That our grand hopes are not lies,
That our hearts are more than dust,
And our homes are in the skies.

The Voices of the Dead.

SERMON NO. 3—BY REV. M. J. SAVAGE.

MEDITATIONS AND WORD PAINTINGS—DO THEY STILL LIVE?—DO THEY REMEMBER US AND LOVE US?—THEIR LOSS TO US BECOMES A PRICELESS TREASURE.

“He, being dead, yet speaketh,”—Heb. xi:4.

I have rarely preached what could properly be called a funeral sermon. But, toward the close of almost every year since I have been with you, I have taken up some topic, the pursuit of which would lead our common meditation along the pathway that is bordered with cypress and immortelles. That pathway, we all of us have trodden; for it is because the fact of death is so very familiar that the words of Longfellow are so often on our lips:—

“There is no fireside, howsoe’er defended,
But has one vacant chair.”

I am sure, then, of your sympathetic listening when I try to speak to you of those who have gone over into the silence.

I come with no formal offering of consolation. The words of another mean so little when the lips of the one we love are white and still that talk then seems to me almost an impertinence. I can perfectly understand what Lowell must have meant when he wrote:—

“Console, if you will: I can bear it.
’Tis a well-meant alms of breath;
But not all the preaching since Adam
Hath made death other than death.

“Immortal? I feel it, I know it:
Who doubts it of such as she?

But that is the pang's very secret,—
Immortal away from me!

“Communion in spirit? Forgive me;
But I, who am earthly and weak,
Would give all my income from dreamland
For a touch of her hand on my cheek.

“That little shoe in the corner,
So worn and wrinkled and brown,
With its emptiness confutes you,
And argues your wisdom down.”

And so, since no words can touch or change the fact, I have always felt that a silent handclasp beside a grave was more eloquent than any formal speech. But when the grasses are green upon the grave; when the flowers are teaching us that life and beauty still reign though the dust goes back to dust; when the thickest clouds of sorrow are dissolved in tears; when time and distance have at least taught us to be patient,—then we may be in a mood to think calmly, and listen to what the voices of the dead may have to say.

The first questions that press upon us are the common ones,—old, but forever new. From that far-off day when the first friend bent anxiously over the first white, silent face, and wondered what this new, strange thing meant, until the whispered “Good-by” that this moment somewhere trembles on the air, this human race of ours has been asking the same old questions. Do they still live? Do they remember us, and love us? Shall we find them and know them again? Even if they live, will they not have grown away from us? What kind of life do they lead? Can they communicate with us in any way? Would not their seeing our sorrows interfere with their happiness?

These, and a hundred other questions, press upon our hearts. To all of them many are the answers that have been offered us. But so many have they been, and so contradictory, that they cannot all be true. What ones, then, are true? There are not wanting many in the modern world who doubt them all. I hope for another life; and I trust that some day I shall exchange that hope for a certainty. But, beyond that, I do not much expect to go. If that life is different from and higher than this, then we must wait before we can know it. Knowledge is the result of experience. We know the way we have trodden; but that part of

our path that lies before us we can only know as, step by step, we make it our own.

But all these many inviting themes I propose to leave one side this morning. Whatever the future may be, the thing of chief importance for us is to-day. Though the lips of death do not open to let out the secrets of that land that our earthly sunshine conceals, yet their very silence breaks into voice with lessons of living importance for the present hour. A few of these lessons, then, I wish to interpret for you, if I may. What have the dead, as dead, to say to us, the living?

From these closed eyes and these white lips,
Where loving smiles no longer play,
What, to the ear that silence hears,
Does Death to us, the living, say?

1. The silent lips that mark the close of a sweet, a fortunate, or a noble life, always speak to me first of gratitude. I know the first feeling of most is that of an irreparable loss. But what does the great loss mean but that you have been in possession of a great treasure? And so my first feeling is one of thanks for the sweet years of friendship, of association, of love. We have had these years of joy and of good together. That fact and the blessed memories of it cannot be taken away from us.

On this point, let us listen to the words of one that our narrow, ordinary Christian teaching has accustomed us to think of as a heathen. The old Roman, Seneca, writes: "The comfort of having a friend may be taken away from you, but not that of having had one. In some respects, I have lost what I have had; in others, I still retain what I have lost. It is an ill construction of Providence to reflect only upon my friend's being taken away without any regard to the benefit of his being once given to me. He that has lost a friend has more cause of joy that he once had him than of grief that he is taken away. That which is past we are sure of. It is impossible to make it not to have been."

And another so-called heathen, the Greek Plutarch, after the death of their little girl, writes thus to his wife: "Should the sweet remembrance of those things which so delighted us when she was alive only afflict us now, when she is dead? Since she gave us so much pleasure while we had her, so ought we to cherish her memory, and make that memory a glad rather than a sorrowful one. Let us not ungratefully accuse fortune for what was given us, because we could not also have all that we desired. What we

had, and while we had it, was good, though now we have it no longer."

What reason have we not to be glad and thankful for the imperishable memories of father, mother, wife, husband, child, brother, sister, friend! In the midst of the din and weariness of some discouraged afternoon, is not the bird-song at our window that waked us to the first life of the dewy morning still ours, its remembered sweetness still giving us back that fragrant hour that will not return again?

How much of the beauty and joy of life is made up of memories! How small a part of the world we really live in is made of that which day by day passes before our eyes! Our real world is the remembered one. The rare landscape, the mountain outlook, the ruin whose crumbling stones and clinging ivy were redolent of romantic history, the sun-lit reach of laughing sea, or the night-scene of moonlight on the waters, the forest walk or the crowds of distant cities,—these make up the world we love to live in, when a little leisure releases us from present toil. And these are all of things that we remember.

And, as it is of places, so also is it of persons. Those we meet and talk with every day are few as compared with those who come to us from out the past. And these remembered forms are present companions.

"Then the forms of the departed
Enter at the open door;
The beloved, the true-hearted,
Come to visit me once more."

However keen the still lingering grief over the death of some one who made so large a part of your life, is there one who hears me who would give up the memory of that life for the sake of escaping the present pain? Would you make that all a blank for the sake of that peace which is only the absence of sorrow? Give me rather the pressed flower, the faded ribbon, the half-worn shoe, and even the tears shall not make me sorry I had the love.

" 'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all."

"I shall have had my rapture, come what may."

And not only are the lost ones ours still in memory: they are with us in another way that is quite as real. Their love, their deeds, their association, the influence of their characters,—these

have largely helped to make us what we are. How much of the best that is in us are we not conscious that we owe to them!

The graves of loved ones far away
Up the dim track of years
Still nerve the purpose of to-day
To rise above our fears.

Oh, many a tender word is said
And gentle deed is wrought,
In memory of the cherished dead
That live still in our thought.

And many a man, whose noble fight
For truth has lifted men,
Knows some dead loved one's deathless might
His motive power has been.

And so, as I listen, the first voice of the dead that I seem to hear is one that bids us be grateful for all the positive good of the years when they were ours, and for the no less positive good of the present memories that still make them ours for inspiration and comfort.

2. But there is another voice that we ought to hear and heed. And this bids us beware that, through devotion to the dead, we do not cloud the lives of the living. Piety toward the lost is to be commended; but there is a kind of piety to the dead that is impiety to the living. For example, I have known such cases as this. A mother loses one of her children. This child was no more remarkable and no more loved than any of the rest. But, during sickness, this one called specially for the mother's care and for the lavish outpouring of all her devotion. And, when at last death comes, the virtues of this lost one are all exaggerated by the mist of tears through which they are seen, until the mourning is such as makes all the living feel that they count for almost nothing. We cannot but mourn for the dead; and we would not have it otherwise.

"Let grief be her own mistress still:
She loveth her own anguish deep
More than much pleasure. Let her will
Be done."

I'd have you do all you can for the dead. Make beautiful the place where they sleep. Set apart a sacred chamber in the heart that shall be a shrine for them forever. But do not give all your

thought and love and care to the dead. Remember it is well with them. And the living need you more than they. But let one of the lost ones speak as if in his own person:—

Weep for me tenderly; for I,
Were you here lying in my place,
Would press my warm lips on your brow,
And rain the hot tears on your face.
And, when this body's laid away,
I'd have you my low earth-bed make
All fresh with grass and sweet with flowers,
And sacred for the old time's sake.
But then, sweet friends, look up and on!
Let sunshine all the clouds break through;
And do not for my sake forget
What for the living you should do!
Let not the shadow of my loss
Darken the path the living tread;
But let the memories of my past
Still cheer and help, though I am dead.

In the early days of the world, among the lower barbaric tribes, the death of any at all prominent member of a tribe was nothing less than a general calamity. For it was looked upon as a religious duty to see to it that everything the dead one owned was destroyed. House, furniture, food, clothing, weapons, horses, all were burned on one funeral pile or buried in one grave. Even his wives and servants were frequently sent to bear him company in the other world. The comfort, the well-being, and sometimes the very lives of the living were thus sacrificed to the dead. We all think such things to be barbaric and cruel.

But the taint of that barbarism is not all eliminated from the modern world. Our cemeteries still witness to the wasting of thousands and thousands of dollars on what is nothing but the ostentatious pride or the wasteful recklessness of sorrow. The dead are not helped, while the living that need help are forgotten. And many a home is made dark and dreary for the living by what is nothing better—when carried so far—than a selfish indulgence in what is a very intemperance of grief. It seems to me nothing less than a serious wrong for us still, though in our modern fashion, to sacrifice the living for the dead. It denies, by implication, all our professed faith in the future. At the very worst,

the dead are in peace, while the living still thrill and throb with either pain or pleasure; and it lies to us very largely as to which it shall be.

3. The next voice of the dead tells us something we can do for them and for the living as well, at the same time. Continue the work for the world that the dead ones loved, and so see to it that earth loses as little as possible by their departure.

Almost all lives, however old, are incomplete. They cherished plans that had lured them on for years, and that yet they leave as fragments. Finish the work then that they have left you to do. Thus, you may feel that you are building their monuments. Thus, you may help the living world, and at the same time gladden their hearts, if they can look back, and prove to them that you truly love and remember.

To illustrate what I mean. I know a father who has lost his only son, for whom he had intended the wealth that his years of labor had accumulated. This loss he carries, as a life-long sorrow, in his heart; but he does not do as did that New York gentleman, whose daughter is buried in Greenwood, pile his whole fortune in useless marble over the grave. He is planning to-day to establish a school, munificently endowed, dedicated to the memory of his son. Thus, he can feel that his son, though lost, is still living in and helping on the world. Such a son is not dead, but is one of the living forces to lift the present and mold the future. Thus can we all, if we will, knowing what our dead would have done for mankind, seek to carry out their will. How much nobler this, how much truer honor to the dead, than to bury ourselves in useless grief or to bury what would have been their fortunes in useless, unproductive stone!

Let our ideal dead one again speak for himself:—

These ears can hear your words no more,

However fondly you may speak.

For my sake, then, with words of love,

The living cheer, and help the weak.

My heart, now still, no longer aches;

But weary thousands watch and wake

Through dreary nights and hopeless days.

Help them before their sad hearts break!

Cherish my memory in your heart;

But, lest it grow a selfish thing,

Make channels for a thousand streams,
 Of which my love shall be the spring.
 So, from the grave, I still may speak,
 Still help the sorrowing world to bless,
 Still live, though dead, and swell the tide
 Of human hope and happiness.

4. But another voice I hear, as important to be heeded as any of these. Since death must come some day to us all, Seneca says, "Let us, therefore, make the best of our friends while we have them." Let me illustrate, and lead the way toward what I mean by an example of what frequently happens this side of death. I once knew a clergyman—not myself—who had been with a parish for a good many years. Everybody loved him, and nobody told him of it. They had come to take his staying with them for granted. Meantime, he had begun to question whether they were not wearying of him. A call came from another city; and, naturally, in his then state of mind, he accepted it. Then, when it was too late, the whole of his old parish went into mourning. They protested how much they cared for him, and begged him to stay. But he had committed himself to going. Then, he let them understand that only a fraction of what they were saying now would have kept him, if only it had been said before.

I have known children whose fathers and mothers never kissed them, never told them they loved them. And yet, had one of these same children died, both father and mother would have rained their tears over the dead face, and kissed the lips that could give back no response.

Many a life is lonely with longing for the expression of an affection which really exists, but never utters itself in words. Like Tantalus in Hades, they live for years close beside refreshing waters to which they can never touch their lips.

How frequently is it true that, when our friends are dead, we say: "Oh, I wish I had done such or such a thing for them! I wish I had told him so or so." What is this strange barrier of apparent indifference that keeps us from making cheery and bright the lives of those we really and deeply love? In a recent magazine appeared the following, entitled "An Old, Old Question:"—

"A spirit that from earth had just departed
 Lingered a moment on its upward way;
 And, looking back, saw, as though broken-hearted,
 Its friends and kindred weeping o'er its clay.

'It seems they loved me dearly. Had I known it, My life had been much happier,' it said.
'Why only at our parting have they shown it, Their fondest kisses keeping for the dead?' "

If there is any one voice of the dead that we need to hear and regard it is this. We let a thousand little unimportant personal peculiarities—that are no real part of ourselves—irritate us and keep us apart. We are forgetful and self-absorbed. Or we foolishly think the expression of our most genuine feelings a weakness, and so keep down that which is really noblest in us. And then, when ears can no longer hear, we storm them with an unavailing flood of words. And the lips that can no longer feel get the kisses that would have made life's burden so much lighter, and would have charmed away the clouds of many a cheerless day.

Let us then try to live with the living as we shall wish we had, when we call them living no longer. Let us try to make each day finished, so that we need not be compelled to say, "Had I known that this was coming, I should have said, I should have done, so differently!"

5. And, of one voice more, I must try to be the echo. Learn that the thing to fear is not death, but life.

The old theology has for ages been warning us, "Prepare to meet thy God." As though we were not living face to face with him every day! The idea has been that we were in some far country, away from him; and that some special, peculiar preparation were needed to be made just before being summoned into his presence. And men have grown careless in the thought that a prayer, a speedy repentance, extreme unction, or some kind of priestly aid, could, at last, wipe off the dust and soil of earth, and clothe their souls with the "wedding garment," that should make them presentable in the presence of the King. And all the while they were living right under the immediate eye of this same eternal King, and making up their clear-read record day by day.

It is some years now since I have had any, even the slightest, fear of death. Let us look at it for a moment. I find people afraid of death, because of a certain shrinking from the idea of burial. Let such consider the significance of that old saying of Socrates. Just before taking the hemlock, one of his disciples asked as to how he would be buried. He replied: "Is it not strange, my friends, that, after all I have said, you still think this body to be Socrates? Bury me as you will, if you can find me." He had no idea of being buried. No one of us will ever know.

anything about a grave. To think otherwise is only a foolish trick of the imagination that deludes us with the fancy that an unconscious body still can feel and care.

Then, others fear death because of a dread as to some possible final suffering. I have stood by many death-beds, and never yet have I seen one where, at the last, it was not a willing falling asleep. It is just as natural as the detachment of a leaf from its bough and its slow falling to the earth through the October air. Even where there is the appearance of pain and struggle, it is generally mere unconscious muscular and nervous movement. The most of those who die are as unconscious of it as they were of their birth. And most of the apparent pain means no more than the first automatic cry of the new-born child.

And what else is there to fear? Let Socrates again be heard, while he tells us how, ages ago, it looked even to him. "One of two things," he says: "either death is a state of utter unconsciousness, or there is a migration of the soul from this world to another. Now, if there is no consciousness, eternity is then but a single night; but, if death is a journey to another place, and there all the dead are, what good, O my friends, can be greater than this?"

At the worst, it is only sleep. While at the best, it is going into another room of the vast universe-house of the one Father, in whose presence we have lived here, and under the guidance of whose hand we shall be forever. This last I more and more firmly believe.

Life is the real thing of which, if of anything, to be afraid. For it is life, and not death, which determines character, and creates for us our heavens or our hells. Death has no more to do with the future than the sleep of to-night has to do with to-morrow. It is to-day that makes to-morrow, and to-night's sleep is only the gateway that leads to it.

Such, then, as it seems to me, are some of the things that we, the living, ought to hear spoken to us by the silent lips of the dead.

And now, in closing, let me tell you what I think about death. I claim to know but very little. I wish I knew more; and I hope I shall know more, even before the great transition comes.

Death, we say, is the common lot. It comes to us all. Our little lives begin in a cradle, rocked by love. There are a few years,—a little labor, some clouds shot through by sunshine, a

little love, some dropping tears, brief successes and as brief disappointments,—and then a grassy mound, another cradle for another sleep. Is that watched over by love, too? Or is it the end? I cannot believe it is the end. And I cannot doubt that love still lives and guards.

In short, I believe that death is only another birth. And as our coming here is expected and prepared for, so I doubt not we enter there not as uninvited or unexpected. It is only the beginning of another home. So, at any rate, I love to trust; and all the wisdom of those who doubt or deny is not enough to entitle any one to tell me that my hope is an irrational one.

It is only a horrible and a false theology that has clouded over this second cradle with horror, and filled the shadow with scowling faces and threatening forms. The same Power that governs and shapes this life, that gave us love and light and beauty, that surrounded our pathway with friends and bordered it with flowers,—this same Power rules in all the worlds. We can go into no strange country then, nor beyond the reach of loving death we are what we were five minutes before. Day by day here we are making ourselves what we shall be there. Only in new care. As we fall asleep, so we wake up again. Five minutes after conditions we shall go on under similar laws, to live out the life already begun and so achieve our destiny.

Those we love will not outgrow us. They who have preceded us may have become much wiser than we are now; but the wisest are ever the tenderest and the least conceited about their wisdom. So their wisdom, instead of being a barrier to separate them from us, will only bring them closer in sympathetic help.

The only change that I can imagine will be that conventional and artificial bonds will be broken, and people there may be freer than we are now to associate according to the attractions of their deeper and truer sympathies. But this, though it change our relationships, will be no loss; for each will follow the bent of his real desires.

The only things we need fear, then, are the natural and necessary results of the thoughts we think and the deeds we do to-day. They go before us, and become our angels, good or bad, that will welcome us to gladness or regret. Let us, then, make the present as fair and sweet as may be, holding our loved and lost in our hearts until the veil is lifted, and we learn—what I can but trust is true—that life and death are but different names for two departments of what is really the one eternal life.

Death and After.

SERMON NO. 4.—BY REV. M. J. SAVAGE.

AN EASTER SERMON—EVERY-DAY RELIGION—CHRISTIAN TRADITION
ASSAILED—DEATH AS NATURAL AS BIRTH, A PART OF THE DI-
VINE ORDER—NOT THE RESULT OF ANY MAN'S SIN.

“But as it is written, things which eye saw not, and ear heard not, and which entered not into the heart of man, whatsoever things God prepared for them that love him.”—I. Cor. ii:9.

I am often asked, What is this Easter day and its significance to you—to you Unitarians, to you who do not accept the doctrine of the deity of Jesus, to you who do not believe in the raising of the physical body that died, to life again? Some years ago I answered this question at length in a sermon entitled “The Human Easter.” I wish for only one brief moment to touch upon the theme again, because the question constantly recurs, and because there are thousands yet who do not seem to be acquainted with the answer.

Easter is not peculiarly a Christian festival. It did not originate with Christianity. This hope which we celebrate to-day is as old as death and love. It was born in the human heart when first human love brooded and questioned over the white face of the dead. Easter, in all its essential features, is as old as history—in China, in Persia, in India, in Egypt, in Greece, in Rome, hundreds and hundreds of years before the Christ was born, before it entered into the hearts of those who loved him to celebrate their belief in his deathlessness. The hope is human, and as wide as humanity.

Not only that. Not one single symbol, not a ritual, not a service, not an emblem, not a flower connected with the day, but is hundreds of years older than Christianity. The Church simply adopted and reconsecrated and used a human festival which

it found already dear to the hearts of the people. I rejoice in this great fact to-day. I rejoice that I may believe not that God sent the light of this hope only to a few, but that it has shined wherever the sun has shone, and that its whisper of hope has touched and thrilled every human heart. The shape that the service has assumed, the form that has been given to man's ideas concerning death and that which follows after, has of course varied with the stage of barbarism or of civilization, varied according to national peculiarities and characteristics, taken on color from customs and habits of the world; but it has been held everywhere.

In the main, the common ideas of death which have prevailed in the past have been shrouded in gloom. The images and figures that have been used to set forth the fact of death have been inexpressibly sad, are filled with terror, are anything but inviting. If you read the stories in the "Arabian Nights" you will find that almost all of them close by saying, So they lived in all joy and peace until he came—meaning death—who is the destroyer of delights and the sunderer of companies. Death, then, to the Arab mind is a destroyer of delight and a separator of those who love.

Curiously enough, as it seems to me, some of the most hopeless and gloomy figures imaginable are associated with Christianity. And yet Christianity started on its career, more than for any and all reasons combined, by virtue of the fact that they believed that death had been abolished. That was the one mightiest and most conquering thought in the new gospel. Paul says, "To depart and be with Christ is far better." And he closes this chapter which I have read to you this morning with the cry: "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" It was triumph over death, it was immortality, that gave the Christian movement its mightiest hold on the popular heart. And yet, to judge by the mourning, the trappings of gloom, the black hearse and pall and plumes; and the way in which the mourners themselves are costumed, you would suppose that even to the Christian death is the end of all hope instead of being the beginning of another better career, as their creed compels them at least to say they believe. There is no figure of death in all literature more horrible than that which Milton has given us in "Paradise Lost," where he describes

.... "The other shape—
If shape it might be called, that shape had none
Distinguishable in member, joint or limb,

Or substance might be called that shadow seemed,
For each seemed either—black it stood as night,
Fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell,
And shook a dreadful dart.”

The skull and cross-bones, all the horrors of the grave, have been gathered round this ideal of death, until the Christian imagination concerning it seems to have lost its brightness and been completely enshrouded in gloom.

I propose, this morning, not to argue about death and after, not to attempt anything in the way of proof, but only to tell you what I think and believe. I wish to assure you at the outset, however, that I shall say nothing which is inconsistent with common science or any accepted knowledge of the world. I wish to say farther that, for many of the positions which I assume, I have what seems to me satisfactory evidence; and, further, that for all I shall say there exists to my mind, if not proof in the scientific sense of the word, at least good and sufficient reason. There is no time this morning, even if it were the fit occasion, to give proof. I say this merely because, if some one raises the question whether it is possible that this position has been established, they will not say that I have omitted the proof from an oversight or because I had none to offer. Let us, then, consider this great fact of death.

Death, it has been taught us—this is the universal Christian tradition—was an after-thought, and not a part of the original divine plan. God made this fair earth lighted by the sun and the stars, and created man sinless and perfect. God intended, if only man were obedient, that he should live here on this earth as immortal, as painless, as are the angels above. This, I say, we have been taught was the original idea. But man sinned; and so, as the result of that sin, as a punishment sent of the divine anger, death came into the world, and all the train of evils that are generally associated with death.

I wish to deny, as emphatically as I know how, all that class of conceptions. Let us face the fact—for this is fact, this is demonstrated science—that death is as natural as birth, that death is a part of the divine order. It was not an after-thought. It was not the result of any anger on the part of God. It was not the result of any man's sin. Death from the beginning was as natural as birth, as natural as sunset is, as natural as the dawn. I believe therefore that death, instead of being an evil, is a token not only of the divine wisdom, but of the divine love as well.

We dream of an immortal life here on earth; but, if you stop to consider the limitations, the conditions, of such a life, even were it possible, I do not believe you would choose it. Even if we could live here forever on this earth and all be healthy and strong, if we could gain what is at present an almost unimaginable control over the native forces of the earth, would you take it, as compared with that which I believe to be true? I would not. Suppose we lived here year after year and century after century, it would not be a great while—indeed, it would be a very short while—before the earth would be full. Then births must cease. All the people on the earth would be grown up and old. There would be no more family life, no more children, no more of the joy of watching these unfolding minds and hearts and training these uncertain steps. How much of what makes up the happiness of life would be wiped out by that one fact at a stroke! But that would be a necessity. Then I have curiosity enough, so that I should want to explore. I would not like to be kept forever on this tiny planet, only eight thousand miles through, when the universe seemed to be inviting study and opening on every hand its vistas of unexplored glory. But with these bodies that sort of dream would be an absurdity.

For, did you ever stop to think that our lives depend moment by moment on the stable equilibrium of our climate and the purity, the balance, of the particles that make up the air we breathe? We could not live except at the bottom of this ocean we call the air. We could not dream even of visiting our own little satellite, the moon. It would be an absurdity with our earthly mortality, such as we are to-day. Then it seems to me that the horrors that in our minds surround death are almost entirely imaginative horrors, no more real than the creatures that frighten a child as he is asked to go upstairs alone at night—creatures that exist only in the fancy of the child.

Death, then, what is it? We confuse it with a thousand things that are no part of it at all. The pains and sickness that are the result of our ignorance and carelessness, of our breaking the laws of life,—these are no part of death. Purely natural death is only going to sleep, and, generally, is as painless as going to sleep, is as much a relief, a something sought with as great eagerness. I have watched it within the circle of my own family and friends, and have seen that this natural dying is only ceasing of the candle-flame when the fuel is consumed, is only the slow cessation of the ticking of a clock as it runs down,—no horror, no

suffering, but only a sleeping. We have no right to confuse with the fact of death all the evils of disease and suffering which are the concomitant of our ignorance, our carelessness, our law-breaking lives, and then charge this as an indictment against God, and say he is cruel and unkind to ordain death for us all. There is nothing cruel or unkind in the fact of death.

Then we add another horror to it by imagining that there is suffering in the separation of the soul from the body which does not exist. Even when death comes as the result of prolonged disease, it is almost always painless. The muscular movement and nervous activity ninety-nine times out of a hundred are purely unconscious; they do not indicate pain.

We add another horror by our fancies as to what is to come beyond. To how many people does the grave add a blackness to the thought of dying! Yet what is the grave? I see people every little while trying to preserve the bodies of those they love from what is the sweetest, most natural thing in the world,—their going back, simply and naturally, into grasses and flowers,—dust returning unto dust. We fancy that we are going to be buried or we fancy that our friends have been buried. We talk about their lying in Mount Auburn or at Forest Hills. Do you believe that they are there? Even a materialist, who has no hope of a future life at all, does not believe that. Let us face the facts squarely, then, that the body is only an old, worn-out suit of clothes. Put it away with reverence, love the place for the association of the dead, but do not add a burden to the agony and the darkness of death by fancying that any one is ever buried.

Then how much of the horror of dying has come from the terms in which we speak of that something which comes after death. The world, the barbaric world, the cruel world of the past, has let its imagination run riot in creating purely imaginary terrors, clothing God with such attributes as would make him a fiend,—pictures of judgment, of fire, of chains, of the worm that dieth not, with every conceivable pang and shadow. Friends, these are no part of God's sweet, blessed gift of death. Do not create these fancied horrors, and then charge them on Almighty God. These are only the outcome of our own cruel, crude, and barbaric fancies.

What, then, is death? Death is only the transition from this present mode of life to another. It is only another kind of birth,—as natural as birth, as sweet, as blessed, as full of hope as is birth.

Let me here, before I touch further upon that point, raise another question which perhaps to the minds of many of you precedes it. Where have these that have died gone? It is very interesting to trace the imaginations of the world on this subject. I cannot go into the matter extensively this morning, even if I would. But all sorts of fancies and dreams have taken shape in the minds of men in the past. As an illustration, some tribe that lived near the mouth of a river emigrated, following the course of the stream up towards its source. With their instinctive feeling that the dead love the places that have been the old home, they fancy that the souls of those who depart return to their original home; and so it becomes a part of the burial service to take a boat and put the body into it, and set it afloat upon the river that they believe will carry it back to the old abode. And years after they have moved away from any stream perhaps, and they have forgotten even how the idea ever came into their minds, they still retain the boat shape for the casket; and the idea still exists that by setting the boats adrift they may be carried by the living stream back to the original home of the people.

Then others perceive the course of the sun in the heavens, and worship it as a god. They see in their poetic fancies the clouds as islands at sea floating in the glory of the sunset; and they picture these islands as a blessed abode of the dead, far to the west. The old Hebrews, when they came to believe in the continued existence of the soul, imagined that the dead went to Sheol, which was an underground cavern. The early Christians believed that all spirits, good and bad alike, went down to Sheol; but they came at last to divide Sheol into two places, one Paradise and the other Gehenna.

Then in later times, before our more modern ideas of astronomy, it was thought that the home of the blessed might be on some planet, some sun, some glorious orb, far in the depths of space. But let us think for a moment how utterly impossible for any one to have an idea of that kind to-day. It was easy to picture heaven there, when it was believed that the blue dome was only a few miles away, and a solid dome at that. But now this blue dome of air has become empty space; and, when we have left our little solar system with its sun, its planets and their moons, and started to find our nearest neighbor, it is so far off that it takes the lightning speed of light three and one half years to traverse the distance. There are suns so far away that it takes thousands and thousands of years for light that travels swifter

than lightning to cross the intervening space. Shall we imagine a heaven so far away that souls would be years and years in the journey to find it?

I believe—and I can tell you so this morning—that the spirit world folds this lovely, beautiful old earth around like an atmosphere; and when you ask me where those we call dead are gone, I do not believe that they necessarily have gone so very far away. Milton imagined and put into words his belief that millions of spiritual creatures walked the earth unseen, when we wake or when we sleep. I believe that this world of those we call the dead is close by us and all around us, and there is a difficulty about that to our imaginations only because we are the fools of our eyes and ears. We fancy that we see all there is, that we hear all there is; while, as a matter of fact, our clear-headed science has taught all those who have cared to find out its truths that it is only the tiniest part of this physical universe that we ever see or hear,—just a little fraction that our senses enable us to explore. It has taught us that the mightiest of all the physical forces of the world are the invisible forces, the intangible forces. We talk about spirit as being shadowy, ghostly, thin, unreal. Why? The things that dissolve, the things that change, the things that disperse like shadows, are what we speak of as material things often, from the point of view of science. The things we cannot see and cannot touch are the mighty physical forces. There is nothing, then, in the science of the world to make it seem unreasonable that those we love may be close to us, watching our lives, able to render us services in ways that we can as yet only partially comprehend. This, friends, I believe.

But, says some one, would not that take away from all the joy and peace of our friends—to see us in pain, in sorrow, to see us grieving over their departure? Could it be heaven to them to know all this? Does it take away all your happiness, all your peace, does it ruin all the brightness of your lives, as you watch a child crying over a broken toy, disappointed at the destruction of some petty scheme that you know will be forgotten to-morrow? If we can imagine these friends of ours as really about us, knowing the outcome that we do not know, seeing the meaning of the discipline, the sorrow, the burdens that we bear, do you not see that our sorrows, our griefs, would be to them only as the griefs and sorrows of children are to us, and need not necessarily interfere with their happiness at all?

But I hasten to another point. What kind of people are

these? We have dreamed of ghosts and of hauntings until there is this unreasoning kind of fear in the hearts of thousands of people. I wonder, sometimes, as I think of it. I have known people that you could not hire with money to spend the night in the presence of the dead body of the dearest friend they had on earth. What do they fear? Who are these people that used to live here? Why, they are simply folks like ourselves. There is not an inhabitant in all that world that I know of whom I would not want to see at any hour of night or day. Why should I fear them? I have done them no harm. I have no idea that they wish to do me any harm. They are people like us. They remember this old life here. Indeed, they have never been very far away from it. Why should they forget it? They love us just as of old. There is nothing in the fact of death to change a man's love, to change a man's character, to change a man's purposes or aspirations or desires. Death does not turn us into angels or devils, nor make ghosts of us. It simply leaves us what it found us. By going through a door you are not changed. You were not changed by going to sleep last night and waking up this morning. Neither does death touch or change us in one essential of our nature or characters, our purposes, our desires.

Do they wear a body over yonder? To my thinking, this question answers itself. We talk sometimes about pure force. Now, no man on the face of the earth ever had anything to do with such a thing as pure force. There is no such thing outside the dictionary. Nobody ever knew of any force dissociated from matter. Force and matter go together forever. And, so far as we know, matter is as eternal and indestructible as God, whose garment and manifestation it is.

I believe, then, that our friends in the other life have bodies as substantial and real as are these that we wear. And there is nothing in science to contradict such a hope or belief. Indeed, the scientists themselves are to-day on the verge of such discoveries about the nature and constitution of matter as promise to revolutionize all our ideas even concerning the world we live in. Pure spirit to me means pure nothing. I believe, then, that these inhabitants of the other life are real and substantial, substantial as we are. Which is the more substantial, electricity or a brick? Which is more substantial, a fossil bone or the ether, which thrills through all space? Here, again, we are only the fools of our own tiny, limited senses. We have not learned to think beyond. Substance does not mean something I can feel with my hands. My

power of sense is very limited. Substance does not necessarily mean something that these eyes can see. My power of vision is yet limited. Indeed, it is not the eyes that see at all. I believe that we shall see each other in that other life, not necessarily with this kind of visual organ. But do you think that people are blind merely because they lose their eyes? When two persons are conversing over a telephone, and the line gets out of order, does it annihilate either of the speakers? It is the brain that sees; and, when we trace it even to the nerves and brain, we are not at the end. It is I who see, not any one part of my body, any more than the telescope is part of the eye.

What do they do over there? I believe they lead purely human lives, just as natural lives as we lead here. There are certain occupations that will be gone, I hope; but, if you will stop to think of it, you will understand yourselves what is the principle that ought to guide your dreaming. Many things, associated with the body as at present constituted, will be done away with; and here comes the tremendous motive force that ought to lead you to cultivate while here more of those faculties and powers that you can take with you, not go over there stripped and naked of occupation and interest. The things that are connected with thought, feeling, love, the intangible things, music, art, the search for truth and beauty,—these, I believe, will endure. Is Mendelssohn through with his music? I trust not. Is Michel Angelo through with his devotion to beauty and art? I trust not. Is Shakespeare forever done with his poetry? I trust not. And, then, as thousands every year go over as children, as uneducated, as criminal, as degraded, as helpless, beyond any power of ours to conceive, there will be a wide field and scope for the tenderest philanthropy, for the widest brain culture, to help to uplift all these. So I believe the occupations will be as natural as here.

How shall we be related over there? Those relations which exist here, and which are not true, not central, not based in that which is permanent and eternal in us,—these will pass away and change. But no one will mourn over any such change, because I believe that which is eternal in us in the way of love and truth and hope will find full sway and increasing satisfaction over there.

One point more. It will be endless growth over there. I do not believe that we are going to be at once perfect, with unalloyed happiness and enjoyment. I, for one, would not have that kind of world if I could. Imagine yourself over there perfectly wise, perfectly happy, every desire, wish, and longing satisfied, and

sitting down that way for a thousand years! What would you do next? It is because there is in us the possibility of endless unfolding, it is because there are infinite avenues of search open for the student who wants to learn, because there is the possibility of the joy of achievement, because, in short, this is an infinite universe and we are finite creatures growing in the midst of the infinite, that this dream of immortality is a rational dream. If we could get through, we should wish some means of suicide. It is because we need not fear getting through that we can dream of still pursuing the pathway which opens up places not only of temporary refreshment, but avenues of ever new delight.

This is my dream of the future. And now one brief matter at the end. There are thousands of people to whom there are two bitter things about dying. One is the leaving of those they love here, and the other is the fear that they are going into the Unknown all alone.

In the first place, if you take away the bitter accompaniments of death, the separation is only like the temporary separations that we voluntarily make every little while. Then, concerning this other matter, just as we came into this world into a place prepared for us, into the arms of love, and waked up with faces smiling down upon us, with ready hands to care for us, so I believe that over there we shall be received into arms of sympathy, arms of love, and not for one moment feel ourselves strange or deserted or alone. The love that has brought us here, the love that binds us together here, is to grow more and more as we go on. And so I dream that death is God's greatest, best gift to man, because it unfetters us when we have learned our lessons here, gives us the freedom of the universe, and enables us to take the next step up and on.

Father, we thank thee for this great Easter hope, the trust that comes into our hearts, the power that helps us to conquer death, and find in thee peace and love and joy forevermore. Amen.

Death and Spirit Spheres.

BY MRS. M. T. LONGLEY.

HUMAN CHARACTER AND SPIRITUAL AURA—THE LOWER SPHERE A SMOKY BELT—THE PHILOSOPHY OF PROGRESSION—SOME VERY INTERESTING EXPERIENCES BY SPIRIT PIERPONT.

Death is but an incident in the experience of a human entity. As the conscious ego survives the death of the body and enters upon an enlarged and ever widening series of experiences and disciplines in higher worlds, it is folly to suppose that such an entity commenced existence with the earthly body and that it had no actual consciousness or activity prior to its mortal birth. But whatever the ego may have been before the earthly experience, it matters not to us now. We are all concerned in knowing what we shall be, and whither we shall go.

The prophet of old was credited with affirming, "Now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be," etc. And in view of the possibility of human personal growth and unfoldment in power of expression and achievement, we do not know what we shall be, for our spirit friends tell us that there are advanced human intelligences in the higher spheres of spiritual life, who in personal appearance are as radiant as the sun, yet human in form and feature; and who are in power of achievement capable of building and managing even worlds, while the minor accomplishments and powers of such beings or entities are such that were they manifested by a denizen of earth he would be at once regarded as a god—supreme in power and choice.

As there are numberless planets of physical origin and growth, so there are innumerable spirit worlds, each of which is peopled with human entities of progressive qualities. In this chapter we can only mention two spheres of the great spirit world that belongs to the planet Earth—every planet has its own spirit

world—and which is peopled by entities who once dwelt upon this mundane sphere.

Close to the physical planet is a sphere of sentient, active life that partakes largely of the qualities and properties of the lower, grosser conditions and powers of human life, habit and sensation, upon the earth. That sphere is interpenetrated by and infilled with the emanations of selfishness, ignorance, brutality and corruption that go forth from polluted human lives on earth. The human being who is gross, animal-like in propensity and desire; he who is wilfully vicious, cunning and intriguing, full of selfishness and guile, generates a dark and baleful aura that is like a thick and murky smoke which enters into this lower sphere of spirit life and becomes a part of it. These emanations also enter into the composition of the spirit body of such a selfish and gross entity as generates them, and thus he is weighted down to the lower sphere, and unable to rise to the loftier heights of the more refined and beautiful spheres where the good abide.

The law of correspondence prevails in the spirit world. Hence the external conditions of life correspond with the interior states of the human being. The greedy, selfish, vicious person on earth may have a handsome face and graceful form, with magnificent worldly possessions, but in the spirit world he is warped and deformed in appearance, unattractive in form and feature, while his environments correspond to his own unspiritual nature.

The lower sphere of spirit life, then, presents the appearance of a smoky belt or zone, a barren plane on which crude beings dwell. Crude because they are not spiritually refined. They rejoice in carnal things and find their pleasures in catering to the lower instincts and desires of selfish humanity. But the lot of these uneasy souls is not a hopeless one, for they possess the quality of progress and of spiritual growth, which must at some time become stimulated into activity. Not, however, until these unregenerated ones become awakened to their true condition, and are anxious to rise into a higher state, will they be able to generate elements of a finer quality which will—through its quickened vibrations—eliminate the gross, crude, earthy atoms from the spirit body and enable it to arise to the second sphere of existence, which is much brighter and happier than the one below.

If one could behold a picture of the lower plane of spirit life in all its repulsive gloom and barren unattractiveness, he would shudder and turn from it, and yet, if he is selfish, tyrannical, overreaching towards his fellow-men, or impure and carnal in his

tastes and habits, he is surely forging the chains that will bind him to such a sphere until he has wrestled with sin and overcome it.

In the higher realms pure and faithful souls abide. They are as beautiful as the morning and as sweet as the odor of flowers. Such spirits are naturally refined and spirituelle. Many of them were deprived of educational advantages and worldly possessions on earth, but they were pure in spirit and they generated an aura of refined and ethereal elements and particles that did not belong to the earth, earthy, and which—so to speak—formed the pathway of light upon which they, in etherealized spiritual bodies floated to the golden sphere to which they correspond. These spirits are self-luminous, their beautiful natures are vibrant with illuminating powers. They shine resplendent, their garments shine with beauteous light, their atmosphere is redolent with the incense of pure thoughts. All things they touch or breath upon become luminous with their magnetic light. Their homes are beautiful, their surroundings are as lovely as is their own interior state. Their power of achievement is grand beyond mortal expression. Their employments are such as call out the best energies and highest skill and ability of mind, and find their results in a perfected plan of life that is both objective and subjective in its scope and manifestation.

Homes are there, homes of beauty and harmony, where kindred souls dwell in peace and love. These are real and tangible homes, dwellings constructed with taste and skill and furnished with artistic appointments for the comfort and convenience of the inmates. Schools and temples of literature, of art and of science, are there, in which their scholars are tutored in the various lines of instruction that open wide vistas of knowledge to the expanding mind, and from which they emerge to become teachers, missionaries and helpers to the denizens of earth or to those who dwell upon lower planes of spirit life.

In the higher realms of spirit life are sanitariums for the souls who pass from earth sapped of their magnetic forces through varying conditions of sorrow or disease that have weighed upon them; schools and kindergartens for the little waifs and castaways of earth, who are tenderly cared for and lovingly trained to become useful and happy members of a blessed society.

There are no children in the lower murky sphere of spirit life, for even the waifs and castaways of tender years who drift out of the slums of earth are conveyed to bright homes and peace-

ful scenes by loving souls who are parental in their natures, such tiny mites of humanity not having lived long enough on earth to weight themselves to the carnal sphere by their gross accretions of sensual effluvia and substance.

In the realm of light are the homes of many grand intelligences who labor as missionaries and teachers among the restless beings of the lowest sphere. These missionaries are not at first seen as human beings by those they work upon, but only as patches of light that blind and dazzle the undeveloped spirits. But as the advanced workers continue little by little to magnetize their subjects, the latter gradually begin to feel a quickening force that stimulates their own better impulses and overcomes the grosser instincts of their natures. Day by day—perhaps year by year—the patient missionary works until at last the unregenerated one writhes in repentance over his misdeeds and cries out for help to rise from his unhappy state. Then the blindness passes, for his own vibratory force has quickened so that he can perceive the form that was before unseen and he beholds the missionary bending with compassionate face and benevolent eye over him, and he learns how he can be benefited and blest by the aid of souls who desire to do him good—the quickening force came to him from without, from the magnetic light and breath, the never-failing sympathy, the penetrating power of the missionary guide, but the germ of spirituality that was to be quickened by this stimulating force was within, and even in the most hardened entity it can be reached and vitalized into active life.

In the sphere of light there are many masters of science and of art. These human entities can create a flower—or whatever they wish—out of the atmosphere as easily as the baker forms a loaf of bread from the dough in his trough. In the kindergartens the wise men and women gather a substance from the atmosphere, first in the form of vapor, which under their manipulations becomes a soft mass, which they harden to any degree at will. This substance they color by drawing to it the hues of flowers, and sweeten with honey from blossom or vine. This they fashion into cubes, cones, balls, rings, stars and other shapes for the instruction of the children in form; and as they are palatable confections the little ones are allowed to absorb them when their lesson is learned. So may a lily be formed, beautiful and fragrant, from the atmosphere, by the spirit chemist, who breathes upon it and gives it life, and if he frequently—or daily—mag-

netizes the blossom and imparts to it his own vital aura, it will continue to live.

There are various grades of spirit life—conscious, sentient, individualized life—from the highest to the lowest, and it rests upon human entities whether they shall advance or remain in a lowly condition, for if one happens to be in the lower sphere he has only to will to be good, and to aspire for the light, and he will soon develop out of the gloom. Nor will the aspirations and desires of trammelled lives on earth go unrewarded, for the soul that loathes evil—even though it be placed by force of circumstances among evil things on earth, will belong to a plane of vibratory force that will enable it to throw all weighty matter far from it and to generate a spiritual aura that will buoy it up beyond the lower spheres.

It is no scientific treatise that we give concerning death and the spirit world. We leave all such matters to other pens. Our aim is to reach the humblest mind or most uneducated reader of this book, in such a manner as will give that mind an intelligent conception of life in the spheres.

Death is but the natural result of Nature's processes of evolution. Humanity lives on earth to gain experience, to form associations and to develop certain forces and powers that require planetary conditions for their stimulation. It would be foolish for Nature to cut man off from the results of these experiences, associations and developments, when the physical body becomes impaired and useless. And Nature is not thus foolish, for just here death occurs and liberates the real man from his house of clay.

All the while that man is housed in mortal he is building the body immortal that he is to occupy. At death, all spirit essence, magnetic force and vital material that is to enter the spirit body is slowly withdrawn from the mortal form and its aura. This arises as a vapory substance from the brain and gradually shapens into the form and features of the human being, which is clothed upon by draperies of cloud-like hue—soft and shining or gray and sombre, as the case may be.

Spirit Pierpont thus describes his sensations on passing out of the mortal form: "I found myself slowly drifting from the body. The sensation was by no means unpleasant and I enjoyed the situation, for I was fully cognizant of what was taking place. In a few moments I perceived billows upon billows of radiant color, pulsating, scintillating. They filled the room, yea, they

extended out into illimitable space, for to me there were no walls to my apartment, no boundaries to the dwelling. The fields of space were redolent with perfume and rich with those waves of splendid colors, of amethyst, of saffron, of ruby, of gold. They seemed to surge towards me and I was caught up in them, and as a boat is tossed upon the incoming billows of the sea, so was I tossed upon the bounding billows of resplendent light. But as the boat may be tethered to a stake on the shore, so was I—the real man thus tethered, and although rocked by the waves of imperial glory, yet for the moment held to the mortal form—yet not now within it, for there were by this time two of me, the stiffening clay, and the palpitating man—by a cord of light that throbbed and pulsated and glowed as I rose and rocked upon the glorious waves. There were faces of celestial beauty gazing upon me from the radiant clouds, and sweetest strains of melody floated on my ears, but for the moment I paid but little attention to these, for that cord which held me to the mortal body—in the region of its solar plexus—as the umbilical cord fastens the child at birth to its mother—attracted my gaze.

“In a brief space of time, however, this cord commenced to contract, and in a few moments it became loosened from the dead mask that had been a part of me; it then slowly pulsated towards me, or into me I might say, until I had entirely absorbed it, and then I was free. Free to turn and gaze around me, and what I had taken to be billows of color resolved themselves into beautiful spaces of light that were peopled by radiant beings, some of whom I recognized as my own. They gave me glad welcome and conducted me to a valley of richest verdure, in which homes of purity and harmony nestled, in which many great souls found their abode.

“There was nothing distasteful, unnatural nor unpleasant to me in withdrawing from the mortal form, not any more so than there would be in withdrawing my hand from a loose and wrinkled glove. The process with me was undoubtedly completed sooner than it is with some others, for I was an old man, over eighty years had I sojourned on earth, and the magnetic cord between mortal and spirit bodies was severed more quickly than it would have been perhaps with a younger man; but I am convinced from my observation of many ‘deaths’ and from my own experience that ‘death’ is easy, is beautiful, and is helpful to the arising entity.”

A Physician's View of Death.

BY H. V. SWERINGEN, A. M., M. D.

COMPARATIVE QUOTATIONS AND PHILOSOPHICAL DEDUCTIONS—A
SCIENTIFIC ANALYSIS OF THE BRAIN ACTION IN RELATION TO
THE SPIRIT—DEATH THE NATURAL LIMIT TO EARTH-LIFE.

In the night of death hope sees a star, and listening love hears the rustling of a wing.—R. G. Ingersoll.

However it may awaken surprise, truth demands that we should make the confession that we do not know that death does not end all.—Bishop Foster.

How peculiarly suggestive are the above quotations! The former, a veritable sunbeam from one who is condemned by the orthodox world as a blasphemer, infidel and agnostic. The latter, a very dark cloud cast by one who occupies the position of a bishop in the Methodist Episcopal Church.

It would seem at first glance, more in accord with the eternal fitness of things, had Bishop Foster given utterance to the former, and Mr. Ingersoll to the latter. How are we to account for this paradoxical position of these two representative men upon the subject of death? The explanation which comes to me—by impression, as we say—is that Col. Ingersoll, while standing by the visible natural body of his deceased brother at the time he uttered those sublime words, stood also beside his invisible spiritual body, from which he received for the time being an inspiration which overwhelmed his agnosticism, and caught a glimpse of the spirit world, in which he saw the “star of hope,” and from which he heard the “rustling of the wing.” Or perhaps he had recently received through one or more of the varied phases of mediumship incontrovertible evidence of continued existence of friends gone before.

Had Bishop Foster enjoyed a like experience he never would

have given expression to the gloomy, doleful words he has written as already quoted.

As doubt and hope only are expressed in the foregoing quotations, we naturally reach out for something positive, some knowledge upon this all-absorbing subject of death, an event which comes to us all. It has just come to that "grand old man," Hon. W. E. Gladstone, who, in spite of his prejudice against Spiritualism, had this to say of it: "I shall not adopt language of determined disbelief in all manifestations, real or supposed, from the other world. They give me little satisfaction, but that does not warrant meeting them with a blank negative. * * * I know of no rule which forbids a Christian to examine into the system called Spiritualism."

Among those who sent messages of sympathy and condolence to his bereaved family, there was at least one who was perfectly convinced that although dead he still lived, and that one was Queen Victoria, a confirmed Spiritualist.

The evidence that death does not end all consists in stubborn facts which enable any individual who will carefully examine the proofs adduced, to transcend all the fruitless speculations of philosophy. The writer is in possession of very many of those stubborn facts, a number of which were recorded in *The Progressive Thinker* under date of May 15, 1897, to which he respectfully refers the reader for the knowledge that is within him of a future existence—a knowledge based entirely upon his own personal experience.

But aside from such positive and unanswerable proofs of a future existence, there are other considerations pointing in the same direction, which, now that I have experienced those proofs, impress me as never before.

Heretofore, like the great majority of physicians who, coming in constant contact with the material aspects of human life, from the moment of conception, through the various changes and accidents of intra-uterine existence up to the very highest development of the race, I saw the brain only as a mass of matter secreting thought as the liver secretes bile, and therefore concluded that in the death of the body the thinking principle which actuated it died also.

An argument much relied upon by materialists to prove that death ends all, is the fact that any interference with the function of the brain, any serious damage done to its substance, structure or integrity, results in the prompt arrest of its mentality. Cases

are cited of fracture of the skull resulting in compression from depressed fragments of bone upon the brain, producing an absolute loss of consciousness or coma. But is this argument conclusive? As well conclude that because the batteries, wires and instruments of a telegraph were disabled and powerless to transmit intelligence the intelligence was not there to be transmitted.

I have observed a number of cases of fracture of the skull with resulting coma from compression, and in every case wherein the damage done to the brain was not too great, the elevation of the depressed fragments of bone by the operation known as trephining, was followed promptly by the return of consciousness, the mind, the soul, the mentality, the conscious ego, the spirit again resuming the use of its tool—the brain.

The mere fact that the expression of mentality was entirely suspended during the period of pressure upon the organ through which that mentality is expressed in this life, is no evidence at all that when the brain dies the mind, soul or spirit dies also. How shall we account for the return of consciousness when the brain by which it is expressed is repaired? What was the condition of the spirit or soul during the period intervening between the receipt of the injury and the relief of the pressure? It certainly did not cease absolutely to exist else it would not have manifested itself by returning consciousness.

Now suppose nothing had been done for the relief of a curable case of this character, and death of the whole body had supervened. If death ends all, at what time did the mind, soul, spirit or intelligence die? Immediately after coma supervened, or not until the whole body died twelve, twenty-four or forty-eight hours after?

Is it not just as philosophical to say that the mind uses the brain as a tool as it is to say that the brain uses the mind as a tool, or that the brain secretes thought as the liver does bile? Is it not just as rational to conclude that the brain is a battery in the employ of the "spiritual body" and subject to the environments of the physical or "natural body," its imperfections, accidents, etc., until it is no longer fit for use? Are not the inequalities of mentality explained by the inequalities of the brain structure through which it is expressed? Would not the immortal spirit, the essential life principle of the idiot and imbecile express itself as intelligently and forcefully as that of the highest intellect if his brain was fit for such expression?

Is it the brain or is it the spirit that uses the eye to see, the ear to hear, the nose to smell? Does the destruction of the eye destroy also the mental capacity to see? Does the loss of hearing necessarily involve the mental capacity to hear? Are not these organs simply media, tools in the employ of the mental, "spiritual body?" If so, then why should a total destruction of the material brain totally destroy thought, mind or mentality? May not the "spiritual body" spoken of by Paul, be composed of matter so subtle, so delicate, so fine as to be entirely invisible and unrecognizable by any of the senses in our present state of being, and thus prove the truth of immortality from the materialist's own view point?

The atmosphere we breathe does not impress us with any very great materiality, and yet we know it exists. "The wind bloweth where it listeth and thou canst not tell by the sound thereof whence it cometh or whither it goeth." The perfume of a flower we do not see, hear, taste or feel, being conscious of its presence by a single sense only, that of smell; the more we destroy the integrity of the flower, its materiality, its organic structure by crushing, the greater is the manifestation of the presence of its fragrance.

Too long has the subject of death been neglected by the scientific and strange to say, by the theological world. The latter "gives it up" as soon as the event occurs, and the former has not looked upon it as a very pleasant, satisfactory subject for discussion, seemingly content with an agnostic disposition of it.

Spiritualism is, however, rapidly transforming Job's question into the exclamatory utterance that if a man die he shall continue to live. The question of Job is now answered demonstrably in the affirmative. The greatest, grandest, most momentous scientific discovery of the ages has been made, if not accepted by the world. It will find its way to general acceptance only by the opposition with which it meets or the process of evolution, the growth of intelligence in this hitherto unexplored field of scientific inquiry.

What then, is death that we should so fear it? How often have we heard our orthodox pastor dwell upon what he considered the "king of terrors" in a manner calculated to invite the "grim monster" among his flock. He would gravely inform us that probably the tree was now standing in the forest from which the lumber would be taken for our casket; that the goods were now shelved in the stores which would be utilized for our shrouds

and that yonder sexton would be employed perhaps to-morrow in digging our graves, thus making use of every known phraseology of his art to scare us into the church.

But the scientific view of death divests it of all such terror. Science teaches us that as we advance to the natural limit of our earthly existence, we lose one after another of our means of material intercourse with this world; one by one all the avenues of sense are closed; the eye grows dim, the ear dull, and taste, tact and smelling are blunted; the mind, but feebly impressed with the objects and events around us, lies dormant, or is moved only by the recollections of days long past; the tottering gait, the shriveled and horny skin, the yearning for the fireside and the genial warmth of the sun, show how languidly the great functions of the circulation are performed; by degrees the digestion becomes impaired and then the decline proceeds more rapidly; enervation, calorification, absorption and secretion all become embarrassed as the capillary circulation languishes; sooner or later this function ceases, and finally the heart dies. Rigidity of the whole body, caused by the coagulation of its albumen, then speedily ensues.

Death indeed, is as natural as life. It is a great fact in nature and would have occurred just the same had not Adam and Eve eaten the apple, the orthodox church to the contrary notwithstanding. Physiology has demonstrated that every part of the human natural or physical body has its own definite term of vitality, and that the destruction of old cells and the formation of new ones is continuous in all tissues. Material birth and material death is the grand order of nature. Little did the immortal Bryant dream how beautifully he was illustrating our cellular physio-pathology, when he penned the lines:

"See how
Upon the faltering footsteps of decay,
Youth presses."

How grandly also, do they illustrate evolution!

Every thought we think, every move we make is accompanied by the death and breaking down of muscular or nervous tissues as its necessary physiological and pathological condition. Every action of our corporeal life from its beginning to its close, occurs at the expense of the vitality of an inappreciable amount of organized structure. This is called molecular death, and with-

in proper pathological or physiological limits, is necessary to the life and health of the whole body.

But if the matter which composes the human body is only decomposable and not indestructible, what shall we say of the spirit which for a time has animated it? Is spirit destructible and matter indestructible? Would the loss of my legs, arms, eyes and tongue affect in the least my mentality or my individuality? If not, why say when I have lost my entire body that I have lost my power to think, or that I am dead? Because a man while living has lost the power of making his thoughts known he is not therefore dead.

“For man to say he has a soul
Is not a truth to say;
He has no soul, but is a soul,
But has a ‘house of clay,’

“Which house is but his transient home;
Ere long he’ll move away
And leave it cold and tenantless,
To moulder and decay.

“Were I to say I have myself,
’Twould be a phrase as fit
As ’tis to say I have a soul,
For I myself am it.

“This clay with which I now am clad
Is not I, as some suppose,
Because when shed, ’twill be as dead
As e’en my cast-off clothes.

“So when I’m gone, don’t view my clay,
And think it I—and dead—
For what you’ll see will not be me
But only vestment shed.

“If this right view were full impressed
Upon the human mind,
The world would feel itself more blessed
And all be more resigned.

“But while man thinks himself must die
And that a soul, not him,
Is that which shall be borne on high,
So long will death look grim—

"But when man learns he is the soul,
 And that his clay alone
 Is all that dies, he'll then rejoice
 With joy before unknown.

"Death then he'd deem no sadder thing
 Than putting garb aside
 Lest folds impede his onward speed
 As spirit-ward he'd glide.

"May angels haste the happy day
 When all shall comprehend
 That they, themselves, can never die—
 Their lives, they ne'er can end.

"Habiliments they'll leave behind,
 At death their clay forms leave,
 But they themselves—souls all refined
 Shall ever onward live.

"Oh! speed the heavenly day to come
 When earth can truly sing,
 'Oh, grave, where is thy victory?
 Oh, death, where is thy sting?'"

We stand by the casket enclosing the mortal remains of our loved ones whom the world calls "dead." The instrument through which the spirit has been wont to express itself, has ceased to perform its various functions. The heart is still, no breath escapes the lips; the ears fail to respond to the vibrations of sound, and the curtains have been drawn over the lustreless windows of the soul. We may knock at all the various evenues to the conscious ego of the late inhabitant of the tabernacle, but we knock in vain; no intelligence responds. There is no one at home. The house is deserted. The owner of the house, its builder, God or Nature, has condemned it as being unfit for longer habitation, and has already commenced the work of its destruction. But while we thus stand we know as Spiritualists that the spirit of the departed is also present, and within the law and conditions governing such manifestations, can make itself manifest, its presence known. What a grand truth! Would that the entire world realized it now. Would that the church, especially, was not so skeptical upon the subject of a future existence and so fearful of death. I know of no class of people who look upon death with such dread and horror as the members of the Christian

church. Only a few days ago two prominent Presbyterians and several equally prominent Congregationalists remarked that they could not bear even to think of the subject. How happy these Christians must be! The Spiritualist sings a very different song:

“As, when the friends we dearly love
Go sailing over sea,
For all the joy to which they go
Yet hearts must saddened be:
So, when upon that sea which rolls
All Earth and Heaven between,
Those whom we love, upon the deck
Of Death’s great ship are seen;
For all the joy to which they go,
Though Heaven be e’er so sweet,
And e’er so good, and close-allied
The folk they go to meet;
As with intensest gaze we watch
And see them fade from sight,
’Tis natural our human hearts
Are anything but light.

“As, when the friends we dearly love
Have gone beyond the sea,
The far-off lands in which they bide
More real get to be;
So, when our loved ones, too, have crossed
Death’s far outstretching sea,
And in a country new and strange,
Find immortality;
The spirit-land in which they live
Which erst did ever seem
An unsubstantial pageant vast—
A dreamer’s idle dream—
Becomes as solid to my soul
As is the earth I tread
What time I walk with reverent feet
The city of the dead.

“Not Europe seems so real to me,
The Alps not so eterne,
As that dear land for which, at times,
My heart doth inly burn.
And not so sure am I that when

The ocean's waves divide,
 Will meet again some happy day,
 And linger side by side,
 As that the day shall surely come
 When I, with all I love,
 Shall meet again and clasp and kiss
 In that dear land above."

From the age of Egyptian embalming down to the modern crematory, the adoption of which has been made possible by the spread of the science, philosophy and religion of Spiritualism, aye, from time immemorial up to the advent of Modern Spiritualism, death was regarded as the "king of terrors," the culmination of all happiness, the sum total of all horrors, misery and despair. Well do I remember with what a shudder I would note the lines in one of McGuffey's readers:

"How frightful the grave!
 How deserted and drear!"

And what a hush of dread silence would creep over the people of my native village as the bell in the old church steeple would toll the age of the recently departed, and neighbor with bated breath would inquire of neighbor, "who it could possibly be?"

But thanks to the phenomena, the science, the philosophy, the religion of Spiritualism, the grave has ceased to be so frightful and drear, for we know by incontrovertible evidence that it contains but the shell, the deserted body, the condemned tenement of clay out of which the spirit has moved to a higher and better life. It has now come to pass that to the Spiritualist, the words

"In the midst of life we are in death,"
 are of much less serious import and significance than are the words:

"In the midst of life we are in debt."

To the Spiritualist it is not true that

"The weariest and most loathed worldly life,
 That age, ache, penury and imprisonment
 Can lay on nature, is a paradise
 To what we fear of death."

The writer has recently read Thomas Jay Hudson's book on "The Law of Psychic Phenomena" in which he endeavors to explain the phenomena of Spiritualism upon the theory of the

"duality of mind" or its objective and subjective manifestations. He accepts the phenomena of Spiritualism as true from personal experience, and asserts that the man who denies the "phenomena of Spiritualism to-day, is not entitled to be called a skeptic; he is simply ignorant, and it would be folly to attempt to enlighten him." While Mr. Hudson admits the phenomena, he denies their alleged cause. But Mr. Hudson's explanation fails to explain. It fails miserably in explaining the manifestations which have occurred in my own personal experience, some twenty of which were published in *The Progressive Thinker* as already noted. However, the fact that a scientific writer and opponent of Spiritualism will so frankly acknowledge and assert boldly the truth of its phenomena, is something to be thankful for on the part of Spiritualists. There is yet and in my opinion there will be no explanation of the phenomena of Spiritualism but the spiritualistic, however imperfect it may be.

I am no longer an investigator in the apologetic sense of that term, but a Spiritualist, rooted and grounded in, proud of, and thankful for the knowledge I possess, that when this physical body of mine is laid away in the tomb, I will not go there, and that the old orthodox "doleful sound" therefrom will not grate so harshly as of yore, upon the ears of the friends who bury it.

"It must be so. Plato, thou reasonest well;
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?"

But what is all the reasoning of philosophy, the hope, desire and longing of the human heart, compared to actual demonstration? Hope has been so long deferred that the hearts even of Christians have sickened into materialism, agnosticism and infidelity, and yet the church does not seem to know what is the matter with it. Its ministers are still crying out the questions: "How can we reach the masses?" "How can we prevent backsliding?" Spiritualism is the only agency that can save the church, but not without making a very radical change in it. Man-made creeds and dogmas will have to go; and reason, science, philosophy and progressive thought take their place. The knowledge of a future existence and the fact that spirits can and do return and communicate with mortals, must take the place of hope and faith in the church at least upon the subject of death, if it would reach the masses, prevent backsliding and keep abreast

of the progress of the age. With a symposium upon the subject of this article I now conclude it.

O stanch thy bootless tears, thy weeping is in vain;
I am not lost, for we shall meet again.
Calmly he looked on either Life, and here
Saw nothing to regret, or there to fear;
From Nature's temperate feast rose satisfied,
Thanked Heaven that he had lived, and that he died.

—Pope.

I do not set my life at a pin's fee;
And, for my soul, what can it do to that,
Being a thing immortal?

—Hamlet.

Take, O boatman, thrice thy fee;
Take,—I give it willingly;
For, invisible to thee,
Spirits twain have crossed with me.

—Uhland.

I hear a voice you cannot hear,
Which says, I must not stay;
I see a hand you cannot see,
Which beckons me away.

—Tickell.

No living man can send me to the shades
Before my time; no man of woman born,
Coward or brave, can shun his destiny.

—Bryant.

God's finger touched him and he slept.

—Tennyson.

It is as natural to die as to be born; and to a little infant, perhaps, the one is as faithful as the other.—Bacon.

And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not written of the soul.

—Longfellow.

One sweetly solemn thought,
Comes to me o'er and o'er,
I'm nearer home to-day
Than I have ever been before.

—Alice Cary.

Death, death! oh, amiable, lovely death,
Come grin on me, and I will think thou smilest.

—King John.

Death, so-called, is a thing which makes men weep,
And yet a third of life is passed in sleep.

—Byron.

The stroke of death is but a kindly frost
Which cracks the shell

And leaves the kernel room to germinate.

—Spirit of Wm. Shakespeare via Lizzie Doten.

Death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come.

—Julius Caesar.

I have been dying for years, now I shall begin to live.—
J. D. Burns.

On the cold cheek of Death smiles and roses are blending,
And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb.

—James Beattie.

'Tis ever wrong to say a man dies.—Callimachus.

He was exhaled; his Creator drew
His spirit, as the sun the morning dew.

—Dryden.

Thank God for death: bright thing with dreary name,
We wrong with mournful flowers her pure, still brow.

—Susan Coolidge.

Thou art gone to the grave? but we will not deplore thee,
(No) sorrow and darkness encompass the tomb.

—Heber.

There is no death! what seems so is transition;

This life of mortal breath

Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call death.

—Longfellow.

Death's but a path that must be trod,
If man would ever pass to God.

—Parnell.

I would not live alway, I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way.
The few lurid moments that dawn on us here,
Are enough of life's pleasures, full enough of its cheer.

—Muhlenberg.

THE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF DEATH

Death rides on every passing breeze,
He lurks in every flower.

—Heber.

Then fell upon the house a sudden gloom,
A shadow on those features fair and thin;
And softly, from that hushed and darkened room,
Two angels issued, where but one went in.

—Longfellow.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, oh! Death.

—Mrs. Hemans.

No evil is honorable;
But death is honorable;
Therefore, death is no evil.

—Teno.

The world will turn when we are earth
As though we had not come nor gone;
There was no lack before our birth,
When we are gone there will be none.

—Omar Khayyam.

There is a Reaper whose name is Death,
And, with his sickle keen,
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between.

—Longfellow.

We watched her breathing through the night,
Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the waves of life
Kept heaving to and fro.

* * * * *

Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied;
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died.

—Hood.

Since, howe'er protracted, death will come,
Why fondly study, with ingenious pains,
To put it off? To breathe a little longer
Is to defer our fate, but not to shun it.

—Hannah More.

Death betimes is comfort, not dismay,
And who can rightly die needs no delay.

—Petrarch.

There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there!
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair.

—Longfellow.

Beside the massive gateway built up in years gone by,
Upon whose top the clouds of eternal shadow lie,
While streams the evening sunshine on quiet wood and lea,
I stand and calmly wait until the hinges turn for me.

* * * * *

I mark the joy, the terrors; yet these, within my heart,
Can neither wake the dread nor the longing to depart;
And, in the sunshine streaming o'er quiet wood and lea,
I stand and calmly wait until the hinges turn for me.

—Bryant.

To our graves we walk
In the thick footprints of departed men.

—Alex. Smith.

How wonderful is death, death and his brother, sleep.

—Shelley.

Death! to the happy thou art terrible;
But the wretched love to think of thee,
O thou true comforter! the friend of all
Who have no friend beside!

—Southey.

For I know that Death is a great divine,
Who shall drink my blood as I drink this wine.
And He cares for nothing! a King is He!
Come on, old fellow, and drink with me.
With you I will drink to the solemn Past,
Though the cup that I drain should be my last.

—William Winter.

Take life too seriously and what is it worth? If the morning wake us to no new joys, if the evening bring us not the hope of new pleasures, is it worth while to dress and undress, button and unbutton? Does the sun shine on me to-day that I may reflect on yesterday? That I may endeavor to foresee and to control what can neither be foreseen nor controlled—the destiny of to-morrow.—Goethe.

Where shall you bury me? Bury my body where you please; you cannot bury "me."—Socrates.

To die,—to sleep,
No more? and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished.

—Hamlet.

How oft, when men are at the point of death,
Have they been merry! which their keepers call
A lightning before death.

—Romeo and Juliet.

Death never takes one alone, but two!
Whenever he enters in at a door,
Under roof of gold or roof of thatch,
He always leaves it open the latch,
And comes again ere the year is o'er.
Never one of a household only.

—Longfellow.

Some men make a womanish complaint that it is a great misfortune to die before our time. I would ask what time? Is it that of Nature? But she indeed, has lent us life, as we do a sum of money, only no certain day is fixed for payment. What reason then to complain if she demands it at pleasure, since it was on this condition that you received it.—Cicero.

Men fear death as children fear to go in the dark.—Bacon.

How shocking must thy summons be, O Death!
To him that is at ease in his possessions;
Who, counting on long years of pleasure here,
Is quite unfurnished for that world to come.

—Blair.

And I sit and think when the sunset's gold
Is flushing river and hill and shore,
I shall one day stand by the water cold
And list for the sound of the Boatman's oar:
I shall watch for the gleam of the flapping sail,
I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand,
I shall pass from sight with the Boatman pale,
To the better shore of the Spirit Land!
I shall know the loved who have gone before,
And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,

When over the River, the peaceful River,
The Angel of Death shall carry me.

—Miss Priest.

Rebel, you say? Wherefore, like a caged bird,
Would you beat your life out against the fates?
Forced to live and forced to die it is; yet,
What better can you do? The oak is forced
To do the same. Its span of life outstretches
Yours at either end; yet even that is naught
In the infinity of time. That which
Springs from earth—as you do—must live—must die.

* * * * *

Do you believe in God? No? Then try to!
Look about upon all these wondrous things;
This great walled earth, and the boundless ocean:
Whence came they? Out of nothing? What wrought this
Mighty work from nothing? Look a billion
Miles away at that star. How came it there?
What made the distance? What holds it in space?
What meaning lies in all the universe,
Above, beneath, around? What did this? the
Mighty question is. But one answer comes—
It was an Almighty Power—call it
God, or what you will—beyond human ken;
Secret, invisible, sublime it rules.
Go hence, and rest. Abide your fate, the fate
Of all creation. God does all things well.

—N. N. H.

“Why should we start and fear to die?
What timorous worms we mortals are!”

To die is gain.—Paul.

The day of one's death is better than the day of one's
birth.—Bible. If this were not so, what a miserable failure this
life is!

When for me the silent oar
Parts the silent River,
And I stand upon the shore
Of the strange Forever,
Shall I miss the loved and known!
Shall I vainly seek my own!

* * * * *

Therefore dread I not to go

O'er the Silent River,
 Death, thy hastening oar I know;
 Bear me, thou Life-giver,
 Through the waters, to the shore,
 Where mine own have gone before.

—Lucy Larcon.

What a glorious "delusion" Spiritualism is!
 Night weareth her mantle of shadows,
 That blossoming stars may appear,
 And sorrow is sent that the spirit
 May learn of the life that is near—
 The beautiful life that is near.

—Belle Bush.

Man is an infinitely little copy of God; this is glory enough for man. I am a man, an invisible atom, a drop in the ocean, a grain of sand on the shore. Little as I am, I feel the God in me, because I can also bring form out of chaos. I make books which are creations. I feel in myself the future life. I am like a forest which has been more than once cut down—the new shoots are stronger and livelier than ever. I am rising, I know, toward the sky. The sunshine is on my head. The earth gives me its generous sap, but heaven lights me with the reflection of unknown worlds. You say the soul is nothing but the resultant of bodily powers. Why, then, is my soul the more luminous when my bodily powers begin to fail? Winter is on my head, and eternal spring is in my heart. These I breathe at this hour the fragrance of the lilacs, the violets, and the roses, as at twenty years ago. The nearer I approach the end, the plainer I hear around me the immortal symphonies of the worlds which invite me. It is marvelous, yet simple. It is a fairy tale, and it is history. For half a century I have been writing my thoughts in prose and verse—history, philosophy, drama, romance, tradition, satire, ode and song—I have tried all. But I feel I have not said the thousandth part of what is in me. When I go down to the grave I can say, like so many others, "I have finished my day's work," but I cannot say, "I have finished my life." My day's work will begin again next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley it is a thoroughfare. It closes on the twilight to open with the dawn.—Victor Hugo (Spiritualist).

"Death is the crown of life."

Approach thy grave like one

Who wraps the drapery of his couch about him,
And lies down to pleasant dreams.

—Bryant.

I cannot believe that earth is man's abiding place. It cannot be that our life is cast up by the ocean of eternity to float for a moment upon its waves and then sink into nothingness; else why is it that the glorious aspirations which leap like angels from the temple of our hearts are forever wandering about unsatisfied? Why is it that the rainbow and clouds come over us with a beauty that is not of earth, and pass off to leave us to muse upon their favored loveliness? Why is it that the stars who hold their festival around the midnight throne are set above the grasp of our limited faculties forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory? And finally, why is it that the bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view, and then taken away from us, leaving the thousand streams of affection to flow back in Alpine torrents upon our hearts? We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth. There is a realm where the rainbow never fades, where the stars will be spread before us like islands that slumber on the ocean, and where the beings that pass before us like shadows shall stay in our presence forever.—Geo. D. Prentice.

“But the truer life draws nigher
Every year.
And its morning star climbs higher
Every year.
Earth's hold on us grows slighter,
And the heavy burdens lighter,
And the dawn immortal brighter,
Every year.”

Every flower, with its dew-dripping chalice,
Every cloud drifting on to the light,
With the hymn that is vocal in nature,
Proclaims the sweet uses of Night—
The uses of Sorrow and Night.

—Belle Bush.

“Not with farewells, not with sighs,
Do I go to Paradise,
For I know some future year
We shall all again appear,
Heart to heart and face to face
In the soul's appointed place.”

But the soul mounts and quivers on pinions of light
 Aware of its freedom, aware of its might
 Eternal; only a moment of shadow is here,
 Of darkness engulfed in the external gloom,
 But the light all-eternal, and blessed and clear,
 Banishes darkness, displaces the tomb:
 And out of the shadow of earth and of time
 The soul chants its anthems free, endless, sublime.

—Ouina.

My sun goes down the golden west,
 Where dimly I can see
 Fair isles of rest among the blest
 And loved ones waiting me.
 I know not when my bark will glide
 Within the sun-kissed bay,
 But patiently my time I bide—
 The dawn of endless May.

—Bishop A. Beals.

“Preserve harmony in your own soul and it will flow out to others; for its effects are more powerful than you understand and more far reaching. Sink all thoughts of self, all personal ambition, the small jealousies and suspicions which mar the heart’s melodies in love of the work and devotion to the cause.

“Listen to the great song of love, compassion, tenderness, and losing yourself in that, forget those passing shadows. United, harmonious, your power is limitless—without them we can do nothing. See to it then, that your tone in the great instrument be pure and clear, else discord will result. Back of all our pain and suffering, shadows, there lie the divine harmonies of reality—those seek and finding, lose not.

“The divine harmony of the Lodge surges through our hearts in mighty waves will we but listen. In hours of meditation, seek it, listen to it, it faileth never, and a power and a peace will be yours, unspeakable, divine. From this knowledge arises knowledge of things spiritual, the gift of tongues and the heating fires.

“This is the song of life in which all nature joins. Reading the heart of nature, we reach the heart of all; and therein read the most sacred mysteries of being. Fail nor falter not in the endeavor to hear this always.

“Remember that the cries of suffering and of pain which so constantly reach your ears, are but the discords which make the

music finer—discords only to the untrained ear. And some day the whole grand symphony will be yours to listen to;—hearing it first in your own heart and thence in the heart of the whole world.

“Oh, suffering, struggling humanity! whose eyes know only tears, whose ears hear only discords, blind and deaf, an infinite compassion broods above you. Awake and hearken. The minor voices echo a harmony sublime. Cease your conflict for an instant space, and you will hear a promise of salvation. Peace and power are yours, peace divine and power all-powerful.

“Lo! your deliverance has come, the light shines out, the hour is at hand. Nature speaks aloud with all her voices: Humanity shall sweat and toil no more in vain. Men’s feet shall be set upon that path which leads to glorious hights Nirvanic.”

“Rejoicing that from doubt we’re free,

In triumph let us sing:

O Grave where is thy victory?

O Death where is thy sting?”

I have no more fear of death than I have of going to sleep. I have in common with humanity, a natural fear and dread of physical pain and suffering which often precedes death, but for the articulo mortis or death itself, I have no dread whatever. Death is swallowed up in the great victory achieved by Spiritualism.

A Study of Death.

BY CHARLES DAWBARN.

THE PRESENT TENDENCY TO CALL IT BY ANOTHER NAME—ATTRIBUTES OF THE FIRST CAUSE—DEATH AN UNKNOWN FACTOR IN THE GREAT EXPERIMENTER'S ATTEMPT TO START A UNIVERSE.

So far as we may judge from the works of writers, eminent as students of man, the race as a whole has never believed "death" to be the termination of human existence. The word itself has been always used to express the same meaning for the same change in both vegetable and animal form. But in later years there seems to be a tendency to use some other term to express the end of manhood's earth life, such, for instance, as "decease," or "release" if after severe suffering. Science has educated its disciples to count "after existence" as an unprovable assertion. So the believer in human immortality emphasizes his faith by declaring his loved ones "passed on," or "gone before." Yet such expressions are but masks, under which death itself is the same reality as ever. They express the theological and spiritual belief that there is a future for the individual outreaching death, but leaving death itself as much the result of a surgical operation by Mother Nature, M. D., as it was before. •

One peculiar feature of the mental restlessness of the present era is that certain enthusiasts calling themselves "Christian Scientists," and others like-minded, but assuming the title of "Mental Scientists," believe and declare that man the mortal is rightful master of both death and disease. There is even a weekly journal, of lively circulation and most talented editors, which calls upon its readers to proclaim their faith, and proceed to "live forever," in the enjoyment of both health and a good time all around. The hygienic fact that the mortal addicted to civilization, has, now-a-days, a chance to live twice as long as his grandfather, is not in the line of the teaching of these enthusiasts, who

apparently offer a new definition of Science as "the action of mind upon matter." But as no mortal is yet noticed wearing a crown of immortality, I will venture to assume that "death" is still open to study and investigation, as in days of yore.

We all admit, and indeed claim intelligence and power as attributes of what is called "The First Great Cause." But few stop to think that intelligence demands growth by experience. The being who "knew it all" yesterday, would cease to have any real claim to the title. Therefore my own belief in the intelligence of this unknown First Cause is founded on the fact that He, or She, has never assumed to know it all, but has gone on making experiments in the most cold-blooded manner. In fact the professional vivisectionist can justify his infliction of willful suffering by pleading "hereditary tendency" direct from the Mother or Father of us all. What we now know as "death" was evidently an afterthought of this Great First Experimenter, who had, apparently, been endeavoring to work out a new expression of life, and presently found himself, or herself, face to face with a very different problem.

When Space had been aroused by force, and each of its particles, always permeated with intelligence, had commenced its career of attraction and repulsion of other particles, death was an unknown factor in the Great Experimenter's attempt to start a universe. Scientists talk of primeval nebulae as collections of star dust, which, without any regard to time, are to be used in building worlds, and evolving their inhabitants. But such collections of star dust as the telescope reveals, or the astronomer imagines, were blended into molecules long ere he could hope to discover them. And every molecule is an aggregation of individuals whose likes and dislikes, for the most part, run in the same groove. These individuals retain their freedom, and come and go as attraction may wax or wane. Every individual atom seems to have a general immoral tendency to forsake those whom "God has bound together," and to seek his own true love regardless of the consequences to his present family circle. This action on the part of the intelligent atom may lead to most interesting personal experiences, but it evidently has nothing to do with what we call death. The primeval principle is just attraction and repulsion. Those thus attracted become what is called a molecule; and when a citizen of that molecule becomes tired or discontented he is either expelled by repulsion, or travels off on a macadamized road built by his own will power. Such everyday experiences consti-

tute molecule life, and nobody had occasion to invent or discover the word death. A gathering of such molecules as are conservative, and opposed on principle to frequent changes, is called an element. Its existence defies the present power of mortal man, although he has not yet learned to call that, or any other molecular group of atoms, life. And when other molecules, less securely united, are driven apart by human ingenuity, no one speaks or thinks of the result as "death." We are fain to content ourselves with the knowledge that attraction and repulsion, which the scientist calls polarity, is the foundation fact of the universe. We laugh at the old notion that the world is upheld by a mighty turtle; but we now know that the universe in general, and the earth in particular, rests securely upon the twin principles of attraction and repulsion, which constitute the selfhood of every atom of which it is composed.

So far, we can now see, The Great Experimenter had not discovered death. Atoms come, and atoms go, in their own divine right, but so long as he could hold molecular gatherings to their appropriate forms, his experiment was safe. It was probably untold ages before the trouble began. There were just three facts in nature, with which The Great Experimenter must work as his raw material. They were matter, force and intelligence; and the whole result of the experiment depended on their proper mixture. Left to themselves it is probable that, when once agitation had commenced, star dust would appear, which might or might not result in a universe. But a universe without a man would be as senseless as an orthodox heaven and hell without a God and a Devil. So we assume, and have a right to assume, that man, or some being still higher, was the object of the experiment. Up to this point we discover nothing of death, but only a ceaseless change, which is not even destructive to molecular form and existence.

I am well aware that scientists bewail the coming dissolution of our sun and his planetary system. But with all possible humility, I confess that I cannot see the necessity for any such natural ending to the Great Experiment. If the mixture of force, matter and intelligence be the same, and remain unchanged, the primal conditions would remain indefinitely expressed in the same form. But if it be an experiment only, then, of course, the possibilities depend upon action by an outside intelligence, who is gathering experiences out of his mistakes, like all the rest of us. In that case neither scientist nor peasant can play the successful

prophet, though both may manufacture a large quantity of inference. So at this point we find ourselves studying a universe composed of star dust shaped into globes revolving in orderly procession, with comets, as mischievous youngsters, playing truant from school. And in the mighty whole we can discover no trace of what is popularly called death.

We will now leave the universe as a whole, and come down to our own little earth, where demonstrated facts have been gathered, all ready for our use. And the reader will keep in mind that we are just now members of an exploring expedition to discover the origin of death. Every liquid, solid and gas, moulded and shaped into our planet earth, is a collection of indestructible atoms. It is a recognized fact that these atoms group themselves into molecules; and, yet further, that they come and go under the influence of attraction and repulsion, or polarity, which constitutes the selfhood of the uncreated atom. Apparently the gathering of atoms is all that is necessary to start a universe, for we discover that two results seem to follow as cause and effect. The first is that the atoms combine by their own attraction into groups called molecules, which are always in motion. The second, and yet more marvelous result is that the rate of this molecular movement determines the distinction between solid, fluid and gas. The most solid substance can be vibrated into invisibility; and, on the other hand, the invisible gas can have the motion of its molecules so retarded that we can handle it, and put it to commercial use. But all the same, amid such changes death is unknown. The careful student will here take note that these atom and molecule groups are not only thus affected by vibration, but have a common inheritance of matter, force and intelligence, which leaves the molecule subject to a change of deeper import than the mere checking or increasing the movement of its atoms. The proportion of these several factors determines the changes already alluded to, and, at this point, becomes the all powerful cause of whatever may be the future of the molecule and the planet.

In what we call the "solid," if it be as solid as conditions will permit, we have present the attraction of cohesion compelling the atoms to material form, and thus demonstrating the presence of force. In the affinity of the atoms thus attracted and selected we discover that intelligence is also a factor. When the solid becomes a fluid we have evidence that force is dominant, and is driving the atoms apart, thus changing their movement from that of the stately minuet to that of the lively waltz. So far, intelligence is only showing itself in the attraction and repulsion by which

like-minded atoms become socialistic molecules. At this point The Great Experimenter meets a most serious problem, which must be solved, or his experiment will be a failure. It becomes obvious that matter and force alone may dance forever, and yet make no progress. Whatever of profit that is to come from the education of experience is entirely within the province of intelligence. So he must at once proceed to determine the effect of a greater infusion of intelligence; or, perhaps, of permitting the intelligence already present to assume direction of the body politic. So, as the student will observe, at this juncture we have the three eternal partners as raw material; with a Great Experimenter looking on, and with the skill and patience of a divine chemist, trying the effect of blending the materials at his disposal in various proportions.

I have here to point out another fact, which will startle the man who is yet thinking the thoughts of his grandmother. Whilst matter, force and intelligence are undoubtedly three separate words, as well as distinct entities, they are a veritable three-in-one, whose combined name is Life. By no mental effort can life be thought of as an entity. The thought that man could first be created of matter, and then have the breath of "life" inflating him, like a pneumatic tire, was a dream of ignorance. The immortal Triplets represent all that is possible of life to man, microbe or God. The rock is permeated by life; so is the man. The difference is in the proportion of the raw materials. But nevertheless, although we are thus in the presence of "life" from the very commencement of our investigation, we have not yet reached a point at which we can discover the existence of "death."

We perceive that The Great Experimenter had so far found it a simple matter to start a world, with matter and force predominating. But unless he could make a new combination, and vary the proportion of his ingredients, further progress was impossible, and his experiment had proved a failure. Yet to advance he must take a great risk. Too strong an infusion of intelligence might start an explosion that would increase the number of asteroids, but lessen the census of planets. Almost endless time, and extreme caution now became essential to success. If his vibratory force should prove too great he would evolve a heat that might be adapted to a sun, but would be ruin to a planet. Apparently he could not make his planet without extreme heat, so he relied upon time to cool it down sufficiently for intelligence to become senior partner in the triplet firm.

At last the day came when matter and force were in the right condition, so that The Great Experimenter could wield intelligence enough to prepare a speck of protoplasm. It was not much to look at, but it consisted of matter, force and intelligence, with intelligence predominating. Its potency was still an unknown quantity, but it already had certain fixed qualities. Not having access to any celestial dictionary, we use a Webster Unabridged, and call that little speck "a microscopic cell." It contained an infusion of intelligence that permitted it to attract and select other atoms; and therein was a field of unknown possibilities, in fact a whole world full of them. It could multiply and increase cells indefinitely, if only it could attract the requisite matter and force. From the very first it could use its intelligence to make choice, and wield its power of repulsion to drive off atoms not adapted to its use. When it thus makes choice the scientist says it is satisfying its hunger, and marks the intelligence by which it both selects and rejects whatever offers.

Life has now reached a point at which history might commence. But the historian was not yet born. The Great Experimenter had himself a lesson to learn before he could progress much further. His wondrous cell could manufacture more cells like itself. But it soon grew unwieldy. So it would split in two, or a dozen. Here was what we might call a species of immortality that nothing but catastrophe could destroy. Apparently long ages passed before the Great Experimenter discerned the cause of the trouble. Matter and force were more than holding their own against intelligence. There must be a radical change, or further progress was impossible. At last he returned to his primal protoplasm, and laid down a rule for his future guidance. The single cell was to be the starting point as before, but progress demanded that every form dominated by intelligence should have the same starting point. The conditions under which the wondrous protoplasm was formed had changed. Fortunately none was now needed, since he had made the discovery that protoplasm was itself nothing but planetary life, reduced to workable proportions.

Another act now opens in this grand drama of Creation. We have an entirely new departure that starts life, as we know it, on its wondrous path of evolution. But a vast series of experiments is now demanded to determine the exact proportion of intelligence required at each step of the process. First of all, there must now be a reversal of the process by which the universe had been created. That, we have seen, consisted in gathering primal par-

ticles, which we term invisible, and through the law of vibration compelling their expression as first gas, next liquid, and finally solid. That had left intelligence less prominent than matter and force. So to give intelligence its proper value in the outworking of the experiment, the process must be reversed. The primal protoplasm was now to become the universal starting point of the individual form. Propagation by fissure must cease. Universal life was present as before, but force was to become more active upon both matter and intelligence. Under the former process there had been evolved what was practically an individual immortality encysted in matter. That was now to be replaced by an immortality of species only, in which the individual was apparently to be sacrificed. It was just A the father of B, who became the father of C; each in turn disappearing; and so on to the end of Time's alphabet. To attain this higher end the science of murder must be elaborated. It was really only a process of certain molecules devouring another molecule. Such atoms as wished to remain with the captor are scientifically termed nutritious. Those who objected were immediately subjected to repulsion. The apparently murderous fact of life feeding upon life is an effect upon form only, for the indestructible atom remains uninjured. The noise made in the battle of life we count as cries of the wounded, and seek to smother it with a liberal application of love and charity to the form; but the great experiment goes on all the same. Life is living upon life to-day, as in every other planetary epoch, and nobody is really hurt by the process. If we have here discovered the process called death, then there is either nothing to cry about, or else existence should be one long everlasting weep.

We will now follow the Great Experimenter a step further. Intelligence has been gaining ground, although very slowly. The vegetable and animal races are showing its power even in their struggles against each other. But intellect is still chained to gross matter, and intelligence cannot break loose. So we have races with no certain limit to their years, but, so far, nothing worthy of the Great Experimenter himself, for the individual form still refuses to become "self-conscious."

Once again a radical departure becomes necessary. It is, as before, a question of the proper proportion of the "triplet" raw material. Matter has still too great a hold. It actually wore the crown when the primary form was dividing itself without limit. It was still retarding or preventing the evolution of intelligence into self-consciousness. Atoms with more of force must now be

attracted to the form. And as centuries go by the gross form loses its tenacity. It becomes more intelligent, and less material. The atom with the greatest intelligence assumes partial control, becoming the human Ego. It immediately becomes a co-worker with its originator, for with that human Ego has come the triumph of self-consciousness.

Once again centuries by the hundred intervene, and once again the Great Experimenter finds that the coarseness and density of matter are limiting the progress of this grand new Ego. But having thus become an intelligent co-worker, this Ego at last succeeds in building itself a new form out of molecules, vibrating so rapidly that the mortal sense cannot even prove their existence. It is true there remain myriads of experiments yet to be outwrought ere progress can be assured to both the seen and the unseen form, but The Great Experimenter smiles, for with Intelligence organized as his co-worker he has succeeded in evolving a race of "Little Experimenters" to amply repay him for all his trouble.

The student will here note that Intelligence, in order to progress, had been compelled to change its manifestation from the coarse matter of the planet, to matter vibrating so rapidly as to prove invisible to Egos still working amid the more dense material form. And herein, for the first time, we find the only process worthy of the name of "death." For nothing is really death that only compels the form atoms to seek some new expression amidst the old vibrations. Since therein it is certain that Intelligence will find its old limitation. Until there is this great change, self-consciousness is impossible. And out of this change is born what is now called subliminal man. By subliminal man is meant this higher manhood while still attached to the mortal form. After the Ego has entirely escaped the mortal limitation the mortal can only know him as spirit. It is certain that until self-consciousness has been attained, a crumbling form is only a crumbling form, and nothing more. At what exact point self-consciousness first finds its expression through form I do not know. But we can determine its presence by the fact that the Ego has become an Experimenter, like its progenitor, ever making mistakes, and also ever learning by experience.

We perceive that the race of human Egos that stops experimenting, builds a Chinese wall around itself, and is doomed to disappear. The mark of the superiority of Intelligence is eternal experiment. The individual who becomes what is called con-

servative is declaring himself doomed. Unless he change, either here or hereafter, all that was gained for him by experiment must disappear. That which men have called death was attained by experiment for the development of self-consciousness, and is therefore the greatest blessing yet evolved by The Great Experimenter. The sham death is that of the man who refuses to experiment; who accepts the present and the past as good enough for him; places a credal limit to his belief, and fears to seek for something better than he possesses. Such a man was swaddled in red tape, and his life is a series of disgusted atoms seeking better expression. That is the only death, using the word in its common and accepted meaning. The real death is LIFE, changeful and real; active with experiment, and glorious with discoveries, tempered with mistakes. Such is God; and such may be man. For such is death when examined and analyzed in the light of scientific experiment and discovery.

San Leandro, Cal.

What Is Death?

BY MRS. ELNA M. SWERINGEN.

A COMPARISON BETWEEN THE ORTHODOX AND SPIRITUALISTIC VIEW
OF DEATH—THE AWAKENING FROM DARKNESS INTO THE LIGHT
OF A PERFECT DAY—TOUCHING TRIBUTE IN RHYME.

What is Death? Our Christian friends will say: The destruction of those we love; the loss of our dear ones. The sinking into the sleep that knows no waking. The departure of those we love for that "bourne from whence no traveler returns."

This view of death is enough to make one's heart sad always; and then our Christian friends surround themselves with all the mournful emblems which are calculated to keep alive the memory of their loss. The heavy black crepe hanging from the door, announces their loss to the public, and all unconsciously they sigh, and draw down their faces and say, "He is dead."

Then the friends don the black garments, and long black veils, thus increasing their sorrow and expense; and there is no end of sighs, tears, and regrets. They feel as though a smile would be an insult to the memory of those they loved.

But then it is no wonder they feel this way, when the Bible which has always been their guide, tells them, "The living know that they shall die; but the dead know not anything, neither have they any more a reward; for the memory of them is forgotten." "So a man lieth down, and riseth not, till the heavens be no more, they shall not awake, nor be raised out of their sleep." "For the morning is to them even as a shadow of death, * * * they are in the terrors of the shadow of death." All their knowledge of death, and a future life has been filled with fear and flame. After having attended church, read the Bible, and tried to do right, they do not know whether death will find them prepared to meet their God or not. This is according to the teaching of the

church, and they can only have a hope that they will see Jesus in heaven. I once knew a lady who was pure, good, just and true, and who forgave her worst enemy and tried to forget the injustice which had been hers,—who died out of the church, and the greatest fear the mother of this lady had, was that she was lost. Said the mother, "If I could only know she was in heaven," but shaking her head, "I am in torment, for I fear she is lost." Said I, "Anyone that could forgive as your daughter did, will surely not lose forgiveness; and I am just as sure she is now in heaven as that I am here." This was small comfort for the mother, however.

At their funerals the hymns are all calculated to continue and increase their sorrow and grief, and they sing, "Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep," or something similar, and they are usually sung in such a doleful, hopeless, grief-stricken tone, that the tears will flow in spite of all efforts to suppress them, from sympathy for the friends. The remains of the loved one are taken to the cemetery, and there the tears flow afresh, when the clods are heard rattling on the coffin, and they feel as though the separation was eternal.

Now ask the Spiritualist, What is Death? and he will reply: Death is change, and occurs in all life, human, animal or vegetable. There is no life without this change. We do not consider it going to that "bourne from whence no traveler returns." We do not believe the so-called dead are very far removed; in fact we believe our dead are with us often. We believe that Death is kind, and is indeed our best friend. He does not take our loved ones into a far, strange country. Death is only a transition, a little change from a lower to a higher sphere, a stepping from one room into another, and closing the door; leaving the traveled highway for paths through sunny fields, where blossom the buttercups and daisies; leaving our friends for a time, to be reunited in the great beyond.

Death is the most beautiful thing of all. Instead of the monster with sweeping scythe, he seems to me more like an angel of light, or the glorious god of day, or the beautiful dewy morning. Death is not a misfortune; it is an event, and a beautiful realization of an immortality, where our eyes shall be opened upon glories never dreamed of here. And our idea of a funeral—I would not even say funeral, for that brings sorrowful suggestions, and I would not have even a suggestion of sorrow.

My idea would be to read a beautiful poem, sing a familiar

song or two, a few remarks from a friend, open windows, sunshine, and clairvoyant descriptions which any one of my friends felt free to give, and no burial. Now this may sound rather strange, but that is the way I feel about death and burial.

“Oh come not in tears to my tomb,

Nor plant with frail flowers the sod;

There is rest among roses too sweet for its gloom,

And life where the lilies eternally bloom,

In the balm-breathing gardens of God.”

Leave the earth for the flowers, grasses and trees, and put the mortal part of me where it will not disturb or offend, and after its purification let the ashes be scattered—I care not where. Cremation in its present form, absolutely pure, effective, simple and dignified as it is, destroys the remotest germs of deleterious power in the loved remains; but it does not annihilate the remains altogether. The solid ashes remain, far more pure and perfect than in any ancient cremation, the residuum of the body, purified seven times in the fire.

Thou hast told lies on Death,

Oh! ye of many fears,

He is not the monster grim

That thou hast pictured him.

Oh! no, a kindly friend is he,

And comes, not like the thief

In dark and dreary night,

But bringeth us the morning bright.

He cometh as a friend

When we in trouble are,

He silenceth our earthly groans

And puts away our care.

To these bodies old and worn

He bringeth garments new,

And when we lay these bodies down

He'll give to us a crown

Of light, and morning bright

Our eyes shall see.

Not in darkness shall we be

Nor in a gloomy dungeon lie.

Our souls shall rise

To brighter mansions in the skies,

And Paradise shall be our home.

And Death is kind, a welcome friend,

He takes us through the open door;
Not into a darkened room
But into light forevermore.
And smiling fields, and meadows fair,
And flowers whose fragrance fills the air,
And radiant beings everywhere
Greet us, as through the door
Our weary feet, which travel stained
And covered o'er with earthly dust,
We bathe in Heaven's own dew.
Death lifteth us from want and care,
And in our Father's house the mansions are
Which hath been promised us.
These mansions builded are
With deeds done while yet on earth,
And a cup of water kindly given
Will ope the door for us, of Heaven.

Life and Death.

BY A. B. SPINNEY, M. D.

QUESTIONS OF PROFOUND CONSIDERATION FROM THE SCIENTISTS OF OTHER DAYS—THE PHENOMENA AND PHILOSOPHY AS REVEALED THROUGH THE VARIOUS CHANNELS OF SPIRITUALISM.

These two are closely allied one to the other, and each equally a mystery. Philosophers, scientists and sages have written, thought and spoken upon these questions more than upon all others. Spiritualism has lightened up the dark way, poured light in upon the mystery, and made plain science and philosophy.

The facts, phenomena and philosophy of Spiritualism have revealed to us the truth that all life is spiritual, and an emanation from the fountain of all Life, the divine force that fills all the universe. This spiritual spark is the real force that holds all monads together, that breaks the cell walls, and begins the developing process by which matter takes on form, shape and loveliness. This spiritual life clothes itself with flesh, form and beauty. It finds expression through the mechanism of a brain, and unfolds, develops, and makes that brain an instrument of reason and intelligence. It makes of this body it has clothed itself with, a beautiful house in which to live, think, reason, love, and enjoy all nature, from the lovely blossom beneath our feet, to the starry heavens above our heads. In this home, this spirit, this immortal soul, learns to mourn with those who mourn, and to feel a close sympathy and loving tenderness for all human kind, all human sufferings and wrong. Thus it is, as our spiritual life expands and grows, all our emotions become more active, more tender, loving, forgiving and charitable. Not only does this growth and evolution thus prepare us to suffer and truly sympathize, but it fits us to enjoy just as keenly as we can suffer, and to find happiness in the enjoyment of others, who are in rapport

with us. Life here on earth is so beautiful as our spiritual natures unfold and we learn to overcome the obstacles that impede our pathway, and rise above the losses, sorrows, and crosses into the majesty of our Divine possibilities.

Death, then, to all who have thus learned to live, becomes not a thing to dread, but a possibility to look forward to and enjoy. At that time when the spirit has grown ripe, and the body enfeebled by age and long use, death is not death to such, but life, a resurrection from the dead, effete material of a form no longer serviceable, a garment fit to cast off—a bird leaving its cage to soar to higher and more ambient air.

For years I have been convinced that there is no physical suffering at the final change, for as death comes to the body, the consciousness of pain grows less and less, until at last all sensation of suffering ceases.

Oh, Death! Where is thy sting?

Oh, Grave! Where is thy victory?

The sting is in the mind, when life has been mis-spent and full of deeds that bring suffering to the soul, to the pages of memory. If we live at all—and Spiritualism proves that we do live entire—all memory must live, all of life's experiences are one unbroken thread that fills the heart and soul in the life beyond with either joy or sorrow, pain or pleasure. It is a grand thought to the soul that has grown, unfolded, and made the most of life in the form, to know and feel that our own real selves never can, or never do die; that all love, and sweet, pure, tender experiences will always live in the heart, and quicken our souls with radiant joy and peace. With this knowledge, what then is death but transition, a passing on to higher and better conditions, where all we have loved we shall meet, greet, and know again, with larger light, knowledge and joy, they to help us and we to help them.

Link by link is broken here, one by one they pass from our earthly vision, yet only a few fleeting days compared with the unending days of eternity, and we shall all be reunited in one great family, each to compare experiences, and thereby enlarge each life, heart and soul. To me the other life is a tangible existence, with an organized form, perfect, undivided entity; the form so perfect, the substance of which it is composed so fine and ethereal, that instead of less power for motion and manifestation than we have here, we have much more. Instead of the mind or spirit being cramped and confined within the limits of a skull, and obliged to manifest through a brain, distance is as naught, and by

electrical waves thought can find expression, as news can speed here over telegraph wires. Instead of taking in the universe and all its beauties and wonders, through feeble senses as we do now, groping feebly and suffering weariness of body, the universe opens to our spiritual senses from a thousand points at once, and fills the soul with glories never dreamed of in earthly life.

With such beauties, prospects and joys animating the spirit, how grand becomes life here in which to expand and prepare for the life "over there." How precious is each moment. There is no time here for repining or grieving over what seems earthly sorrows, no time to clothe ourselves in sackcloth and ashes, for errors, mistakes and wrongs can only be atoned for by growth and better deeds.

These ideas of Life and Death make us forget self and selfish pleasure for the good we can do and be to others. Daily I thank God and the good angels for the grandeur of these truths that have poured into my soul and filled my heart. It has made growth spring up in my inner being, health in my body, patience in my soul, and deep and tender love in my heart for all the world. Life to me, at last, has become beautiful, and my work for humanity a joy. Its losses and crosses are something that must needs be, and which I rise above and put beneath my feet. Death to me has no sting, no fear. The life beyond is a longed-for goal, when the house I now have shall or can hold me no longer.

May these words and thoughts help some soul, some heart, to higher, better and more peaceful living, and to a more beautiful death and after life.

Continuity of Life.

BY W. P. PHELON, M. D.

AN UNSOLVED PROBLEM—MAN'S ENTRANCE INTO LIFE'S VAST EXPANSE AND HIS RE-ENTRANCE THROUGH THE GATEWAY OF DEATH—VISIONS OF A RELEASED SOUL—A BEAUTIFUL PICTURE.

The problem of the ages, the unsolved, the inscrutable, the mystery of the Sphinx, is, and always has been: "What is Life?" "Where does it begin and where end, if it ends at all?"

Let us see if we can make any surmises that shall stand in reason under the dazzling light of the X-ray of present intelligence. Through the narrowest of all gateways, man enters into life's vast expanse, measured by his finite standards of space and time. Around him, from the first, spread the broad plains, the deep valleys, the heaven-climbing mountain-tops, and they become his heritage. He has, as he shall choose, the wide-spread seas, the rush of the glacier-fed torrents; the expanse of the burden-bearing rivers; and the joyous rhythm of the brooks and rills.

The grand interweaving of all Nature's planning and building, in all their beauty and use, is put into his hands, to make or to mar.

Because the One Creating force is the greatest, the Omnipotent, so who would participate in the heavenly glory, must undertake for the self, the demonstration of its power of concentration; and in proportion to its involution, so will be the force of its essential power to increase, during its visible appearance upon the earth. Life is the power of perception. The more vivid and rapid the perception, the longer the life. Time in life, does not exist as an entity, but as the measure of the occurrence of events in sequence. The flow and change of events constitute all there is, of our knowledge of life. When our perception of events

ceases, then we pass into the state, which if dreamless or not, if of short duration, we call sleep; but if continued until the restless illusion of change overcomes the Ego's desire for the body, we name Death.

Like the great cable, which is partly in the water, and partly out, but whose continuity is assured, so existence, either visible or invisible, is continuous and constant. The difference is simply from the point of view of the spectators, and not from any innate condition.

Man is always influenced and governed by the seeming of the outer; and seldom by the reality, which lies within himself, the arbiter to which all else appeals; and whose unbiased judgment is just and true. From his earliest unfolding, he appeals constantly to the opinion of the senses, which can never be anything but an opinion, always fallacious, and constantly erroneous. Thus it comes to him, that the life of change, in which illusion is the underlying thread, or motif of action, becomes the all-important study and guide for his thoughts and actions, as the atoms move restlessly onward toward dissolution. As this result is the conclusion of all activity amongst expressed ideations, and the result of the universal revolt of created forms, against the limitation of the formative law, we find that it is easier for man to die, than to even seek to overcome death. But that is the task for which he is sent upon the earth to accomplish. Sooner or later, he will declare: "That Death is swallowed up in victory." May we not believe that the teaching of the Ancient Wise Ones is true, that man's great task on the earth is to change the grosser perception into the highest and best conception of the immortal and undying.

Why can we not come into the understanding that the real, living entity holds on, and lets go of the veils of flesh, which we deem life, but which are but the shadow of the substance? The whole kaleidoscopic playing of life's vanity is but the shimmering of shadows over the surface of the mighty sea. Could this be accomplished, then indeed, would this life of illusion seem but of the smallest consequence to us. Then the true life, the life that is now beyond the Veil of Isis, and in the Silence, would come out to our perception, as the one and only, that never changes and never dies. Instead of our continually meeting with constantly obstructive form and action, we should come into the harmony of peace, and of a growth that is of the Infinite and Eternal Existence.

Permit me to present to my readers, two pictures, by different

writers. One is of the tawdry, tinsel of the ordinary unfolding. The other is of the life that we hope sometime, somewhere, to bring out of the Unseen, into the power and conception of the conquered earthly body.

The soul released from the body, standing on the confines of the two worlds, looking back for a short period, perceives earth's illusions. This is the way in which the massed conditions are described:

"Listen, till I tell you how that night came on. The sun fell and the dew slid down. It seemed to me that it slid into my heart, but still I felt no pain. Where the walls pulsed, receded, and entirely vanished, the great hills came in. Where the old bureau stood, and as if just above the glass, I saw a single mountain, with a face of fire and purple hair. As night locked the sun below the mountain's solemn, watching face, the Gates of Space were lifted up before me; the everlasting doors of matter swung for me upon their rusty hinges, and the King of Glories entered in and out. All the kingdoms of the earth, and the power of them, beckoned me, across the mist my burning senses made, ruins and roses, and the brows of Jura and a singing of the Rhine; the dying echoes of thunderously booming guns, whose cruel message had cut short the lives of human beings, whose unburied bodies colored the sands and reddened the seas, where no kind hands could render last offices. It is the illusion of the changeful condition of man's unrest. Turning from the pitiful sight, I perceive a shaft of red light on the Sphinx's smile, and caravans in sand-storm, and an icy wind at sea, and gold adream in mines that no man knew, and mothers sitting at their doors in valleys, singing babes to sleep, and women in dank cellars, selling souls for bread. and the whir of wheels in giant factories, and a single prayer somewhere in a den of death—I could not find it though I searched—and broken music and a sense of lilies alone beside a stream, at the rising of the sun—and at last, your face, dear, all alone."

And this is the unveiling of that which crushes and crowds and deforms man's soul in the visible life. Can we wonder that we are so eager to strip from ourselves all this that so defies us, so humbles us when the truth comes to our knowledge? We are sure that the continuity of life is not of the visible, but of the invisible, of which we give the following description:

"Can you not see those peaks crowned with ineffable, glorious light, or the vast plains that lie between, over which are scat-

tered forests, grassy meads and sparkling waters? All over, as far as the eye can reach, are beauty, harmony and peace. Tones of color ravishing to the eye, symphonies of melody that lift the soul into the highest vibrations possible, while a wonderfully penetrating, subtle fragrance floods and permeates the whole being. Every sense, every thought, is etherealized. The sense of enjoyment is intense; all the more because we feel sure there will be no reaction, no rebate demanded. No longer has the spirit to pay toll to the animal for imperfect service grudgingly rendered. This is the Summerland, the land of beauty, joy, peace and accomplishment; the rest remaining for those who desire it.

"Do you see those gates opening inward? Look! They are opening, and one enters who is evidently unfamiliar with her present surroundings; but though a stranger, she shows no sign of fear—on the contrary joy spreads over her serene face. A form brilliant in purity approaches and greets her, a glad recognition lights up the face of the new-comer; 'My daughter! oh, my daughter!' The mother-love, restrained for years breaks forth, a great torrent of gladness at this meeting so long anticipated by both; the one engaged in the present duties of the higher life that brought no sting of disappointment at their completion, the other plodding along the dull round of earth monotony. Let us draw near; perhaps the daughter may answer a question or two.

"Upon our approach, the elder in spirit-life turns her fine face toward me, and in answer to my query, says:

"The gates are the entrance, through the veil that separates the seen from the unseen. They swing but one way and that is inward. Those who go hence do not go this way. This is only for those who come into this state or condition. Those who go hence, have their own method of exit. If you desire to know of that, I will call for you a guide."

"I should very much like to know,' I replied. Her bright face for a moment grew almost stern, then as the shadow of the cloud passes over the meadow, so the sunniness came back to her face.

"I have called, and he will come presently,' she said.

"But I do not understand!"

"A little laugh like the trill of a bird's song, and her clear tones went on again: 'I have been here only twenty years, so I know but just a little. I had all my earth-training to unlearn after I came here. But dear mother could not help investigating these matters after I left her, so she understands more, and can be-

gin in the first reader, instead of the alphabet. Oh, Marmie! I am so glad you have come.' A caress and a joy in both faces that was indescribable, and the daughter continued: 'In the earth life, you say thoughts are things, but you cannot see them, feel them, nor hear them until they are in some fashion clothed with physical drapery; so you do not get the full force of the meaning of the phrase. But on this plane we can sense thought and nothing else. Even you, mortal and earth-bound, are not here in body, but in your thought, and when we seek to know of our friends still upon the earth, we do not seek the physical bodies, but only the thought bodies, which they use as models for themselves to manifest upon in that plane. Here, all is thought, we are the thought forms of the One who is the Cause of All.'

"But what is this I see on every hand about us, this beauty of color and fragrance and form?" I asked.

"It is the prevailing, harmonious conditions of the plane of vibrations upon which you are now resting," she replied.

"Whatever you think of earnestly, here becomes visible to you, just as you think it, and as we all desire harmony and peace, so it is. If we desire the presence of any acquaintance or friend, we think of them intently for a few minutes, then they come to us, drawn by our intense wish."

"But where in space are we?" I asked, wonderingly.

"Just then a form majestic, with a face full of power and knowledge, seemed to join our group out of the apparent nothingness. His coming was, as when one comes to us in dream, without warning. He bowed gravely, and the spirit with whom I had been talking said:

"I refer your question for answer to my teacher here, as also the other unanswered thoughts in your mind."

"He smiled benignantly upon me, and laid his hand gently upon my head. Instantly, a mystic cloud seemed to lift, and I saw he was standing in the darkened chamber of death, where robed for burial, lay the empty tenement, but a short time since vacated by her whose entrance into spirit-life I had witnessed.

"A faint sigh trembled on the air, formulating the words: 'Why did I not insist upon the cremation of my body? Had I been certain that I should have been held by it, so that travel would have been impossible until it was consumed, I should have insisted upon liberation at once.' I recognized the voice of the mother. Looking to my friend, I asked: 'Is this so?'

"Yes," he replied; "you see the Summerland is not a place,

but simply a condition, just as different people in the same room may be very happy and very miserable at exactly the same moment of time. The condition of their own thoughts decides the matter for them. We do not go away to find heaven. Death simply puts us outside instead of inside the bolts and bars; but,' turning to me, 'you seek the entrance into earth from the Summerland. Lay your hand in mine, and perhaps the vision may be given you. I must tell you, however, that souls seeking return, from their own anxiety and the reflex action of the earth life often change very much their own surroundings. Do not be disappointed in seeing the chilling effect of the earth on the Summerland.'

"So saying, he extended his right hand and I placed mine within it. Hardly had I felt his warm clasp strongly close over it when the cloudiness that settled over again cleared.

"I saw, inclining with a gentle slope, away from where we stood a vast valley. Over this brooded a greyish light, as when from the hidden sun, its rays struggled through thick masses of vapor. But in this weird light there was no change, only the same awful monotony.

"There were trees in the valley, and their foliage seemed but a bluish, flame-like exhalation shimmering in a phosphorescent light. Plants could also be distinguished. Their formation was strange, intermixed and interblended like the fanciful lines of a monogram, containing all the parts of a specie or family, as if the whole range of thought-change possible, were here condensed or crystallized against the time of recall into manifestations on earth. Their blossoms appeared to be cut out of gems of most brilliant hue, leaves of emerald and topaz, calyxes of garnet, of amethyst or chrysophras, daisies of diamonds, lotuses of most unimaginable wonders, and in all and through all a suppression of fiery power and change, that even in this ghastly light, foretold how the desert upon which this crystallized thought should fall, would blossom like the Vale of Cashmere.

"But through the whole length and breadth of this dreadful valley, no song of bird, nor hum of bee, nor sound of living thing pulsates within the dead, heavy silence, nor is there any wind even to shake the trees and plants. It is the silence which precedes by perpetual condition, the re-creation of man upon the earth; which to the living questioning man returns no answer to the query, 'Whence come I?' This is the consummation of the absorption of all earthly experience; nothing of the earth is here, for within these bounds the spiritualized souls alone await return

to an earth-life to which hoary ages have bound them. The instant sound should move through the sluggishness, polarization would be set up, vibration begin, and manifestation be perfected on the planes of the Earth.

"At the farther end, a great lake fills the whole space; no glad stream flowing down the mountain sides plunges madly into bounding, sounding water, but the whole is a solemn mass of white vapor, which, while in grave monotony it rolls over the feet of the mountains, wets neither them nor the base of promontories, nor the shores of the shining islands around which it is wound like a glittering scarf.

"That sea,' says my guide, 'on its lower side, touches the earth.'

"But there is motion here, soundless motion. Forms flit across this ghostly lake of vapor. They resemble in formation the foamy substance in which they are constantly rising and sinking. Along the dreary shores they also flit, nor have their surroundings aught of influence or impression upon those pallid, waiting dreamers. Between a past and finished life, and the possibilities of a new earthly existence, they are dreaming and planning, and hoping; comparing the last and only remembered with the coming next, before the word of the Inexorable: 'Go and forget,' shall bear them into the fierce struggle of planetary life once more. Whatever hidden springs of action are coiled within their Egos, they themselves know not."

This is the life of the Invisible, and of the link that holds and draws man to his re-entrance upon Earth. The cycle is complete. Death is not a cessation of life, but a sector of a Circumference.

Why Call It Change?

BY DR. T. WILKINS.

'Tis said, "There is no death;" but where are all those grand and
noble men
Whose names have filled the books of earth and life? Why rise
they not again
And walk the earth and sway to tears and smiles the people of
to-day,
If Death came not and took to unknown lands their mortal forms
away?
Their acts all live, their deeds remain upon the book of acts and
deeds,
And for a time their faces seem to hold a place where mem'ry
feeds,
And dreaming, lies in sweet repose, drinking the fragrance from
life's breath;
But whither are they living, walking, swaying, if there is no
death?
Why call it change? 'Tis just the same
Old faithful friend, by any name.

Is there no death? Then where those hands, though old and
weak, that never grew
Too old to find for those she bore some work that love impelled
to do?
And where those lips that kissed so many childish tears and sobs
away,
And spoke such words as only mothers do who ever hope to stay
The hand of Time and Fate and Death till over all her loved ones
creep

The years mature and ripe, and they have learned that life is
 theirs to keep,
 And live, and how to make the best and most important strides
 while here;
 Oh, where those eyes that closed in sleep from earth and all she
 held so dear?
 Why call it change? 'Tis just the same
 Old faithful friend, by any name.

No death? Then where, oh, where is he whom we called father,
 here in life;
 That loving sister, brother, husband, lover, love or precious wife;
 That loving babe that came and cheered our hearts for one or two
 short years,
 And then passed on and out of sight, leaving all in bitter tears
 Around a cold and lifeless form, where once was hope and life,
 and gleams
 Of bright sunlight? Have they but gone to rest awhile? Have
 our fond dreams
 To be but dreams, and no fulfillment ever come within our range
 In this great world of endless space, of endless motion, endless
 change?
 Why call it change? 'Tis just the same
 Old faithful friend, by any name.

No Death? Then why this change in things that have a birth,
 and grow and bloom,
 Then droop and die, decay again, and lie so long in Nature's
 tomb?
 Do these not die, disintegrate, to form anew within the same
 Great womb of life some other forms as good and grand, from
 whence they came?
 True, naught is lost, for all things now have ever been; but forms
 must die,
 Because no two have ever been or e'er can be the same. Then
 why
 Not call it Death, as well as change, when words are only mental
 charts
 Of thoughts to give expression to the soul or mind, of things or
 parts?
 Why call it change? 'Tis just the same
 Old faithful friend, by any name.

If, as a word, Death means the end—extinction from this mortal stage—

It means of form, for earth must take all back it gives, from age to age,

And life move on through endless time and endless change, and forms alone

Must die to make eternal growth of man and beast, and worm, and stone,

Yes, here is Death, the demon old and black in days now passed away;

Here is the bold and dauntless foe whose scythe goes swinging night and day;

But Death, unfear'd by those who once did dread his touch, has now no sting,

And Life and Death are linked in one enthroned and grand eternal king.

Why call it change? 'Tis just the same
Old faithful friend, by any name.

Death the Beautiful.

BY JAS. C. UNDERHILL.

NATURE'S DIVINE LAW OF COMPENSATION—LIFE WORTH LIVING AND DEATH WORTH DYING—LIFE AND DEATH LINKED AS ONE—DEATH A RISING INTO LIFE ANEW—A BEAUTIFUL TRANSFORMATION—"THOU, OH DEATH, ART BEAUTIFUL."

The last enemy that shall be destroyed is Death.—I. Corinthians, xv:26.

The chamber where the good man meets his fate
Is privileged beyond the common walks of life,
Quite on the verge of heaven. —Bryant

I sat in "the chamber where the good man meets his fate," and looked out over the expanse of Nature's beautiful scenery; I saw the green leaves and grasses, and the many beautiful things which Nature spreads before our eyes; all seemed lovely and harmonious. My thoughts reverted to the phase of human experience that was transpiring in the chamber, and it seemed a jarring note of discord, in painful inharmony with all things around, and my mind was left in questioning attitude.

A Voice said: "Nature ever harmonizes with herself; all that Nature does is harmonious."

"But," I asked, "how can death be made to harmonize with these things of beauty and life? It causes anguish and pain to the living who are bereaved—"

The Voice replied: "Nature's harmony is fulfilled by the law of compensation. In Nature's processes there is no loss without compensation. The sadness of parting will find compensation in the joy of meeting—and the time that intervenes will seem short, will be forgotten in the great gladness of the new life and communion. Think you that the blind man—who has passed his

earth life in darkness, bereft of vision—that he will not find compensation in a new and strange enjoyment of sight, a wondrous rapture of strange delight exceeding that which will come to the man who had eyes to see during his earthly career? He will feel that his earthly life in darkness was worth living, for the great beauty and wonders of vision that shall burst upon him in the new life beyond. The past of darkness and sorrow will be erased by the great delight of the present. Nature's law of compensation evolves harmony, and in the final result all seeming notes of jarring discord are blended into the music of the soul."

I studied these thoughts, and the lesson seemed good to me.

"Again, when the farmer casts seed into the earth, there is a loss of many bushels of valuable grain; by and by Nature returns compensation in a harvest.

"The law of compensation—of sacrifice and atonement—is Nature's Divine Law. The present loss may seem great, almost unbearable, but the compensation—the atonement—will come by and by, and in its riches and fullness of fruition the loss will be no more felt, will be no more even a sad memory."

And I bowed my head in thought, and lost somewhat of the sadness of the present, in the hopeful anticipation of the brightness and gladness of the compensation "over there."

The Voice continued: "The friends whose parting was full of tender, bitter grief, the pensive memory of which has been carried for many years by the one left to continue earth's pilgrimage alone—do you think the pain of the parting and the sadness of the long years of mourning will be remembered amid the joy of the meeting over there? that the weeds of sorrow and the heart's lament in bereavement will still be carried, after that glad reunion in the spirit-world? I tell you, nay! the pain will be past; there will be no more occasion for mourning; the sadness will have been exchanged for joy and gladness; for the lost will no more be the lost, and instead of the sad memory of the "dead" there will be the loved presence of the living. The loss, the pains, the partings incident to earth experience will be abundantly compensated in the exceeding gladness of reunion."

And my heart bowed assent to the sweet reason and assurance of the divine Voice. And so the bereaved and sorrowing ones of earth may wait awhile with patience, till the time of meeting comes.

"In the physical world, in the mysterious processes of Nature

we see what seems a strange fact: Death ever feeds upon Life; Life builds upon Death.

"In plant, in tree, in animal, in vegetable, we see the process ever going on; they come forth, they grow—they return to dust; the life force builds their essences into other forms,—and so the ceaseless work of Nature goes on and on. Even the things that fall in untimely blight before arriving at completeness of growth, are saved and conserved in Nature's divine processes, and the compensation is fulfilled.

"There is a seeming discrepancy, an antagonism of forces in which each opposing force meets constant defeat, and gains constant victory.

"Could we get behind the scenes, and view the conflict from the inner standpoint of Being, we would see that this apparent clashing of antagonistic forces is but illusive, the result of disordered vision, caused by ignorance. We would see that in this play and interplay of seeming antagonism there is a substantial and beautiful harmony.

"We would see that instead of two diverse and discordant forces clashing in constant antagonistic warfare, there is but One Principle, working out the wonderful aims of Nature—integrating and disintegrating, ever renewing, ever refining, ever moulding to higher and finer effects and uses. Herein is seen Nature's principle of compensation, the apparent losses are turned into gains, dying is changed into resurrection and ascension. So the loss involved in the passing away of friends and dear ones will, in Nature's ways and methods, be compensated in the new and larger and higher life and happiness that is coming."

The Voice ceased; and I felt that the lesson was good, and worthy to be kept in my heart.

"The universe is a universe of reciprocal forces; or, perhaps it might be said, there is one force in diversity of operations, which though sometimes seemingly antagonistic, ever tends toward unity and reciprocity. The diversity when closely studied represents the polarity of life and being. And the building and unbuilding are the results of the One Life Force working toward one great and final unitary purpose and end, the fulfillment of the intent of Nature and Being.

"Beneath and over and through the seeming discords ever sound the swelling notes of Nature's infinite harmony. All will be reconciled by and by—the atonement will be fulfilled, the com-

pensation will be rendered in the measure of Nature's fullness, pressed down and shaken together and running over.

"The crowning glory of man is his wonderful mental nature, which takes hold on the things of physical science and the higher and finer things that pertain to mind itself, and the beautiful and pure ideals of morals and spirituality. Were these wonderful factors in the constitution of noble manhood lost or weakened by the transition to that other life, it would be a sad event. But in accord with Nature's beautiful plan, the apparent and temporary withdrawal of these from our limited earthly vision, will be richly recompensed in their quickening and enlargement, wider scope and richer fullness. The higher distinguishing characteristics of noble manhood and beauty will not be lost, but gain in freedom and power.

"Study this lesson well—consider it in your heart; and it will help you to bear more serenely the afflictions incident to this life of Earth. Peace be with you."

The Messenger withdrew, but the words given remained, and are still carried in my heart.

Again, there was brought before me the vision of this good man, standing before me erect and in the attitude of full manly strength, vigor and beauty. The marks of old age were gone—all gone. He stood with noble bearing, peace beaming from his countenance, looking forward and away as one full of firm anticipation of great good seen ahead. His spirit body bore none of the features that tell of the ravages time and cares leave upon the earthy form. It was a vision of superb, beautiful manhood, glowing with the radiance of spirituality.

It was a vision typifying that which shall be in that other life.

And the thought came: When the reunion comes, and we shall behold the friends and dear ones in their beautiful spirit bodies, will not the earthly loss and sadness be more than compensated in the rich spiritual fullness of that new life that shall be ours and theirs. Let us, then, in such measure as we may, overcome the sadness and grief of our earthly bereavements, by thoughts of the joyful compensation that awaits us by and by.

And I think when we shall look upon the new form of those who have passed the transition, when we meet them in that higher life and behold them renewed in the beauty of their finer being, we shall think that, after all its pains and sorrows, the life on earth was worth living, for the sake of the better life of spiritual

fullness that follows. And still looking forward and above us, and beholding the heights of spiritual beauty and grace to which we may aspire, more and more shall we think this earth-life was worth the living, and death worth the dying.

"A very loving mother," says E. D. Babbitt, in his excellent book on "Religion," p. 335, "who had grieved deeply at the loss of two lovely children, herself passed to spirit-life a number of years afterward. She informed me that when she first woke to her new being, she was not allowed to see her children on the first day of earthly time, on account of being too weak from long sickness. On the second day, as they stood before her, she viewed them for a moment and then fully recognizing them, they rushed into each other's arms with shouts of joy. She tells me of their increased beauty. The children then had a wonderful joy in escorting the mother to their own dwelling-place, in telling her of their occupations and objects of interest, and would bring her their sweet magnetic influence to give her strength."

Behold in this the lesson of the divine law of compensation.

Will man ever arrive at that degree or knowledge that shall render him capable of explaining his own existence? When he will be able to say what life is, what spirit is, and what matter is?

With all his delving into the recesses of Nature, the mysteries of matter, life, spirit, and his high philosophizing, his inductions and deductions from the things he feels, sees and analyzes, combines, dissolves, and subjects to utmost scrutiny and study—how little he knows, after all, and how imperfectly!

Something about phenomena and relations—but about the reality, the essence, the thing itself—how vast his ignorance.

The union of mind and body in this our earth experience is so intimate and continuous that it is not easy for us to disassociate them, we think of them as one. It is not entirely easy to keep separate in our mind the physical life in our body from the spiritual faculties of feeling, will; the physical and the spiritual become in great measure unified, in our thought of ourselves.

But the spiritual life has a moral nature, which takes conscious hold on the principles of love, of righteousness, of truth, of purity; and installs itself, in our thought, as rightful ruler over our conduct.

Life and death—are they not opposite sides of one great thing or fact? Take the process of assimilation of food, to the formation of flesh and blood; there is going on, in the process, a

tearing down and a building up—a dying and a living—a death and a resurrection.

Prof. Le Conte says: "It is well-known that in the animal body there are going on constantly two distinct and apparently opposite processes, namely, decomposition and recomposition of the tissues." Growth and decay—decay and growth—opposite sides of interacting life.

The grain or seed that is planted decays, but from it arises life. And if perchance the seed has lost its living germinal principle whereby it reproduces after its own kind, wondrous Nature is skilled in subtile processes whereby that which decays is taken up and transmuted into living forms again. What a miracle-worker is Nature. No wonder recorded in the myths or sacred writings of any age, people or religion, can equal what Nature performs every moment.

Without mention of the influence of pagan ideas concerning death, the influence of what are recognized as Christian ideas has been to install Death personified as "The King of Terrors."

Instead of being a natural event in the due course of Nature, death has been presented in creeds, rituals, sermons, religious tracts, theological treatises, labored biblical disquisitions, and so forth, as a penalty inflicted upon the human race for the sin of Adam. This penalty included not merely physical dissolution or bodily death, but, in addition thereto, an endless eternity of inexpressible pain, suffering and misery in a place of unquenchable fire and brimstone.

Under the influence of such ideas, impressed with all the seriousness of religious teachings from the mouths and pens of the priesthood, and with all the grave authority of councils, synods, prelates and popes—to doubt whose authority and teachings was to run the risk of being tortured and burned at the stake as a heretic, and to be damned to everlasting burnings in the world to come, it is no matter for wonder that death became in the minds of men, a veritable terror overshadowing all other terrors incident to mortal experience—all the more terrible because of the associated terror of an endless hell of torment to succeed it in the hereafter.

And so the idea of death as a thing of terror has been cultivated into the thought of people, until dread has possessed the mind, and death has become indeed the King of Terrors.

All the result of a false and vicious theology.

Let us turn from the dread aspect of death as inculcated by

the old theology, to the newer aspect as presented by Science and Nature, and as taught by Spiritualism.

As the old-time ideas of theology are dying, so are dying the old and terrible ideas of death; they are passing away before the light of reason reinforced by the wonderful facts of Spiritualism—passing away like the passing of a horrid nightmare, never to return to enthrall and frighten an awakened and enlightened humanity.

The Old Death was a thing of Terror.

The New Death is thing of Beauty.

Coming not as a stroke of punishment from the vengeful hand of an angry, wrathful God, with dire prospects of yet more direful wrath to be inflicted during an endless eternity; but as an event in the due course of Nature, leaving man free to go on and upward after the severing of the tie binding the spirit to the physical earthly body, death is divested of its old, dark, theological vestments of terror, and is reinvested with garments of light, of hope, of brightness that increases as time passes on and the ages roll away.

Not that all mourning is yet done away, for while we remain in the physical we will feel the loss of the physical and spiritual presence that was wont to be close to us in the ties of kinship, of friendship, of love. But the one who has found the gracious light and truth of Spiritualism is emancipated from the terrible, unspeakable weight of woe implied in the fear that the dear spirit gone on may have gone “unsaved” and so must wail in everlasting burnings!

The Old Death cast a dark and terrible shadow over the world beyond; the New Death illumines that world with the glad-some light of hope for all, and knowledge imparted by those who have passed beyond the boundary line of mortality, and have returned to tell us of their life and experience in that other state of being.

One authority, whose finely attuned brain has felt the touch of angels, writes:

“I am informed that there are spiritual realms near the earth which were constituted originally of the finer radiations of the earth itself, segregated by chemical affinity into more ethereal masses of matter in the shape of refined landscapes, and that these in their turn sent off still finer emanations, that from their lightness gravitated farther from the earth and formed still more beautiful realms—that there are gradations of spirit spheres

suited to the ever advancing character of spiritual and angelic life, some of which have their palaces and homes made of materials more exquisite than diamonds, while the beings resident there are described as being more radiant than the sun and possessing a beauty, wisdom and power beyond all mortal conception.

"These celestial worlds, the homes of angelic and arch-angelic life, are so indescribably resplendent that the highest forms of what we usually call material worlds seem but the blackness of darkness in comparison. Their inhabitants were once dwellers on our own or some other planet. As it is the destiny of man to progress, through ever advancing grades of spiritual life, passing to higher and still higher worlds, shall human or even angelic conception ever be able to grasp the wonders of those realms to which he must finally attain?"—E. D. Babbitt's "Religion," pp. 50, 51.

How different this from the picture of the other world as presented by ordinary orthodox writers. The view presented by Spiritualism is natural, simple, beautiful, spiritual, ennobling to humanity; not consigning innumerable millions of human beings to endless woe and despair, while a few are "saved" by another's expiatory blood, and transported into an unnatural heaven of endless bliss; but, each following the precept of Nature and Reason, by virtue of our own works, our own thoughts, our own lives:

"We build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round by round."

The influence of these natural ideas and conceptions of the realities of spiritual existence in that other life has superseded the Old Death and brought in the New Death—the death that is not a penalty, but a natural event in Nature's course; not a curse, but a good; not an entrance into everlasting despair, for millions unknown, but an entrance into a higher and better life, of ascension and progress in knowledge, spirituality and happiness.

Not that there may not be a going backward—but there is ever open before all a pathway that leads ever onward and upward, to higher and still higher mounts of light and life, and beauty and gladness, even to the "joy unspeakable and full of glory."

In consonance with the hearts and hopes of humanity, in harmony with Nature and with the love implanted in human being itself by Nature, Spiritualism clothes Death in bright new garb and sings of better things:

With our vision now enlightened, look we o'er life's stormy sea;
Now, no more the King of Terrors, Death the Beautiful we see.

Heaven is with us in our sadness—we behold with clearer sight;
Death's not sinking into darkness, but a rising into light.

Lo! kind Nature's voice is calling to the spirit: Come away!
Let the dust return to dust, the clay return to kindred clay.

As illustrating the New Death, in consonance with the spirit
and philosophy of Spiritualism, the following stanzas are pre-
sented:

BEAUTIFUL DEATH.

Sunset on life's billowy sea;
Chord in Nature's minstrelsy;
Sunrise of immortal dawn—
Lo! the night is come—is gone!

Beautiful the sunset's gold;
Beautiful the dawn, untold;
Beautiful the flow'rs of earth;
Beautiful the child's glad mirth;

Beautiful the song of bird,
In the leafy forest heard;
Sweet the Springtime's wooing breath—
Thou more beautiful, O Death!

Rising into life anew,
Those to whom we bade adieu
Send the word on love's sweet breath,
O, how beautiful is Death!

Come, ye long-departed, come
From your fadeless spirit home;
Tell us what your vision saith:
O, how beautiful is Death!
Ye whose forms are Nature's trust—
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust,"
This the word your being hath:
O, how beautiful is Death!

Infant, sleeping on thy bier,
Sweet lines on thy face appear:

Peace that comes with ceasing breath:
Sweetly beautiful is Death!

Brother, Sister, passed away
From the form of earthly clay.
Why thy feature's calm content?
Death unveiled is blessing sent!

Father, Mother, passed from toil,
Resting from earth's ceaseless moil,
Tell us—why those careworn lines
Seem like rifts where gladness shines?

What the meaning thus expressed
By that look of wondrous rest
Following th' expiring breath?
Kind and beautiful is Death!

Aged pilgrim, resting now—
Time gave wrinkled cheek and brow,
Eyes bedimmed and silvered hair,
Faltering steps—now resting there;

Why that look of wondrous peace?
Fairer than youth's loveliness,
Or than manhood's statelier grace,
Beauty now adorns thy face:

Tho' thy voice be hushed and still,
Tell—what doth thy spirit fill?
What great light, as fled thy breath?
O, how beautiful is Death!

Youth and infancy and age
All declare in Nature's page,
Written with their ceasing breath,
Thou art beautiful, O, Death!

Oft beclouded to our eyes,
Clad in sad, mysterious guise,
Still the voice of Being saith,
Thou art beautiful, O, Death!

Messenger of light and peace,
Bringing welcome, glad release;
To the soul's enlightened faith
Thou art beautiful, O, Death!

To the soul that soars away
From its tenement of clay,
Passed beyond earth's transient breath,
Thou art beautiful, O, Death!

Weary, wayworn traveler,
Come to end of journey here,
Why thy smile, with ceasing breath?
Thou art beautiful, O, Death!

Through the look of saddened mien;
Through all pain and anguish keen;
Still in Death the beauties blend:
Tender lover, kindly friend.

Coming oft in sad disguise,
And beheld with tear-dim'ed eyes.
Still the soul that knoweth saith,
Thou art beautiful, O, Death!

O, the look of deep content!
'Tis the spirit's supplement—
Ere the mortal ceases breath,
It hath vision had of Death!

Beautiful the mellow glow
When the sun is sinking low;
Beautiful the newborn day
When the shadows flee away.

Beautiful the child's sweet rest,
To the mother's bosom prest;
Beautiful the infant's sleep,
Cradled in love's inf'nite deep;

Innocent and void of guile,
Beautiful the infant's smile;
Kindred of the realms above,
Beautiful the mother's love;

Ray of heaven sent down to earth,
Beautiful the child's glad mirth;
Sweetest taste of heaven above,
Beautiful the pure heart's love.

Wondrous phase of living being,
From the transient mortal freeing,

Sing we with undying breath,
Thou art beautiful, O, Death!

O, beyond the mists and tears
Shineth Love's eternal years;
Sorrow reigneth for a day,
Love abideth e'er and aye.

Just beyond earth's mortal sun,
Death and Life are linked as one;
Upward rising of the soul,
Thou, O, Death, art beautiful.

And so, by the advancing light of Spiritualism and the power of its sweet truth touching the heart of humanity, shall Death—as an Enemy and as King of Terrors—be destroyed; while yet fulfilling its beneficent and kindly mission according to the divine appointment of Nature.

The old Death was a synonym of darkness and decay; the new Death is a spiritual birth, a rising-up from a lower condition to a higher.

Dr. Babbitt relates ((Religion, p. 307): Moses Dow, editor of the Waverly Magazine, Boston, lost an adopted daughter, and through the late Mrs. Hardy received full proof of her identity. She was asked if she would like to return to the earth again. She answered, "No, unless it was that I might again pass through the beautiful transition of death."

Death a Liberator.

BY MILES MENANDER DAWSON.

A SCIENTIFIC SOLUTION IMPORTANT—READJUSTMENT OF MORALITY
—THE INTELLECT AND ORGANIC STRUCTURE—STORY OF A
FRENCH WOMAN AS AN ILLUSTRATION.

That the question of the immortality or even future existence of the human soul or intelligence should be settled by science is of the utmost importance, can hardly be doubted. If it is found, upon experiment and investigation, that these phenomena arise from other sources than spirits or invisible intelligences, and that there are absolutely no grounds for a belief in a future state, a great service will have been done in freeing intelligent men from the possibility of superstitious faith. Morality will readjust itself to correspond; and men who now delegate their revenge to the hand of an avenging God, and bear the miseries of the damned on this side, in order to be blessed upon the other, will doubtless change their tactics. Incidentally, there will be something actually brought to the surface concerning the organic construction and workings of the intellect, which knowledge cannot be otherwise than valuable to its possessors.

On the contrary, should the evidence prove convincing and conclusive, the facts added to our store of knowledge would be of the highest value. The ethics of mankind would at once lift to a higher and more noble plane. The fear of death would disappear from the face of the earth, and man would be free indeed. The exchange of faith for certainty would render the ignoble deeds which now disgrace professed believers in a hereafter impossible, or at least only possible to the deranged. Death, as the close of a well-spent life, would come with the dignity of a well-earned liberation from a chrysalis state.

In this connection, the story of a French woman in a city of

Wisconsin may not be out of place. She had lost four children by that dreadful scourge diphtheria, some years before. She became clairvoyant, and many wonderful things are told of her tests in this direction. But this is beside the story, which has to do only with the manner of her death. She lay upon her couch the last day of her life, with her living children and her husband on the one side and the departed on the other. She bade the first good-bye with as much calmness as if she were but going into the next room, and left them. There was no more of a scene than would have been proper, had she started upon any other journey. It was not a matter of belief; she knew whither she was going. Now, it is very possible that this was the result of self-deception; but it is the way that every person, who has not greater reason to fear a hereafter than to lie in the grave, would be able to meet death, if what she knew could become the knowledge of mankind. Therefore, to show the desirability of demonstrating what is true of the future existence, contrast her departure from life with the way it would have happened a few years before—trusting in a bit of bread between the lips and a cross of oil upon the forehead; or, if you please, with the death of a Protestant Christian, supported only by the power of a desperate faith and shaken with emotion; or with the death of the believer, who for any reason is not sure of his election, and goes shivering and lamenting to his doom; or even with the stoic indifference of the sage, who wraps his robe about him, and without complaint awaits what is to come. In any case, and at their best, none of these is comparable in dignity to the passing of the poor French mother, with certainty before her as well as behind. Such will they make possible for all the race who seek after the proof of spirit existence and find it.

Death Described by a Spirit.

J. W. DENNIS, AMANUENSIS.

AN INTERESTING, PHILOSOPHICAL AND VERY APPEALING NARRATION
OF EXPERIENCES, SENSATIONS AND IMAGINATIONS OF A SPIRIT
WHO MADE THE VOYAGE OF DEATH—THE AWAKENING.

“Oh, Death! Where is thy sting?
Oh, Grave! Where is thy victory?”

I was 40—in the prime of life on earth; a strong man. The end of earth-life—I had never thought of it.

But one day I found myself prone upon a bed of sickness. I would be up to-morrow attending to the duties allotted to me—I, who had never been sick in all my life, would not stay stretched out on a bed of sickness long.

Yet days and weeks passed by—I still kept my couch, an invalid. Why did I grow weaker—surely, I felt strong, but did not want to rise.

And one day I dreamed I had taken a journey to an unknown land. I met father there, and mother, too, and sisters and brothers were there; friends that I had forgotten, and whose eyes had been long closed in death, gathered around me, and welcomed me among them; boys that I had romped the green meadows with, came to me; and girls that I had known as children, were there to welcome me—what could it mean!

A feeling of unutterable peace seemed to pervade my soul, and the very air seemed full of joy. Softly came the sound of music drifting slowly at first, and then pealingly it reverberated through the space around me. I did not care to ask why, or wherefore. I was under a spell, a spell of Love and Harmony, of Peace and Joy, of utter rest and quiet repose. No cares of earth-jarred upon my enraptured soul; no call to the coarser duties of an earth existence grated harshly upon my ears; no man asked

me to pay to-morrow; no notes fell due to-day; no wife called on me for money to help her out of debt with; no noise, no sorrow—eternal silence. Yet I could hear the heavenly music; I could feel the hosts around me talk. I talked myself—and yet the silence of a holy stillness surrounded me and all the realm of space that I could comprehend.

The people were not material in form, yet they were as tangible as though they were of the very sod of the earth. And while a holy calm rested on my soul, and a restful feeling pervaded the very air around me, I did not care to seek for knowledge yet.

Had I left earth for good and forever; or, was I on a visit to a, to me, unknown sphere?

Let me rest from the cares of earth life yet awhile, and I will find out. And if I can do so, I will return and take up the duties of earth-life again. And it may be that after a time I will again visit this paradise of souls, and see again for myself, what this region is like.

Oh! that I could dwell forever in this calm solitude of stillness—yet, not a solitude—a home to rest in, a space where man can rest—a suspension of the daily grind of earth-life.

I will rest awhile, anyway, and then, when duty calls, I will go—go whither—where can I go?

Was I not home last night; and did I not see the loved and loving wife, with the little one sleeping sweetly in its mother's arms, thinking of me, and of home and mother? Did I not sit by the grate, and muse upon the wonders of my visit to the home that I had not yet left? Where am I, that I should travel where I wish, and not leave my home either? Who am I, that I should be favored thus?

I will talk to the wife—she can tell. She doesn't hear me. I will shout it in her ears—again; and she hears me not. She as sweetly sleeps as though she, too, had passed into a region of harmony, where the joys of life are made beautiful.

I'll go back to the realm of utter silence; and it may be that they will tell—Oh! I am there now.

I ask: What is it? and they tell me that I am a spirit, who has left the earthly body, and now dwell in spirit, in the realm of spirit.

Can it be that I am dead? No; I am not dead—I will not die—my work is not done yet—I will not die.

Some one says gently and so softly: "You cannot die. Man

never dies. No; man never dies. His soul goes forever marching on."

And I am now marching on along the path of progression, before I know it; and I am fulfilling the destiny of man.

Earth life was short—oh! so short—a fleeting breath, a day-dream, at best; a shadow life through which we must pass, to reach the real life—the soul life. And I am a spirit—yet I am a man as much as ever.

How long have I been in spirit-life—how long? Who knows—who can tell? The joys of this spirit-life have blotted out time. But the recording angel of memory says: "Ten years."

Ten years! and it is but as a day. Not a sorrow to mark the days as they go by; not an agony to make Time's ceaseless rounds a misery; no wish for Time to fly—none for it to stay; no care to shake my soul with unrest.

'Tis a joy to do the duties of this my spirit-life; 'tis a pleasure to obey the behests of love, and to visit earth with messages of peace to earth's toiling children; 'tis a joy to teach to those below me, and a radiant heavenly pleasure to learn from the higher life, the daily duties of this our lower spirit-life. 'Tis a realm of bliss to live, to live a life of usefulness for the millions around us.

Higher and higher we climb up toward the joys that await the striving soul. Hope lifts us up and makes work and duties alike a pleasure.

As the years roll by, and time flies on ceaseless wings, the earth and its troubles fade out from our minds, and out of Memory's halls. Yet, when we return to earth, we know that our loved ones who have not joined us, are toiling in sorrow yet. We know that our family is not complete, either on earth or in spirit-life; and as they, one by one, join us here, we lose our hold on earthly things, and drift further and further from earth, and nearer, yet nearer to the Infinite Fount from whence we came. And oftentimes we think of

"Oh, Death! Where is thy sting?
Oh, Grave! Where is thy victory?"

For the soul of man feels not the sting of death of the earthly body; nor does he know anything but victory over the grave.

"Earth to earth; ashes to ashes; and the Immortal Soul to the great Infinite Source from whence it came," holds good now—will hold good forever, as long as man shall dwell on the footstool of the Great Spirit—the Infinite Ruler of this Universe of Worlds.

Death as a Process of Life.

BY. J. O. BARRETT.

A TERROR TO HUMANITY—DOUBT AND FEAR TWO GRIM DEMONS—
LAW OF MENTAL MOMENTUM—SCIENCE AND THE CHURCH—
UNIVERSALISM—THEOSOPHY—TYNDALL—RELIGIO-SCIENCE.

Death—no other word in the English language strikes people with such terror as this. As generally accepted and personified, it clouds all hopes, blasts all expectations, glooms all the walks of life. Despite the “silver lining” the poets may weave around it, there remains a dark numbral into which no light from the authoritative pulpits can come, except what may be borrowed from stereotyped pages which of themselves are deader than the dead over which humanity tortures itself with doubt and fear—the two grim demons of an animalized theology. It embraces an ideal so loaded down with falsities, so damaged by diseased imaginations, so debasing to aspirational character, so utterly contradictory to nature’s orders and functions, and therefore so degrading to science and civilization, it ought to be conventionally eliminated from the lexicon, and some other word, expressive of the truth, substituted.

The Greek word Apotheosis, signifying a ceremony by which ancient nations raised their kings, heroes and great men to the rank of deities, is used to-day by some Spiritualists as better expressive of the soul’s departure from its body. The ancients personated and symbolized to the senses the beautiful mysteries of life; and what could be more expressive in the public pageantry than to let fly an eagle or other royal bird from the summit of a burning wooden structure, which was to rise with the flames to the heavens, to illustrate the ascension of the imperial soul from earth to the society of the gods?

The word transition—signifying passing by or over, a change—comes nearer perhaps to the philosophy of the life-

law involved, and this is used by Spiritualists quite extensively, particularly on funeral occasions. Others prefer the word translation, but this has objection, having reference to language or version. Transfiguration is very expressive, meaning to change to something glorious. Transformation is perhaps the choicest word in our tongue that defines the angelic relation, signifying a state of being transformed, having a new embodiment of the departed spirit. It would be well for Spiritualists to conventionally select the word, so that there may be an agreement. By so doing we can more readily render the word death obsolete, and the truth, thus mentally pictured, will tend to clear away the brooding gloom that people feel when a dear one is transformed into the imagery of angelic life.

They who have caught the spiritual light of the ages, flickering but dimly at the best; who have had glimpses of the hereafter, and therefore disavow all affiliation with creeds or churches that darken rather than enlighten the understanding, much less warm the heart to faith and hope and love, should never use the word except where one has stultified the spiritual senses in "trespasses and sins."

I suppose we ought to pardon the aiders and abettors of the "dead theology," handed down from the barbarous past. Persons who have "eyes to see but see not" things spiritual, must necessarily be carnal. Put sacerdotal robes upon them, and they doubtless do their best formulating dogmas expressive of the plane they occupy; and as so many are equally blind and easily led by a more masterly blind class, inductive to fellowship with and in the dead ruts, we must be charitable and credit in the "book of life" for helping humanity forward at "a poor dying rate."

I said the barbarous past: perhaps this phrase may not be just. The most hopeful outlook of humanity is its natural and unwarped intuitions. Men, and women too, like power, and it can never be so effectually wielded as to frighten people into surveillance. It is no doubt true, that they who have carved out a personal devil and a literal hell of fire and brimstone, were more devilish in incentive than saintly, more hellish than heavenly, and not a little fiery and brimstone in dispositions. Such an origin is barbarous through and through, and socially contagious, too, like a pestilence; but the barbarous of a love of power to domineer over others and monopolize, professionally, even respectability; the artificial barbarous which builds its citadel to-day on

the debasement of human nature ingrained or acquired, which butts against science and philanthropy to hold its position, may not be so much of the past as of the present, occupying the throne of tyranny pretentiously close to the "throne of grace."

I prefer to take counsel of the so-called uncivilized, even of the poor Indian when not spoiled by false notions that blotch the beauty of primitive Christianity. Since he "sees God in clouds and hears him in the wind," I know he worships there without dogmatic sophistry, and is better fitted to instruct me than the Pharisee who presumes to know the mind of God and owns death besides.

But I can learn the most of unfettered life by a child, not such as David said truthfully of himself—"shapen in iniquity"—but the welcome child of love and intelligence that the Nazarene blessed, saying, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." There I best "read my title clear to mansions in the skies;" there do I find the deathlessness of innocence and moral beauty—attributes that angels have and I must have ere I can ask triumphantly, "O death, where is thy sting?"

We should always calculate for the law of mental momentum. Science has already undermined the traditional properties of death, but the creed yet holds the fort in desperate defense against the reserved convictions of the more thoughtful. As a rule, rational business men and women—pillars, too, of the church—secretly take no stock in the "dead creed," but let it stand because it is venerable with age, and probably will stand, occupying the throne till it crumbles down. "The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death"—as true conventionally as physically or mentally. It has to be burned out of the understanding and affections by the fire of truth. None escape from its shadows and blight except them who are "spiritually discerned" and "know the power of an endless life." Material science is preparing to cancel the "death warrant" that has been read every Sunday in Christendom for centuries. Even when this victory is consummated, and not a shred is left of death, yet the sad impress it has made upon humanity will remain, and the grave be looked upon as a dark portal all must enter, either to pass on or halt forever, until we have in the pulpits and on the rostrums media whose very presence shall be so luminous with spirituality, that the hearts of the hopeless and the mournful there shall pulse with immortal yearnings, feeling the spring-time of a "new heaven and a new earth."

The doctrine of the indestructibility of life and matter, as entities, has been demonstrated by science, and religion appropriates it. Let us be grateful for the progress of the churches. Like the sunshine, truth will pry open the shells of ecclesiasticism. The latest editions of sect necessarily take the advance guard. Unitarians are giving death a rational coloring. Ralph Waldo Emerson, crediting Swedenborg for scattering "the shadow of Calvinism and of the Roman Catholic purgatory," well expresses the status of the Unitarians on the problem: "Death is a natural event and is met with firmness."

The Universalists, a fighting reaction from orthodoxy, but nowadays "at peace with all the world and the rest of mankind," have splendidly succeeded in disrobing the hell-garment from death. Following suit, to be at the head of progress, the Christian Scientists (as if the adjective Christian makes a truth more truthful than when standing alone on its intrinsic merits) aver, "There is no matter, and therefore no death to scare us." This is whittling death down to a fine nothingness. Is there not something the matter with them, too? How could they even say so without using the force of matter by the organs of speech and the breath of matter to articulate such an idea? Lame as are their premises about the "nothing of something," they are certainly ahead of the sacred(?) postulate, that the changeabilities of the shapes of matter are the antipodes of life. They, too, are showing death to be but a scarecrow to "haud the wretch to order."

The Theosophists—God bless them—spiritually blend the oriental and occidental as perhaps the best exponent of a "Parliament of Religions" yet extant. It is somewhat anomalous to note that, though they are trying to burn out the very eyes of death, destructive to popular orthodoxy, they are not so highly favored as Spiritualists, from whom they have borrowed light, of being persecuted for righteousness' sake.

No class of thinkers so intuitively reveal new facts of an "Infinite Energy," as Tyndall puts it, for scientists to analyze as Spiritualists. It is to be hoped that they will not fall into the meshes of that pseudo-transcendentalism which affirms that life and death, as opposites, are merely "modes of motion." I see no basis of philosophy in the hypothesis, that there is no elemental substance in the effects of causes. Condition of matter, both in cause and effect, better expresses the truth here; condition

of body vitally polarized, condition of body depolarized or dissolving by another vital process, falsely known as the antithesis of life—death.

The new religio-science, born of all the past, fresh revealing in the present, named Spiritualism without a convention, is a positive substantialism. Here it may be asked:

“Is not death also a condition of matter and therefore a something?”

We must so affirm, were a so-called dead body absolutely void of life; but this condition is as impossible as it is for air not to infill an open vacuum. Life is, so to speak, a vital air, a vital essence permeating to the most divisional elements of matter, always tinged and modified by the condition of such elements. Did you ever envelop yourself with the sphere of a friend undergoing the process of spiritual transformation, misnamed dying? Try it if you can endure it, and feel as I have felt, what a tremendous power it is, the rising force far exceeding the reactionary force—

“Trembling, hoping, linking, flying,
O the pain and bliss of dying!”

Bliss for the spiritually minded.

If never before you will then learn the truth, which Plato uttered in his celebrated dialogue of *Phaedo*, that “Whatever is the principle of motion, is incapable of destruction.”

One of our risen saints, Prof. Wm. Denton, wrote a book, entitled “*The Soul of Things*,” in which he demonstrated that the material universe is so sensitized by its pervading life as to contain a registry of all events in the eternal past; that effects with their causes are there set in light readable by clairvoyants and psychometrists; that such seership alone will yet produce the only true history of our world. In all this enchanting revelation there is not a tracery of that oblivious negation, known as death. The soul of a child comes into our world crying, and goes out sighing for its former home in the heavens, but even that cry and that sigh are to such media repeatable by the things they touched as are voices repeatable by the phonograph.

Ezekiel (chap. 28) speaks as voicing the Lord in the mountain: “Thou hast walked up and down in the midst of the stones of fire.” Luke (chap. 19) tells us about the Pharisees who demanded of the Nazarene, that he rebuke his disciples for shouting, “Peace in heaven and glory in the highest.” Jesus replied: “I tell you that if these should hold their peace, the stones would

immediately cry out." The inspiration of the joyful occasion registered itself upon the stones, and if smothered in the channel where it infilled to the brim of soul, it would voice itself where it next could, from the listening stones that caught up the divine afflatus.

"Pity 'tis 'tis true," that minds avowing rationality, deny even the spiritualizing processes by which the so-called "dead stones" "pave the way for new forms of life. The stones—how old are they? Ask the sun that crystallized them. How long "dead?" Ask the glaciers that ground them fine. Ask heat and cold that unhinged their continuity, preparing for vegetation to take root. What specially contributes to this evolutionary transformation on the lower strata of creation, is carbon found in limestone, marble, chalk, calc-spar, and probably in every other material thing. Nature's chemistry, whose retort is never out of order, is crumbling, oxydizing, refining, spiritualizing till the carbon, locked for ages, becomes a compound known as carbon dioxide, or carbonic acid gas, that exists more or less sublimated in all waters, in all fires, in all animal beings, in all alcoholic fermentations (even to the sugars of our ripened fruits), in the very air we breathe, everywhere serving as the central element of organic nature. Where obtains the factor of death here? The whole process is vitally resurrectional.

"There is no death;
What seems so is transition."

The leaves, which no human art can equal—for we cannot create life—are vital batteries, that by the aid of the electric rays of the sun decompose the dioxide, appropriating the carbon and giving the oxygen of the compound to animal and human beings. Thus "each kingdom lives and thrives on what the other rejects." There is no death here; it is all the operation of life, the same that is constantly taking place in our bodies. Chemical change is life in action. There is not a moment of absolute standstill or deathness, even after the hallowed silence of the last breath. Oxydation is at work while the bereft weep. Heat is evolving in the grave where the house the departed spirit lived in is reverently buried. Life is working miracles there, preparing support for plants and animals again. We weep there because from the sensuous plane, we cannot see our beloved gone before, except through a mediumistic "glass darkly." To weep then is natural, and relief to the pent-up sorrow; but were we "spiritually dis-

cerned," what a solace, what a joy is ours, for then the transformation from a ripe old age to a rejuvenated life appears to the rapt vision serene and sweet as the sleep of an infant cradled on its mother's bosom.

Right here is something sacred to think of: The more refined the constituents of our bodies by temperate habits, and the impressment of spiritual affections, the better fitted are they at the blessed hour of transformation to enter into the higher forms of life, serving eventually as particles enwoven into the garments angels wear.

We have seen that decay of material structures is a vital process, of preparation for further developments. Are we to infer from this chemical law that, as Tyndall formulates the hypothesis, matter contains, ingrained in itself, "the promise and the potency of every form and quality of life?" That it can and does rise without any power superior to its own by a sort of intelligent capillarity, above its normal plane of inertia? We shall have to affirm it, if the established fact that water can rise no higher than its source, is a lie. If true, that unconscious matter instinctively transforms itself into forms superior to itself, absolutely creating conscious intelligence for a master, then stones, naturally of their own volition, do grow into vegetations, and vegetations into animals, and animals into human beings, and the brains of human beings grow into rational intelligence!

The unavoidable deduction from these premises is, as an eminent materialistic scientist affirms, that "the brain secretes thought the same as the liver secretes bile." According to this, thought or intelligence is the effect only and not the primal cause of bodily structure and brain action; hence the dissolution of the structure is the absolute death of conscious intelligence—gone forever! Properly named, this is the "Science of Death." It is the same as to say, the house makes the mechanic who constructs it. Only this monstrous absurdity can enthrone death in the churches. Let us not rob our honest brothers and sisters, impalled in "dark matter," of the consolation they can get from the flowers that grow on the grave of buried hopes. Let us not hinder them the pleasure of scientific(?) meditation over the chemical changes going on in the rotting flesh and bones of their friends that feed the flowers, believing that is all there is left of them. The old church, yet extant, continues to bellow: "Let us build a monument to Death!" Is the church very anxious about such a structure? It need not be, for the materialists are man-

ufacturing the dead bricks for the church to lay up in dogmatic mortar.

We who are looking on need not be disturbed as to the durability of such a "Tower of Babel." The rain of heaven will green it over; the topmost stone will sing of immortality when the morning "sun of righteousness" touches it; a single spirit rap will shiver it to its foundation.

An apostle speaks of a class "who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage." They who have not risen above the sensuous plane fear to die, the same as an animal does. They have not "passed from death unto life"—spiritual. Their spiritual senses are not yet open; hence little or no light from the angel side can enter their understanding and affection. Spirituality in personal consciousness is just as much an acquisition as is any grade of knowledge. One must seek it to possess it. "Knock and it shall be opened unto you." When the seeker at length finds this "pearl of great price," there is less and less desire for mere signs or flickering appearances, being "born again," so to speak, and living above all fellowship with death.

Church people, as a rule, fear death, because the instilled dogma of death has darkened their understanding; and this fear is intensified into gloom because of the correlated factors of hell and an incarnate devil ever haunting their misdirected senses. Such fear does not very closely apply to materialists, for they are too busy at practical reform to think much about it. Believing they are to go out of conscious identical existence when death comes for its own, they resolutely "resist the spirit," and thus engender a mental sphere so agnostically dense and doubt-repellant to the approaches of spirits, they are unable to procure any tangible and satisfactory evidence of immortality. They refuse to employ the conditions prerequisite to such evidences. A splendid heroism is theirs, fighting morally poisonous dogmas, breaking chains of slavery, defending the Constitution against putting an idol god in it, and the world is better for their battles for liberty and justice. Hence they will not be out in the cold, but enter in "at the door." What they have done for free thought and free speech are qualitative sureties of ascension to like high planes in the spirit world. Theirs will be a glad surprise when they wake out of the sleep of their materialistic death, privileged to unbox their church brothers and sisters and give their creed-bound and half-starved souls some "angel food."

Because the human body has been developed from the past

eternity of evolution, inheriting the basic principles of an all-life structure, clipping off, rounding up, battling, suffering, conquering, ever perfectible but never perfect, does it follow that the material or matter of his body, including the patterns preserved, contains in itself alone "the promise and the potency of every form and quality of life?"

Physics teach us that motion or a "mode of motion," if you please, results from a force acting on or in matter, considered in a state of inertia. Stone crumbles into dust because oxygen acts on it. The atmosphere emits light because the sun sets it on fire. There is no vegetation without sunbeams coming down from above to our life-ingermed world.

Why is it that improved grasses and flowers and fruits, and improved domestic animals, and improved institutions and governments, are constantly developing, more beautiful and useful in our day than in the past? Why? Because a higher genius than themselves is at work here, selecting, classifying, educating the latent powers. In this sense man is creating his own paradise to live in. As man is the coronation of all the fittest forms of being, so is he the master builder of all, the conqueror of all deaths to build anew, and through him and by him creation progresses.

Do you not see that it is impossible for this resurrectional process to obtain from the lowest forms of life to their crowning excellence in the human structure, unless there be a superior genius correlated with and acting on all as the inciting force? Let us not attempt the folly of trying to find an outside to universal matter and structure. It may satisfy the theologian to conclude there is a God outside of the universe who made the universe out of nothing! This is not very tenable ground for a common-sense thinker.

The life-forms of matter may be analogously compared to a tree. It grows because the tri-fold forces of the soil, water and sun are at work on and in it. When in leaf the spirit principle in the whole operation quickens it into a form of life and beauty. Apply no arbitrary mathematical measures here. The spirit principle, or better, the spiritual world, as an all-pervading, all-quickening, all-enlightening energy, is inseparable from its corresponding forms. Man in natural form is not the form and prey of death, but of life in transitional experiences, administering support to the spiritual man who made that very house to live in during one cycle on the earth plane of being.

"There is a spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth him understanding." Man is rational because he is spiritual; he aspires for something higher because a higher spirituality attracts him. The simple fact that he thinks of and yearns for the spiritual and immortal, is proof positive that he is spiritually endowed, superior to death, and master of all things.

A spiritual world—this is the substantialism of the universe! This is causative of the natural world. All the substances of the natural world, all its forces, its lives, its forms, its conscious activities through the senses, have their causes in the spiritual world. The "Infinite Energy"—another name for Conscious Divinity—threads pulsing its own life through all the universe as its soul of souls, whose demonstrations are the "forms we see," serving as mediums of spiritual revealment thus typed to view.

Man and woman are the life-images of the spiritual world, therefore destined to inhabit it when its virtues are their virtues and beatitudes. This descent is involutinal; taking up the natural to image forth the spiritual in use is evolutionary, completing the circle of never-dying life. There are no partitional walls between these worlds; they are conjoined and interchangeable. We look for the return of angels and spirits inhabiting the one having more interior and higher planes, because they belong to our world and we to theirs; because we are going there; because we have "laid up treasures there," and will possess and enjoy them when we are worthy of our privileged right. Hence the angels and spirits do return when our condition and affection invite them, and lo, all the universe is ablaze with the life and light of immortality.

"Shall we know each other there?" As surely as we know each other here. Conscious identity is imaged in the natural, upon our forms, our faces, our voices. We touch each other in recognition, not by muscles and nerves, but by spheres. The origin of identity is spiritual, enshrined in the natural. It is a deathless attribute of the spirit, real, the same as are conscious intelligence and affection, developing in unison as one angel man and woman.

Continuity of Life Provable.

BY G. W. KATES.

SPIRIT INCARNATE IN THE PHYSICAL PROJECTIBLE—PROOF POSITIVE
IN AUTHENTICATED INSTANCES—PERSONAL EXPERIENCES OF
THE AUTHOR—MARVELOUS PHENOMENA.

It is often said that the continuity of life is provable only by the intercommunion of the incarnate and excarnate intelligences, either by personal interchange, or through occult forces. The varied phenomena of spirit production, whether mental or physical, have taught the human family that there is continuity of life beyond the grave.

These evidences were made necessary both by human and spirit need. The people were losing faith in past revelations and demanded present facts—and they omitted to hear and see evidences everywhere in the fields of Nature. In all physical forces we hold the operation of spirit as the real force. Matter is but evolved spirit—and spirit is always the reality of matter. This applies to all forms vegetable and animal, as well as human.

A plucked rose withers and fades with undue haste, when worn by a psychic under a personal spirit control. Why? Because the spirit person obtains the spirit part of the rose, or flower. We have seen this effect frequently. The controlling spirit has said they carry away the real flower. Then the spirit flower is incarnate in the earthly flower and shows us how these blooms are produced in the spirit-world—hence all plants are thus evolved into that kingdom of nature, by the process of what we call death. Death, decay and dissolution, are, therefore, the processes by which higher forms and continuity of entities are evolved.

If this is true of vegetable life, it must also be of animal life; and if not of these, then it cannot be of humans. There can be

no continuity of existence for humanity unless there is of every atom of matter whether embodied with consciousness or unconsciousness. A spirit dog, horse, cat, or other animal, is frequently seen by the clairvoyant person. Animals possess a sentient power not always developed in the humans. Dogs are good psychometrists—they sense the psychic emanations of their master or a fugitive, and surely overtake them. These are proofs of a spiritual projection and of animals possessing spirits that do not die with the physical of earth.

Crude matter, even, cannot be destroyed. No chemist ever destroys matter; fire does not destroy; death does not destroy. All these only eliminate the spiritual elements. Form and not force is destroyed—and form is only changed.

Nature is the great revealer of immortality—its book is the only true Bible—its voice is the only positive voice of God.

These predicates can be discussed and proven *ad libitum*; but I desire these generalities to premise the recital of a little incident that I will vouch for as one of the actors. I think this will be evidence that our spirit self, bodily, is incarnate in this earthly self; and that the spirit can be projected independent of the physical. If this is so then we can readily accept the statement of clairvoyants and spirits that the spirit is born out of the physical body immediately after so-called death.

In the year 1888, at the time of this incident, my wife was in Atlanta, Georgia, and I was in Chattanooga, Tenn., one hundred and forty miles away. It is well-known that Mrs. Kates is a public trance medium; but this was her first experience of self-projection, as her trances were always positively unconscious. She knew absolutely nothing when under spirit control, even when lecturing. On this occasion it was her parents' usual evening for a home circle, and she was at home with them. I felt an impulse to be en rapport with the home circle. My first thought was to sit in my hotel room, alone. But I resolved to visit an old lady medium, of most excellent gifts and reputation, Mrs. Clanny. I did so. We sat at her table for a peculiar manifestation she received. The clock had just struck eight, when the medium suddenly exclaimed: "There's Zaida!" (That is my wife's name). I turned suddenly, thinking she had entered the room, but seeing no one, I asked, "Where?" The medium replied: "I see her standing beside you with her hand upon your shoulder."

Then the medium told me she had vanished. This was a

startling occurrence! Was my wife dead? was the natural question.

Spirit controls assured me that the manifestation was only purposed by them, and bade me write for the full facts. I wrote to Mrs. Kates that night and asked for a relation of occurrences in the circle, and gave no information of my experience. Back came the reply from Mrs. Kates: "We sat as usual in the circle. I at once became so affected that I prostrated myself upon the bed. My folks tell me that I became cold and rigid as in death. I, however, was traveling in the air over country towns and rivers. Finally I descended into a city and heard the clock strike an hour, but did not count. In a moment I was standing by your side, and heard some one say, 'There's Zaida!' I next found myself awakening upon the bed and my folks vigorously striving to rub me back to life."

Did she travel that one hundred and forty miles? She said she did. She had the experience. She heard some one say, "There's Zaida." The medium spoke those words to me, and said she saw Zaida. The evidence is corroborative. The fact is that Mrs. Kates was out of her earthly body. But, you say, she could not return, if so separated. The projection was not by her will; she had no idea of such an occurrence about to happen. She did not seek for it—but the fact was forced upon her. Who forced it? Her spirit controls. They undoubtedly managed the phenomenon. Under their care she made the journey. Our spirits, then, as well as our bodies and brains, can be controlled by ex-carnate spirits.

Mrs. Kates said she realized a connecting line to her body. That being unsevered she could return. If the life connection were severed, she could never have returned to her earthly body.

No one can be raised from absolute dissolution and restored to earthly existence. So-called death is but the dissolution of the spirit body from the earthly body.

A young lady was pronounced dead. I rubbed her hands and body, and said, "You shall not die!" She soon gasped for breath and said: "Why did you bring me back?" She afterwards said she was above her body and looking at it and felt glad to be free from it. She heard the physician pronounce her dead. But dissolution had not completely occurred, although the heart action could not be detected, and death's coldness had stricken the limbs. But magnetism warmed back the retiring spirit and the body was reinhabited. Had the life-line been entirely severed

she could not have been resurrected; and we think neither could have Lazarus.

These are facts to prove that our spirit bodies are born out of the earthly ones, and that immortality is a natural fact in life, not dependent upon any plan of an infinite mind, but the positive universal result of an infinite law working positively to beneficent effect from divine causation.

A Temporary Parting.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Parting with friends is temporary death,
As all death is. We see no more their faces,
Nor hear their voices, save in memory.
But messages of love give us assurance
That we are not forgotten. Who shall say
That from the world of spirit comes no greeting,
No message of remembrance? It may be
The thoughts that visit us, we know not whence,
Sudden as inspirations, are the whispers
Of disembodied spirits, speaking to us,
As friends who wait outside a prison wall
Through the barred windows speak to those within.

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The Higher Concept of Death.

BY HON. A. B. RICHMOND.

PAINFUL TO THE COMMON MIND—MEMORIES FADE WITH PASSING TIME—THE HOPE OF THE CHRISTIAN NO EVIDENCE—OUR CONCEPTION DEPENDS UPON PROOF FROM THE SPIRIT-WORLD.

“O Death! the poor man’s dearest friend,
The kindest and the best!” —Burns.

“To die is landing on some silent shore,
Where billows never break, nor tempests roar;
Ere well we feel the friendly stroke, ’tis o’er.” —Grath.

“When a body dies on earth a soul is born in heaven,”
—A. J. Davis.

To the common mind the thought of death is ever painful. It is associated with bereavement and the pain of dissolution. We leave behind us all the pleasures and endearments of life; all our earthly ambitions and aspirations; all our unfinished schemes for the acquisition of wealth, and projects of personal aggrandizement.

All those we cherish and love leave us at the brink of the grave, and to them we live no more save in the memories of the past. And we know that even these memories will fade away with passing time and then we shall be remembered no more. The lives and actions of the greatest and best of mankind are but ripples on the stream of human life, or bubbles on its surface, soon to be lost in the great sea of human destiny. As a name written upon the sand of the ocean shore, which every succeeding wave renders less and less distinct and finally totally obliterates, so have the lives and histories of nations been written and erased by the unceasing flow of the current of human events, demon-

strating that in all animated nature the laws of life and death move side by side, and that physical death is the unalterable destiny of all living. But this unvarying law only applies to the physical world or Kingdom of Matter and not to the realm of thought, mind or spirit.

In vain do men seek to perpetuate the memory of warlike deeds or the personal greatness of kings and conquerors by memorials of bronze or granite. These by the aberrations of time and seasons crumble into dust. Or if for centuries they survive decay and death, yet like the temples, pyramids and sphinx of Egypt, their origin is lost in obscurity, as they are buried in the drifting sands of passing centuries.

Human testimony can only with certainty preserve the records of human events, and with them ends all our knowledge of the past, and from them alone can we predict the future of our race on earth. The great problem of death and the mysteries of a future life can only be solved by the positive evidence of those who have crossed the boundaries of the unknown, and who yet live and can return to us. If we do live and preserve our personal identity beyond the grave, then our conception of death must depend upon the evidence we have of our conditions in the spirit-world; and this evidence can only come to us through spirit manifestation. The hope and faith of the Christian is no evidence of a future life, and any concept of death founded thereon is as visionary as a dream. We know that once we were not and that now we are. We know that naught but infinite power could have created us, and we may logically reason that the power that can create can continue our existence beyond the phenomenon called death. It is equally evident that we are not a purposeless creation; that there must have been some object, design or purpose in bringing us into being by the power that caused us to exist. Is it probable, then, that this purpose is accomplished in the brief period of the life of man? When we consider the power of human intellect, its varied capabilities in acquiring knowledge, its longings and aspirations for something higher and better than it already knows, is it probable that the Infinite Intelligence that caused it to exist would by death destroy it with its longings ungratified, its ambitions unrealized—would inscribe "Excelsior" on the banner of the human mind and then, at the very base of the eminence it might attain, furl it in the silence and oblivion of the grave?

But in vain do we theorize, or seek by logical deductions to

prove the continuity of life. The wish is often the parent of the conclusion, and there is no certainty but in demonstration by physical facts. Life is evidenced by movement and nervous sensation, and when the organism that possessed it is disintegrated by death and decay there is no scientific evidence that it will live again. The alembic, the crucible and microscope of science have invaded every portion of the material kingdom of earth; by the spectroscope and the telescope science has penetrated the regions of stellar-space; by synthesis and analysis has built up and torn down every combination of the material elements now known to man. But science admits that as yet she has not even crossed the borders of the realm of future discoveries in the psychic world of mind and soul. She is now but playing with the painted shell and pebble she has found on the shore of the great sea of the unknown, while the mysteries beneath its restless waters are unnoticed or unseen. Verily will the child of the future be wiser than the man of to-day. And now do we see through a glass darkly that which in the future we shall see face to face. There is no reason why the phenomena of life and its inseparable companion death should not yet reveal their mysteries to enquiring man, but this knowledge can never be revealed by faith, even though it be gilded by hope.

Nothing but demonstration, clear and positive, will ever fully satisfy the longings of the human soul or meet the demands of reason and reflection.

If there is a future life in which we preserve our personal identity, it will never need the complicated apparatus of scientific investigation to prove it. The pen or pencil, or any other simple device by which human thought and intelligence can be transmitted or recorded is all the paraphernalia the human soul requires to manifest its presence and personality.

In all the innumerable volumes of the personal mentality of the past no two pages or paragraphs are alike. Human experiences and memories compose the separate histories of the individuality of all who have lived and died, and can only be related by each separate intelligent personality. Therefore when the secrets of the so-called dead are repeated by any device whatsoever, as by pen, pencil or planchette, it proves conclusively that the intelligence that once lived in the past, now lives, and may so live forever. This proof is absolute demonstration, and depends not on the logic, or hope or faith. As no one knows our secrets but ourselves, so can no one but ourselves relate them. And if when our

bodies exist only in dissipated elements, or the dust of the grave, our secrets yet live and are whispered in the darkened seance-room, or are written on slate or tablet, then is it demonstrated that there is no death of the mind or soul, and that individual intelligence, loves and memories never die. This is the higher concept of death. This the evidence of immortality; this the only positive proof that we live beyond the grave.

Spirit phenomena is as clearly demonstrative evidence of immortality as the problems of Euclid prove the propositions they demonstrate, and "*vincit omnia veritas*"

Observe: A fact was once known only to one individual. The form or physical personality of that person no longer exists. Material disintegration and decay have long since dissipated the body in the dust of original elements. At a seance either in darkness or light, an inanimate fragment of stone moves intelligently. This clearly proves the existence in our presence of an unseen intelligent force. Science cannot account for it, nevertheless its presence is as clearly established as is the proof of any other physical fact.

On inquiry this intelligence asserts its personality, and proves it by the relation of circumstances only known to that personality when it lived on earth. It gives names and dates as correctly as a living person could narrate present passing events. Here there can be no doubt. Faith does not enter into the inquiry any more than it would in the solution of a mathematical problem. It is not belief alone, but absolute knowledge. We do know that an intelligence of the past is now present and communicating with us, and as the form that once held that intelligence in life has long since passed away, we must know that we are now conversing with the spirit of the so-called dead.

In vain may agnosticism doubt and bigotry deny, yet if any physical effect is proof of a preceding cause, here is evidence of a continuity of a life once of earth, but now beyond the grave, and it positively demonstrates the immortality of the soul.

Oh, why should creeds deny these self-evident facts? Why should bigotry sneer, and prejudice refuse to investigate? All the religions of earth believe the immortality of the soul; why, then, should they reject demonstration and accept only the uncertain evidence of hope and faith, when "faith" is so often a broken staff and hope, but the dream of a day?

The human body is composed of thirteen or at most eighteen elements. These are combined, moulded and formed by what is

called vital energy. This energy must be intelligent or there would not be such an unvarying harmony in the functions of the countless organs in the material body. What this energy is no one knows. It has defied the alembic and crucible of the chemist, and evaded the keen-eyed microscope. It is not confined to this earth alone, but pervades all space and controls the innumerable systems of stellar worlds that throng the boundless fields of ether around us. From whence came this energy seen alike in the shaping of the dewdrop and in forming the planets? No one knows—yet

“That very law which moulds a tear
And bids it trickle from its source,
That law preserves the earth a sphere
And guides the planets in their course.”

This universal energy must be governed and guided by an intelligence commensurate with the awful force it controls. Its administrative power commensurate with the realms it governs with unvarying laws, and from this source must come all the life and intellect of the sovereignty of man. This energy controls all animate existences; pronounces all penal sentences; and by its enactments the law of life walks *pari passu* with the law of death, and all nature bows submissively to its imperative demands.

Is it not evident to the thinking mind that the power that can give and destroy human life can prolong its existence, and if death comes by reason of law, that the phenomena itself must be under its control, and therefore a continuity of mental existence may be as certainly the result of law as the life we now enjoy?

In our conception of death, then, we must view it as a phenomenon governed by law, and the question of life beyond the grave is to be determined by evidence alone; and if spirit communications actually do come to us in phenomena that science cannot explain by any other hypothesis, it is evidence “stronger than proof of Holy Writ.”

Then, too, the intuition of all mankind asserts the fact of immortality; every nation and tribe of earth believes it.

“If, then, all souls, both good and bad do teach,
With general voice, that souls can never die,
'Tis not man's flattering gloss, but nature's speech,
Which like her laws can never die.”

With the orthodox creeds the highest concept of death is “graves and worms and epitaphs” on earth, and probably an eter-

nal home in tartarean flames with demons and devils and the worm that never dies in the world to come.

Even the Roman Catholic church has a more merciful conception of the fate of all living than this, for they have a purgatory, an intermediate state for the souls of the dead, where the penitent spirits may, before the final judgment, expiate the guilt they have incurred through life. This doctrine in a modified form was also held by the Greek church. It remains for the professed followers of the kind and loving son of Mary to libel his name, and the God of the universe with a belief so horrible as to pale the cheek of darkness itself at its contemplation. And they seek to prove this monstrous doctrine from the pages of a book they call the "Word of God."

They quote it in falsehood; seek to sustain it by malign logic, and heap curses and maledictions on the heads of those who dare to deny their libel of a loving creator. The intelligent mind may well wonder that this malevolent creed could ever have been believed even by the ignorance of the past; but that, to-day, under the light of science and civilization, it should find its advocates, is a phenomenon more wonderful than the belief of the ancients in the legends of the innumerable Gods and demons of mythology.

To Spiritualists a higher conception of death deprives it of the gloom and horror with which creedal superstition has surrounded it.

To them it is but the dissolution of the body while it is a new birth of the soul; an open portal from darkness to light; a reunion with those we love who have gone before us; a cessation of earthly griefs and pains and a culmination of all our hopes and aspirations of the future. A new life is before the disenthralled spirit, in which the soul can develop all its latent powers of love and knowledge through all the ages of eternity.

This is the higher and Spiritualistic "concept of death."

"Immortality o'ersweeps

All pain, all tears, all time; all fears,—and peals

Like the eternal thunders of the deep

Into all ears this truth—Thou liv'st forever!"

Evolution of the Spiritual Universe.

BY WILLIAM EMMETTE COLEMAN.

A SCIENTIFIC ANALYSIS OF THE OBJECTIVE WORLD OR WORLDS IN WHICH DEMONS AND DISEMBODIED HUMAN SPIRITS ARE PRESUMED TO RESIDE—THE OLD AND THE NEW IDEA.

By the term spiritual universe is meant, in this paper, the objective world or worlds in which gods and demons, and disembodied human spirits are presumed to reside. Prior to the formulation of the great law of evolution, it was this realm pre-eminently that was regarded as least under the domination of immutable law,—as the condition to which least of all the doctrine of evolution could be deemed applicable.

If the law of evolution is paramount in all departments of the material universe, including all manifestation of mind in that universe, which may be considered an established fact, then, carried to its legitimate sequence, this law should be alike operative in the spiritual universe. The Unity of the Kosmos, and the universal dominance in the material realm of the great primary law of evolutionary development, necessitate that in every department of nature, whether in the material universe or in any other universe, no matter how inconceivable such may be to us in certain directions, in our present undeveloped condition,—the law of Kosmic Unity, I say, and the harmonies of Nature necessitate that in all worlds and in all universes the law of evolution should be regnant. That one part of the Kosmos should be under the rule of law and another under that of miracle, or subject to the arbitrary fiat of one or many personal beings, is in direct contravention of the fundamental principles upon which rests the whole system of the philosophy of evolution.

As, in all departments of the material universe the law of evolution is paramount, it follows that, granting the existence of an

omnipresent Deity, personal or impersonal, his or its sole mode of operation in the creation, or formation, and sustenance of this universe, is through evolutionary law.

Then, if in an infinite universe of matter, the only mode of Deific manifestation is through evolutionary development, it is inconceivable how, in any other universe that may exist, this unchangeable Deity can be manifest in a radically different manner. As God is in the material universe, so must he be in the spiritual, in so far as the same principles are applicable to the two states of being. That the Deity may be manifest on higher and grander planes of being in the supra-material realms is, of course, rational and most probable, if the existence of such realm be conceded; but that these deeper and higher manifestations must be along the line of evolution or law, as adapted to the conditions in which they are operative, will, I think, be granted by every thorough-going evolutionist.

According to the old-time ideas, the state of the human soul was eternally fixed at physical death. With few exceptions, aside from the purgatorial doctrines of the Roman Catholic church, this has been the universal teaching in Christendom in all ages until the present century. At present, if I am not in error, all Unitarians, and most if not all Universalists, accept the doctrine of growth, progress, gradual redemption of the wicked in the after-life. Even among the orthodox the theory of evolutionary growth in the spirit-clime is constantly advancing. The doctrine of the "eternal hope," or possible universal salvation, has many adherents in the Church of England and the Episcopal church in America; and it, with that of probation after death, is also found in Presbyterian, Congregational, and other evangelical churches. Progressive sanctification and growth in grace in the future life, and kindred watchwords of certain followers of the churches, are all so many exemplifications of the evolution of the doctrine of evolution in the most strongly-entrenched strongholds of supernaturalism.

The modifications of the character of the punishments in hell, so characteristic of the latter part of this century, are further ensamples of the progress, in the public mind, of the great law of evolution.

By and through this law, the barbarous notions of the olden days concerning the dreadful fate of the unbeliever and the sinner in the spiritual realm have been almost wholly relegated to the limbo of exploded superstitions. The punishments of the wicked

and the impenitent are now generally regarded as mental or spiritual in character, and it is a growing faith with churchmen generally that the nature of the punishments are in accordance with the character of the offenses committed. Through evolutionary development in legal and personal ethics, the idea that the punishment should fit the crime has been—though crudely as yet—embodied in our statute-books and usages. This idea is being transferred to the realm of spirit; that is, the laws of justice, as formulated by us after many centuries of evolutionary unfolding, have been, in a manner, deemed to be a component in the divine economy of the interior or invisible realm of nature, the abode of discarnate souls. Through the law of evolution, we have outgrown the horrible conception of divine vengeance (mistermed justice) so natural to our undeveloped forefathers; and the doctrines anent the spirit realm are rapidly becoming affected by the workings of this law in the earth's mental realm.

All through the ages the so-called supernatural—the obtrusion of the spiritual realm into that of the material—has been a matter of belief. The religions of all lands are saturated with the miraculous and the preternatural. With the advent of modern science much of the superstition and folly connected with matters of this kind vanished. The universal reign of law being established, of necessity the miraculous and the supernatural, as commonly understood, ceased to exist. But *pari passu* with the establishment of the law of evolution in matter and mind, there was evolved a new phase of that which had been considered supernatural. Its tiny beginnings were in America, from which it has spread over all the earth. It has become a mighty movement in the civilized world, and to some extent has affected the scientific world; since many eminent men of science have been connected therewith and have been more or less favorably impressed thereby, some being sturdy champions of its central claims. The most prominent section of this Neo-Psychology, as it has been called, is usually known as Modern Spiritualism or Spiritism; and, in the rapid growth of this and its congeners, the principles of evolution are again conspicuous. The most interesting feature of this movement—pertinent to this paper—is the fact that from the beginnings of its philosophy, it has announced the universal sway of the law of evolution, both in the realms of matter and of spirit.

If I am not mistaken, the first definite formulation of the doctrine that evolution was the law in all departments of the spiritual universe was in the earlier outcroppings of the philosophy

of Spiritualism; and this idea has been continually advanced in all its more important subsequent literature. The fundamental or basic principle of Modern Spiritualism has ever been "Eternal Progression," both of matter and spirit. Not only is the material universe a product of the law of evolution, but the spiritual realm as well. In "Nature's Divine Revelations," by Andrew Jackson Davis, delivered in trance in 1845-47, the evolution of the material worlds by natural laws is taught, including the development of higher species from lower, and of man from the animal world; also that the spiritual worlds or spheres were evolved from the material world, and that in these spiritual worlds all human souls, by natural evolution, progress eternally nearer and nearer to the Deific Sensorium of the Univercoelum. In Mr. Davis' later works these ideas have been elaborated at great length; and similar ideas are the generally accepted teachings and beliefs of all, or nearly all, Spiritualists. In addition to Davis' writing, books have been published by two other Spiritualistic mediums, claimed to be derived from spiritual sources, and purporting to describe the principles governing the evolution of the physical and spiritual universes; namely, Hudson Tuttle and Mrs. Maria M. King,—the writings of all three being of a remarkable character, psychologically considered, independent of the truth or falsity of their alleged supramundane or inspirational character.

In 1859, a short time before Darwin's "Origin of Species" was published, volume one of Mr. Tuttle's "Arcana of Nature" was issued; and it sought to establish the evolution of the material world by natural law, upon an unteleological and seemingly atheistic basis. In 1860 the second volume of Mr. Tuttle's work came out, devoted to the evolution of the spiritual universe; and its central teaching is this: "If there is a heaven, a home for the spirit, it must have been originated and sustained by natural laws." Mark the radical departure from the old theological landmarks,—a spiritual universe originated and sustained by natural laws.

A few years later was published Mrs. Maria M. King's "Principles of Nature," a work giving more details than any other mediumistic writing regarding the alleged laws of the evolution of the material and spiritual universes. The works of these three writers unite in ascribing the existence of the spirit-worlds to evolutionary law; the first spirit-sphere pertaining to this earth was formed by the evolution of spiritual substance from our planet, the second was evolved from the first, and the third from the sec-

ond, and so on. The forms in the first spirit-world—vegetal, animal and human—were derived from this earth; not that vegetables and lower animals have an eternal individualized existence, man alone having that prerogative. Moreover, by natural evolution, each human spirit progresses from sphere to sphere, acquiring in each a greater knowledge of the laws of nature, and becoming in each more and more endowed with creative attributes, in the sense of improving his surroundings and controlling the laws of nature, as men on earth learn to utilize the latter as they progress in science and knowledge.

The most elaborate presentation of the *modus operandi* of the evolution of the spiritual universe is found in Mrs. King's "Principles of Nature," and her "God, the Father." From the time when the first stable, solid crust was formed on our globe, in pregeologic times, millions of years ago, up to the present, the process of unfoldment and improvement of the earth's spiritual counterpart—the spirit-world proper of this earth—has been going on unceasingly, by the gravitation to that world, from the earth, of its emanations in the form of refined spiritual essences,—the life principles of material elements and forms. *Pari passu* with the growth and upbuilding of the material planet has been the evolution of its spiritual outgrowth,—each primary spiritual world being the natural efflorescence or flowering out into higher and grander spheres of being and action of the grosser, more ponderable physical world from which it was evolved. Spiritual essences that once formed a part of the inner life of our planet now compose its spirit-world,—its land and water, rocks and hills, plains and forests, fruits and flowers, and beasts and birds, as well as its men, women, and children; all are the flowering and fruitage of our old Mother Earth.

So long as the material world continues to produce and build up immortal souls by which the spiritual world shall be inhabited, so long must the spirit-world continue to be, in a measure, dependent upon the spiritual emanations gravitating to its sphere from the material globe. When, in the fullness of time, our Mother Earth shall have completed its mission of individualizing human souls, and through natural decadence and death it shall have passed away, then the time cometh when the first spiritual world, or second sphere as it is called, shall have also fulfilled its task; and it in turn shall likewise pass away, through a process of natural dissolution,—evolution and dissolution being ever correlative in the workshops of the Infinite, dissolution being practi-

cally a stage of evolution, a necessary preparation for grander unfoldments in future.

In a manner similar to that by which the higher spiritual essences of the material planet gravitate to form a spiritual world, so, in turn, do the higher emanations from this spiritual world, this second sphere, its refined essences, gravitate to an appropriate plane of action superior to that occupied by the world from which they spring, and these help to form a second spirit-world, the third sphere as it is called. But not from the sublimated emanations alone from one primary spirit-world or second sphere are formed the third spheres of immensity. The law of universal unity and fraternity becomes exemplified in larger measure in the process of development of each successive series of spirit-worlds. The third spheres are composed of the spiritualized emanations from a number of second spheres pertaining to different planets and systems, united to form one grand associated spirit sphere. Upon the same principle, a number of the third spheres unite in the formation of each of the fourth spheres, and the same law is paramount in the cases of the fifth and sixth spheres; the number of spirit-worlds of each class becoming fewer and fewer at each successive evolution, and the unnumbered millions of immortal souls from the myriads of worlds in space becoming more and more closely associated in fraternal oneness; until, finally, when the seventh spiritual sphere is reached, the highest in the first order of the spiritual universe, there is only one, inconceivable spirit-world for all the entire universe in which we dwell. By our universe is not meant the infinite universe, but only that small section of it, comparatively speaking, with which we are connected. The infinite universe is composed of innumerable minor finite universes (so-called, for want of a better name); and each of these minor finite universes has its own grand seventh sphere just as our finite universe has its one—and only one—seventh sphere.

It has been stated that the dissolution or disintegration of each material planet is followed by the dissolution of its spiritual counterpart, the second sphere; the latter, of course, not occurring until all the inhabitants of the spiritual sphere have exhausted the capabilities of unfoldment pertaining to that sphere. The decay and death of the material planet having stopped the supply of immortal souls to its second sphere, through the law of progress the spiritual inhabitants of that sphere successively pass through its upper circles, and having attained the acme of evolutionary development so far as contained within that sphere, they

plume themselves for higher flights; and passing through a change analogous to that of physical death, in some respects, they bid farewell forever to that lower spiritual state, and in their new spiritual bodies (which were evolved as an inner lining to the grosser spirit bodies of the second sphere, upon the same principle that the primary spiritual body was evolved as an inner lining to the material body on earth,—man thus ever retaining his trinity of outer body, inner body, and inmost spirit,—in their new spiritual bodies they continue existence in the first circle of the third sphere or second spirit-world.

When all the inhabitants of the second sphere shall have departed therefrom, for the deeper glories and grander beatitudes of the third sphere, then having ended its allotted work in the economy of nature, it will cease longer to exist as a form, a body, and it will be dissolved or dissipated, so to speak. In a similar manner, when the inhabitants of each of the third spheres shall have quitted it for the fourth, the former will cease longer to exist in organized form; and the same principle holds good as regards the successive disintegration or dissipation of the fourth, fifth, and sixth spheres respectively; so that at last there will remain in existence only one grand spiritual sphere in the universe, the seventh sphere,—all the lower forms of spiritual worlds having been mere stepping-stones, under Nature's beneficent provisions, over which the glorified spirits of men and women of all material worlds might find entrance at last to the vestibule of the Infinite, the vast and unimaginable seventh sphere of our universe.

The vestibule of the Infinite has this sphere been called above; for it is far removed from constituting a finality in the evolution of the spiritual universe. This sphere is only the entrance-way to the loftier planes of sublimated being, the more transcendent heights of wisdom supernal, power deific, and love celestial, crowning the more interior and exalted realms of spiritual existence. Onward and upward, in an ascending series of orders of spiritual suns and worlds, they rise before our enraptured vision, until finally we reach the perfected sphere of all universes,—the one grand deific sphere of life and love, where the perfected souls of all worlds reign in unison as lords and gods over all lower nature, spiritual and material.

Here it may be said that spiritual evolution, in the present order of creation, reaches its ultimate. Here the wisdom-crowned spirits of the sons and daughters of all past time, who have, through an almost eternal progress, attained to the ultimate

of spiritual being, in complete harmony and unity exercise Deific supervision over all nature; being in fact the God of Nature, in a sense. To this is each human soul in every world inevitably destined to attain in time. Each one of us will be a god or goddess, and in unison with all others on the same plane of being, ever shall, when thus conjoined, exercise, in unity, the prerogative of the God of Universal Being.

In this teaching we find the climax of evolutionary doctrine, God himself, in a sense, being a product of evolution,—the Deific principle existing in nature unindividualized until embodied in man, and, when thus personalized it evolves, by a long course of development into a personalized and individualized God.

Most Spiritualists of the non-English speaking countries believe a somewhat different doctrine. Through repeated incarnations in this and other material worlds, the soul is developed, step by step, until it becomes a supremely exalted spirit. This is but another phase of the doctrine of evolution as applied to spirit.

It is certain that every form of belief, philosophic or theology, that does not adjust itself to the great law of evolution, in spiritual matters as well as in material, must die the death. It is impossible for science to disprove the existence of the unseen spiritual universe; and if such universe exists, we are confident that it must be dominated by evolutionary law. This being the case, the complete adjustment of all theologies and sects to the demands of this law, so far as pertains to the life after death, being imperative, in order to prevent their dissolution, it is clear that for many ages to come, if not for all time, the law of evolution will continue to be made applicable, as regards its nature, sustenance, and general operations, to the so-called spiritual realm.

Dying Child's Experience.

BY O. S. POSTON.

I have known Dr. H.— and his wife for half a century. He was a surgeon in the Union army during the Rebellion, and is a member of the Christian church. His wife was bred a Presbyterian, and they are very intelligent and reliable people. About the year 1870 they had a very bright and handsome daughter, about eight years old, who died of diphtheria, which was prevailing in the place of their residence.

During the night they had peculiar dreams. The father dreamed that the grandfather of the child, who died about 1864, appeared in the vision and said he had come for Florence. The mother at the same time had a dream that her brother William appeared to her and said he had come for Florence. They awoke simultaneously and the mother instinctively put her hand on the child, and remarked to her husband that the child, who was still sleeping, appeared to be feverish; that she was fearful that Florence was taking the diphtheria, and that if she did, she feared she would die. The husband responded that he was afraid if she did take the disease, she would not recover.

The child knew nothing of the dreams or the remarks made by her parents. She did, however, contract the disease, and just before she died she opened her eyes and looked up and said: "Is that you, Uncle Will?" and then seemed to listen to the response of the spirit, and said: "If you have come for me, let me see Ma first," and turned over and gave her hand to her mother and expired.

We thus see that the seeing of spirits by persons in articulo mortis is not confined to adults, but is a vision that even children are favored with. The incidents above stated were communicated to me by the parents, though I do not feel privileged to state their names. They are still alive and reside in Kentucky.

Experience of Drowning.

BY O. S. POSTON.

About one-third of a century ago I became acquainted with Hon. Allan A. Burton. He was a lawyer and strong Republican. He resided in Lancaster, Kentucky, and was the person who procured the 10,000 stands of arms for the Kentucky Home Guard, in the spring of 1861.

He afterwards removed to Illinois, where he died some ten or more years ago. He wrote me some of his experiences. He professed to be a Darwinian, and not a decided believer in Spiritualism. He said he was in Philadelphia and visited a medium, and received a communication from his deceased wife, who addressed him as her "Dear Allen," which appeared curious to him, as no one in the city knew his Christian name.

He spoke of an accident that happened to him whilst in Philadelphia. He said he slipped on the ice, in crossing the street, and fell and struck the back of his head and was knocked senseless, and that his second self stood on the pavement and watched persons bearing his body off.

He said he had an experience somewhat similar many years ago, when he was drowned in a river. After he sunk under the water, he said, two lights appeared before him and they finally united and then apparently expired. That then his second self seemed standing on the river bank and watched his body that lodged under some logs; that he was rescued and resuscitated and told them where they had found his body, which was correct. I wrote and inquired whether whilst drowning he was favored with a panoramic view of his past life, and he replied that he had been so favored.

The Song of Death.

BY J. M. PEEBLES, M. D.

THE FIRST DEATH—THE PHILOSOPHY OF DEATH—THE PROCESS OF DYING—WHERE THE SPIRIT WORLD IS—MORAL CONDITION OF SPIRITS—AXIOMATIC PRELIMINARY—THE ESSENTIAL MAN.

Oh grave! where is thy victory?—Paul.

Smiling, I sing the song of death—the song of transmigration. At the ripe old age of eighty-nine, my mother, an energetic New England woman, sitting in her chair, weary with the work of years, slept into heaven.

Frederick W. Evans, a saintly Shaker, looking towards the nineties, and resting for a few weeks in his study-room, quietly, pleasantly exchanged his plain mortal attire for garments shining and immortal.

“Where shall we bury you?” said Crito to Socrates, after he had drained the poison draught. “Just where you please,” was the reply, “if you can only catch me.” And then he added: “Have I not told you that the body is not Socrates? After dying I go to dwell with the gods.”

Just recently Oliver Wendell Holmes, author and world-famed poet, died tranquilly sitting in his easy chair in his library, while conversing with his son.

“This seems to me an unusually pleasant morning,” remarked the good gray poet Walt Whitman, the day previous to his exit from earth. His death among his books was comparable to passing into an evening’s slumber.

These, as did others, knew how to live and how to die—how to live, because they reached near to a century; how to die, because with no tedious complainings they died sitting in their chairs, being industrious and eminently useful till the time of their departure.

The inmost incarnate spirit in man, which is the man himself, did not originate from nothing. Non-being cannot produce being. Base material mortality cannot evolve immortality; neither can brutality beget humanity and morality. Effects cannot be their own causes.

I am—and not only I am I; but I think, will, reason, and aspire to the higher immortality of the heavens. I am also conscious, and conscious of my consciousness, and likewise conscious of being a potentialized portion of the infinite consciousness, the Over-Soul, the Absolute Reality, God.

And this consciousness in connection with will and reason constitutes essential man—the central magnet of the psychic body, which body, composed of etherialized substances anchored in and infilling every atom and cell of the human form, is the medium between the grosser material body and the spirit (Ruach in the Hebrew, and Pneuma in the Greek)—between the soul-body and the invisible world of spirits.

Life and death are links in the chain of endless being. They ebb and flow like sea-waves. Both are beautiful in their time and turn. Social and sexual unions give the conditions, or prepare the soil for spirit-derived implantations. Human flesh makes flesh, but does not create the spirit. The descent of the spirit into matter constitutes the first death; uterine death, and burial. And yet, the ego, the essential spirit never dies; neither can it be transferred into nor correlated with anything in the wide universe. It is the I am, immortal! The embryonic life, the foetal child hidden and housed in its placenta home, there weaves for itself through cell nutrition inspired by maternal love, a tiny gestative body, which maturing and tiring of its dark prison dies through pain and struggles out of its placenta-imprisonment into this world's sunshine. This was the first death, and the first resurrection. The placenta died, the child lived, the friends rejoiced.

This is summed up in the word change. Growth is gradual—death is gradual. Paul said, "I die daily;" he might have added, I live and grow daily. Every movement of the body causes the death of millions of atoms and molecules. Every white hair is a dead hair. Every facial wrinkle is a tombstone. Death is natural. Human beings die, not because Adam sinned, or because Napoleon crossed the Alps. It is an immutable law of the universe that all physically organized beings and things become disorganized. Physical bodies are but the cloaks and

wrappings of the spirit-man. Dying is throwing off the cloak. Singing birds hatch into sunshine from shells—only the shells die.

The French patriot Ducos, condemned to the scaffold, asked a compatriot—"What shall we be doing to-morrow at this time?" "Annihilation is not our destiny," replied Cano. "We are immortal. These living thoughts, these boundless aspirations, can never die. To-morrow, far away in other worlds, we shall think and feel, and act, and solve the problems of the destiny of the human mind."

"Death is the greatest act of life," said a martyr, "since it gives birth to a higher state of existence."

Honored with meeting Victor Hugo in Paris just as he was leaving Mrs. Hollis-Billings' seance, he remarked, his eyes filled with tears of joy: "These proofs confirm my intuitions of immortality. Should we not rejoice rather than mourn for the dead? We are the dead—the dead in these graves of flesh." In his contemplations he said: "I believe in God and another life. I feel myself immortal. If I face death with a smile, it is because I am sure that we do not wholly die, and that our ego survives. Yes, I believe profoundly in this better world; it is far more real to me than this wretched chimera which we devour and which we call life. I believe in it with all the strength of my conviction; and after many struggles, much study and many trials, it is the supreme certainty of my reason, as it is the supreme consolation of my soul, which at death goes on to pursue a fresh career in the skies."

Do we become unconscious during the process of dying? Some do, others do not. To those who have lived calm, useful and spiritual lives—to those whose years have been many and well-rounded in deeds of love and mercy, there is no cessation of consciousness. The crossing of the crystal river is like a pleasant dream—a vivid lifelike dream after a toilsome day.

The process, as natural as beautiful, involves no disorganization of the soul-body. This body does not die all to pieces when smitten by the icy reaper. The bird does not leave the shell in shattered fragments, and then gather itself together again. Such a theory is supported by neither fact nor philosophy. The spirit—a conscious magnet—is so interrelated to the ego-essences of the soul-body that it holds it fixedly in a continuous organized unity. The pale cloudlike mist seen by seers above and about the dying is there placed by loving guardian spirits during the time of receiving and clothing the newly-born spirit. As there

were those expecting and awaiting the infant's ingress to this world, so are thoughtful loving angels waiting to welcome us at our second birth and clothe us in garments immortal. The beauty and texture of these vestures will correspond to our moral purity. They change according to changes of the mental and moral states. Styles differ according to taste and office. These shining garments in the higher spheres of angelic life are not made with hands. They come to the angels something as the leaves come to the tree, or as colors come to the purpling clouds. The angel that appeared at the tomb was clothed in "raiment white as snow." And so, if we live the true life we will, upon our entrance into the heavenly world, be arrayed in a beauty and a glory above the lilies of the valley or the brightness of the sun, clothing corresponding to character.

Whatever exists must exist somewhere. The locality of the spirit world is not afar off in the starry spaces. It is here. It envelopes us as do the waters the fish of the seas. Everything in its inmost is spirit or spiritual. Pluck a flower and it withers; but the spiritual flower continues to bloom in the invisible gardens of the gods. Man is a spirit now. He lives and walks, veiled, in the Spirit-world now. Clairvoyants get occasional glimpses of its glories. The physical body after death decays and rises through soils and ashes up into the grasses of the field, while the soul-body enveloping the spirit—the higher Ego, phantom-like, to the material touch is substantial to the spirits' touch and to all the senses of spirit life. This is the world of shadows; the higher spiritual world is the one of substances. Here we see and know in part, there shall we know as we are known.

The Spirit-world then is here, there, everywhere. When the death-angel of deliverance comes our friends do not necessarily depart from us, they only cease to manifest themselves through the same physical body. They are no nearer or farther off, as to space, than before the event termed death. It is more correct to say we have departed from them, than they from us. Their attractions and memories continue to draw them to those they love. This love-principle is the ruling force of all worlds. Love is immortal.

To the weary, to the infirm, to the aged, then, how beautiful is death!—this pre-ordained change—this passing through the vine-encircled door into that better conditioned world of spirits, to consciously clasp the hands of those gone before, to study the

new life of the spheres and to reach outward and upward towards the immensities of eternity.

The heavens and the hells are more conditions than localities. Compensation runs like a silver thread through the universe. It is cause and effect—sowing and reaping. The thoughts, words, deeds of the present life weave the net-work murky or clear, dark or bright, of the future. No spirit can get away from himself. Memories like shadows will follow us all. Oh, the bitter, gnawing, crushing pains and agonies of remorse that torture the depraved and the viciously selfish in that retribution and adjusting realm of the hereafter! And yet, God is love. Mercy's door is never shut. Repentance is ever possible, and progress a universal law. Jesus preached to the spiritually imprisoned. The reformers of this life are the preachers in spirit life. The two worlds—all worlds—constitute one grand brotherhood of sympathetic intelligences. Life on earth is only a brief school, a discipline, a pilgrimage; let us, then, kindly help each other along the tiresome journey ere we put our sandals off, and lay our weary burdens down by the cypress trees that shade death's peaceful river.

There Is No Death.

BY COL. A. W. MOORE.

FALSITY OF CHRISTIAN ETHICS—CONTRAST BETWEEN GREEK PHILOSOPHY AND CHRISTIANITY—MATERIALISM OF THE CHURCH—SCIENCE AND SPIRITUALISM.

That nothing ever dies or becomes extinct is a fact that is becoming more appreciated as the tidal wave of enlightenment sweeps over the world. And this law of nature and of spirit is now the bulwark of a new and higher faith among mankind. There is absolutely no death in the universe—only change.

How sad it seems that the lesson of progressive immortality and the routine of universal recuperation should have been so retarded by ignorance!

All through the centuries man has blindly groped amid the material rubbish of so-called scholarship to discover whether, if a man die, he shall live again. The pedantic physician, with his scalpel, has endeavored to fathom the mystery of that which he called death. The priest, following in the lines of barbaric materialism, has steadily floundered amid the fetiches of sensuous systems of thought. He took up with the barbarism of the Jews and the ignorant peoples who thought to appease the wrath of God by slaughtering animals, the history of which is now too repugnant for intelligent minds to consider. Bloody sacrifices constituted the most ennobling thought of the race from whom Christendom distilled the ethics which curse the world to-day. It was quite natural that the craving for the blood of animals should have culminated in the shedding of man's blood, hence we behold the horrid spectacle in Christian temples of an agonized form crowned with thorns, gashed and bloody, stretched upon a cross. To the peoples who have escaped the horrors of mental training in the systems of bloody sacrifice, this spectacle represent-

ing human butchery, is unspeakably abhorrent, and the reason why Christians can look upon it with composure is because they have been trained from earliest infancy to do so. And with this hideous doctrine of the necessity of bloody sacrifice came the revolting doctrines of future torments, encircling the subject of death with the most frightful nightmares of ignorant imagination.

It is not the purpose of this essay to touch at length upon the Christian system of thought which has wrapped the world in gloom and almost sapped the heart of humanity of its hope and faith. Mankind has been taught by Christian ethics that it could become respectable on the merits of somebody else, that, after living a life of shame, debauchery and filthiness, a man or woman could become suddenly fitted to dwell in the paradise of God. Christian ethics overthrow man's moral nature, making it political. The bribing of men to be good and honest, and to love God for the hope of reward, has been the means of robbing man of his moral qualities.

"There is no politics in morality, and no morality in politics." The man who plunges from a vessel into the sea, to save a pauper, without hope of reward, acts from a moral sense; but the man who plunges after the millionaire, with the hope of reward, is a politician. The same rule applies to so-called religious people. If they are good because they hope some day to enter an exclusive heaven or escape hell-fire, their moral natures are destroyed and they become mere politicians.

Is it any wonder that people instructed from infancy in such a system of ethics should recoil from their imaginary death? Is it any wonder that the world is full of hypocrites and cowards? How much grander and ennobling is it to teach moral responsibility and a stern reliance on right living to the young!

The doctrine of hell-fire and the devil is the invention of the wily priest, but there was some excuse for the fraud because the church, having killed intelligence among the masses by the vile superstitions of dogmatic theology, the riffraff of the world became a dangerous menace to governments. The educated knaves, posing as moral teachers, were in danger of the physical power of the ignorance they had fostered. The priests and aristocracy of kingcraft could not control the people. What was to be done? Appeal to the fears of the mobs. So hell-fire was depicted in lurid pictures, a devil was created having the proverbial horns and forked tail. Here were the master and the future abode of all who disobeyed the mandates of the church or

the orders of the king. The barbarians of Europe went on their knees and prayed for mercy. And so it has been for a thousand years, the church has held whips over the intelligence of the people, and generation after generation of men has been born and died in mental bondage. Had the pure and beautiful spiritual philosophy of the Greeks been permitted to continue its sway and extend its glorious influence over the world, instead of being killed and suppressed by the early tyrants of the Christian Church, we would have been blessed with the brotherhood of man more than a thousand years ago. The Greek philosophy established the purest ethics known to man; for two thousand years its spirit permeated the Hellenic intellect, resulting in the accumulation of a literature and art never before equaled and never since surpassed. Its literature is, to-day, the only valuable mental pabulum for our colleges, distorted and misinterpreted as it is by the hands of ignorant men to suit the requirements of orthodox theology. Compared with the Greek, the literature of modern or Christian times is silly trash without a foundation. The Greek culture and art was founded upon the eternal and imperishable rock of spirit—the Christian culture and art is essentially the outcome of materialism.

The very hell-fire and devil of the Christian is grossly material—his resurrection is absurdly material—his heaven is, to his mind, a place where “the streets are paved with gold,” whose foundations are of precious stones; indeed, where material grandeur is displayed by crowns and harps of gold, etc. To the Christian’s eye a wrathful and fickle God sits enthroned to glut his vengeance upon a lot of the silly puppets of his own creation. Could the imagination of the daftest idiot ever have conceived a more stupid or outrageous farce than that of a God creating men and women after his own image in order to roast them eternally in a lake of fire and brimstone?

Talk of miracles! This miracle of human beings believing any such nonsense is the greatest that could be conceived.

How is it that the human family has not risen en masse, spontaneously, and wiped out the breeders of the infernal doctrines which robbed life of its sweetest charms and cheated death of its unspeakable peace and hope? It is because the priest begins his work in the cradle; he poisons the infant mind so that it may grow warped to suit his purpose. He could not possibly get a grown man with any intelligence to believe his stories. Hence it is that the priest hates the public school, that is why he

instituted his parochial school, in which to teach doctrines that are wicked and ridiculous, so much so indeed that they can only be imbibed by infants with the growth of their hair and teeth.

How is humanity to be rescued from the clutches of this colossal fraud of the centuries? Only by the slow processes of moral evolution. So long as there are popes, ablegates, cardinals, archbishops, bishops, deans, canons, archdeacons, prebendaries, rural deans, suffragans, vicars, rectors, priests and deacons so long will there be fools to support them in an aristocratic ascendancy over their flocks. The trouble has been that theology is such a "snap" that many brainy young men went into it for the sake of obtaining money, power and fame. The church militant is like the army, affording many fat livings and pompous titles. A cardinal, for instance, ranks like a major-general. An English bishop ranks as a peer of the realm. About twenty-two of these sleek prelates sit in the English House of Lords in their lawn sleeves and draw salaries ranging from twenty thousand to one hundred and fifty thousand a year! But they have a way of looking up and showing the whites of their eyes, and of speaking so softly, and smiling so sweetly, saying such gracious things that you would never suspect that they were among the proudest of the proud English aristocracy. There are thousands of such church livings in the gift of English dukes, earls and lords which are continually being given to younger sons of the nobility—worldly-minded, sensual, pig-headed snobs; and this system prevails more or less all through the Christian churches in every country—the sensualism, favoritism and greedy struggle for preference and promotion differing with different denominations. We have our fifty-thousand-a-year Presbyterian Talmage, as well as the hundred-and-fifty-thousand-a-year Archbishop of Canterbury. We have our expensive Episcopalian swells of the pulpit, as well as the cheap Johns of the more vulgar Methodist persuasion. But essentially they are all alike, unspiritual, narrow, bigoted and selfish, looking more after the fleshpots than the spirit. Here and there you will find a man whose heart is in the right place but whose mind is twisted out of gear, a good fellow, pious as pious can be, but shallow as a dishpan and empty of spiritual richness, but his congregation has grown to adore his personality and fall under his magnetic power; they all swear by him, and he is, in truth, a very pope amid his followers.

And so it goes—every parish, every district, has its little pope of this, that and the other denomination, and they swarm over the

entire country like rats, breeding bigotry, narrowness and error, all of which culminates in a fear and dread of what they call death to such an extent that they cringe and tremble around the clergy as though the "gentlemen of the cloth" had power to save their dupes from the consequences which naturally follow lives of hypocrisy, dishonesty and selfishness.

To many, especially those who are saturated with Christian dogma, this language will appear uncharitable and unjust. But the fact of the matter is, no language is too severe, no criticism too rasping, no pruning knife too keen for the purpose of destroying the cancer of dogmatic theology, which has been such an unspeakable curse to the human race. Looking down the long vista of the centuries, behold upon every hand the engines of warfare, blood and torture. The hands of the priesthood fired the torches whose lurid flames lit up a world steeped in innocent blood! The priestly mind, imbued with deadly hatred and fanaticism, conceived and brought forth all the implements of torture, and the gibbet, the scaffold and the fagot served the church's purpose in annihilating the bodies of over nine millions of witches and sorcerers during what we call the Dark Ages. The history of the church militant is unfit for publication, and in its decadence we still see the dark spirit of hatred and revenge cropping out, though the ecclesiastical power has been paralyzed by the slow processes of popular enlightenment.

Let us be thankful that in the decadence of churchly power the hydraheaded monster—dogmatic theology—has been torn into innumerable shreds called creeds and denominations. In this diversity of opinion has lain the safety of society. But the church militant is, to-day, like the dead tree whose root has lost its vitality, yet whose topmost branches are still luxuriant with foliage only to flourish a few more seasons and then vanish forever. It has been necessary in this essay to touch briefly upon the materialism that has been engendered by a sensual church which, in order to attract the unthinking millions seized upon all the moral ideas inherent in man, and claimed them as its own. Not satisfied with this, it appropriated every sensuous art with which to fascinate the senses. Music, painting, sculpture, architecture, perfume, flowers, color, all were harnessed to the chariot of error, and amid a blaze of splendor, its potentates and minions have posed before the world as the essence of beauty and holiness. With his triple tiara, surmounted by a globe—typical of universal rule—the head of the church militant has, during the centuries,

been the embodiment of personal vanity, unmitigated tyranny and rapacity.

This has been the institution and these the teachers who brought into the world the dread and fear of that natural and beautiful function commonly called death.

The spiritual philosophy, with loving and gentle hand prints across the dark pages of history these cheering words, "There is no death!"

It bids all mankind enter a new arena of beauty and intelligence, elysian fields on earth, whose glorious pathways lead the student on to the Himalayan heights and to the very gateway of the spiritual world. Nay, they lead further, for those who, by patience and right living, desire to go beyond the veil. In our day millions enjoy communion with the so-called dead, and while still in the body, are permitted to pass for brief seasons to the spiritual plains and behold the evidences of progressive immortality.

Queenly science with its serene and peaceful methods, has gradually, with firm and gentle inspiration, brought the nations of the earth upon higher planes of thought. With unerring skill and unswerving zeal, it has fathomed the mystery of our being. Step by step, through the decades of our century, it has applied the weapons of reason and justice, rather than the sword and bayonet, to unravelling the enigma of so-called death.

The reality of spirit communion with mortals is among the firmly-established facts of science. Wallace, Crookes and Varley, of the Royal Society of England, first dared to publish this truth to the world. Their example was followed by Zollner and his confreres in Germany, by Camille Flammarion and his associates in France, by the Russian scientists and by a multitudinous and distinguished group of scientists and literati in the United States and other nations, and lastly by the great Italian astronomer and his brother scientists in Milan. Even groups of distinguished clergymen, like our own Rev. Heber Newton and Rev. Minot J. Savage, have had the courage to proclaim the great truth to the world. Millions of church members in all denominations have discovered the truth and proclaim it in whispers, and as the news spreads abroad, the spirit of liberality and toleration pervades society. This "glad tidings of great joy" is spreading the leaven of philanthropy all along the lines, and Spiritualism is the motive power which is bringing the nations of the earth into the bonds of harmony and love.

Why does not this great truth of spirit communion and mani-

festation immediately spring into universal favor and adoption? It is because the world is not quite ready for it. Among the chief physical reasons, is the fact, that dogmatic theology has become so firmly entrenched and so many millions of people derive their living, their luxury, their aristocratic ascendancy from it, that it would bring untold, physical distress if the facts of the spiritual philosophy were permitted to be immediately known to the masses. It is, therefore, perfectly natural that the great dignitaries of the church and its lesser lights, and their minions, the dignitaries of the universities and colleges, should, by every means in their power, discredit all and every fact in Spiritualism.

But "the mills of the gods grind slow but sure."

Not a day passes but some one eminent in the professions, the church or citizenship, is recruited to the ranks of Spiritualism. Our modern literature is permeated with occult lore or spiritual philosophy. Those who once recoiled from being known as Spiritualists, now stand forth proud to be numbered with that fast increasing host.

The eyes of mankind are opening to the spiritual treasures found in nearly every ancient manuscript. The myths of Greece are found to be personifications of spiritual entities and principles. The immortal Homeric poems are discovered to be parallel in thought to Mahabharata and the Ramayana of India and is the dramatic version of the warfare between good and evil which is experienced by every living soul. The light is pouring in upon the human race with an effulgence that is startling the world into new mental activities. The people everywhere are demanding intellectual emancipation. The man-made gods are being overthrown and the fetiches and ecclesiastical rubbish of the dark and dismal past are being heaped into corners and nooks to meet the fate of their victims of long ago. And in their place will come the broad and beautiful truths of the spiritual philosophy with its benignant and peaceful message of love, justice and truth. Mankind will no longer dread the change called death, but look forward with joy and patience to the time when the spirit, charged with the experience necessary in physical lines, will be relieved of the incubus of the flesh and permitted to soar into new and glorious fields of effort, where in the order of spiritual progression, each spirit will find that best of heavens—congenial employment.

In the meantime the poor, worn-out body, bereft of its tenant, will also continue to live, but in countless myriad particles,

and once again be merged into the active living forces of the material universe.

"There is no death! The stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore;
And bright in heaven's jeweled crown
They shine for evermore.

"There is no death! The dust we tread
Shall change, beneath the summer showers,
To golden rain or mellow fruit,
Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

"The granite rocks disorganize
To feed the hungry moss they bear;
The forest leaves drink daily life
From out the viewless air.

"There is no death! The leaves may fall,
The flowers may pale and fade away—
They only wait through wintry hours,
The coming of the May.

"There is no death! An angel form
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread;
He bears our best loved things away,
And then we call them "dead."

"He leaves our hearts all desolate—
He plucks our fairest sweetest flowers;
Transplanted into bliss they now
Adorn immortal bowers.

"The bird-like voice whose joyous tones
Make glad this scene of sin and strife,
Sings now, in everlasting song,
Amid the trees of life.

"And where he sees a smile too bright,
Or hearts too pure for taint and vice,
He bears it to that world of light
To dwell in Paradise.

"Born into that undying life,
They leave us but to come again;

With joy we welcome them—the same
Except in sin and pain.

“And ever near us though unseen,
The dear immortal spirits tread;
For all the boundless universe
Is life. There are no dead.”

Sweet Voices.

Sweet voices from the spirit land I hear,
Now breathing soft and pure their holy lays,
In heavenly tones awakening mem'ries dear
Of loved and long departed days.

They come, those voices, from the distant shore,
Where joy illumines with golden rays,
And softly in each sorrowing heart they pour
Sweet memories of departed days. —Anon.

Beauty In Death.

BY JAMES BEATTIE.

Darkness and doubt are now flying away;
No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn;
So breaks on the traveler, faint and astray,
The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn.

See Truth, Love and Mercy, in triumph descending,
And Nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom!
On the cold cheek of death smiles and roses are blending,
And Beauty immortal awakes from the tomb.

Ancient and Modern Death.

BY DR. DEAN CLARKE.

THE FEAR OF DEATH—PAGAN AND CHRISTIAN CONCEPT—THE SPIRITUALIST CONCEPT—IGNORANCE AND KNOWLEDGE THEREOF—MANY ILLUSTRATIVE QUOTATIONS.

The fear of death seems to be instinctive in all sentient creatures. All will fight to the last extremity to protect their life. The fear of death and love of life have ever actuated man, savage or civilized, to destroy every other creature that menaced his existence. To the ignorant barbarian, death has ever been a mystery and a terror. Says A. J. Davis: "The lower we descend into the depths of mankind's history, the more we find that death has been unjustly magnified and exaggerated. It is distorted to be made the central horror around which all other horrors congregate."

Ignorance and superstition have ever painted death as a monster, portrayed it as the "King of Terrors," feared it as a dread destroyer into whose capacious maw all living things must go to be devoured. In its terrible presence the savage rends his hair, and makes the air hideous with wails of despair. The civilized but superstitious man bewails its presence in sackcloth and ashes, and looks through tear-dimmed eyes in consternation at the "dark valley and shadow of death," which false theology has pictured to frighten him into "the ark of safety." The mole-eyed religionist weeps in mute despair, or chants doleful dirges over the remains of his loved, and trembles on the brink of the grave that yawns, as he believes, to swallow both body and soul, to hold them in silent slumber till a far-off "resurrection of the dead." The blind worshiper at the shrines of antiquated theology, looks upon death as an insatiate destroyer that slays with ruthless hand the idols of

his affection, and snatches them away to an uncertain fate, regardless of his desolation and sorrow; or worse than that, believing in the nightmare dogmas of the ignorant past, he regards death as the grim usher of Sheol who seizes his victims in their earthly enjoyments, and hurls them into Tartarean realms "where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched" forever!

Is it any wonder, then, that those who believe that "it is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God," or into the more dread clutches of a "roaring devil," to either the one or the other of which, the "fell destroyer" takes his victims, should dread its approach?

Is it any wonder where death has been seen in the lurid light of Jewish mythology, as the final end of existence, when "man goeth to his long home to rise up no more forever," that the believer in any or all of these monstrosities of ignorance and superstition, should tremble in fear at its approach? Is it strange that believers in the dismal religions of antiquity, still in vogue, should drape the bier in blackest hue; dress themselves in sackcloth; wear badges of mourning; fill the death-chamber with cries of wailing and lamentation; make the funeral service as dismal and awe-inspiring as doleful requiems, tolling bells, and solemn sermons lurid with sulphurous vapors, can make them; is it strange, we say, that those who have been taught the terrible dogmas of Jewish, Christian and Pagan mythology, should dread death as a fiend of darkness, and the grave as the charnel house of all their buried hopes?

Is it strange that the poets, who mentally were beneath the pall of orthodox theology and pagan materialism have sung of death as

"The most horrid elf of all that mortals fear or dread,"

or as follows:

"The funeral goes forth; a silent train
Moves slowly from the desolate home; our hearts
Are breaking as we lay the loved away,
Whom we shall see no more, in their last rest,
Their little cells within the burial place."?

or thus:

"Our lives are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower,

A fleeting wind sweeps o'er the scene—
They wither in an hour!"

or as did the tuneful Campbell:

"Yet half I hear the panting spirit sigh,
It is a dread, an awful thing to die!"

or, worst of all, as did Watts:

"Hark, from the tombs a doleful sound,
Mine ears attend the cry;
Ye living men come view the ground
Where you must shortly lie."?

Nay, it is not to be wondered at that orthodox bards have thus lent their solemn numbers to garnish the grave with gloom, and inspire a dread of death, when we reflect that ancient prophets who claimed inspiration from God, had told them that: "As the cloud is consumed and vanisheth away, so is he that goeth down to the grave and shall come up no more."

"Man that is born of woman, is of few days and full of trouble. He cometh forth like a flower and is cut down, he fleeth as a shadow and continueth not."

"All flesh shall perish together and man shall turn again to dust."

"For that which befalleth the sons of men, befalleth beasts. Even one thing befalleth them. As the one dieth so dieth the other; yea they have all one breath; so that a man hath no pre-eminence above a beast. All go into one place; all are of the dust, and shall turn to dust again!"

If "the most patient man," and "the wisest man that ever lived," (?) thus told the truth concerning the origin and destiny of man, it is strange that a Christian poet wonderingly and regretfully wrote:

"There live, alas! of heaven-directed mien,
Of cultured soul, and sapient eye serene,
Who hail thee, Man! the pilgrim of a day,
Spouse of the worm, and brother of the clay,
Frail as the leaf in Autumn's yellow bower
Dust in the wind, or dew upon the flower,
A friendless slave, a child without a sire,
Whose mortal life and momentary fire,
Lights to the grave his chance-created form;

And, when the gun's tremendous flash is o'er,
To night and Silence sink forevermore!"

Surely the materialism of the above-described man, and the gloom it gives to death, should give no believer in Job and Solomon any surprise!

But let us turn from the darkness and materialism of the past, to the cheering light of to-day.

What comfort and cheer does the scientific philosophy of this truth-lighted age afford? Does "star-eyed Science," guided by the living inspiration from the opening heavens, solve the mystery of the Sphinx of death? What says she? Listen to her! She says: Death is a universal phenomenon. Formation and dissolution are eternal counterparts of life's molecular activities. All nature is but a phantasmagoria, a flow of forces and a flux of atoms. Nature is an endless panorama of dissolving views, an everlasting succession of growth and decay. Organization and disorganization are the ceaseless tragedy of life, enacted upon every stage where eternal Energy plays its many parts. Both macrocosm and microcosm are the arena of the struggle between life and Death, and both invincible warriors, in ceaseless succession wear the laurels of victory. Evolution climbs from lowest depths to loftiest heights, and transmutes the granite rock to human brain through death's magic chemistry.

The triumphal march of Life, from protozoon to man, was over the Royal Road, and spiral pathway that Death had paved.

An inspired poetess has beautifully said:

The coral polyp 'neath the wave
Wrought in the great progressive plan,
By which the lesser creatures' grave
Built up the future home of man."

The rocks decay to feed the vegetable; the vegetable dies to feed the animal, and the animal perishes to keep up the life of man, who, in his turn, yields up his outer form to the great omnivorous Devourer, and thus, as said Pope,

"All forms that perish other forms supply,
By turns we catch the vital spark and die."

Thus undying life climbs over the ladder of death till it mounts to the heavens through man, and then, on angel wings, reaches the highest spheres of Immortality!

In the light of the scientific spiritual philosophy now revealed to those who "have eyes to see, and ears to hear," the phan-

toms of doubt and fear flee like owls and bats, and death is seen as but a necessary event in human life. The spiritually illumined thinker no longer gropes his way through "the dark valley of the shadow of death," in the gloomy maze of fear and dread which the old theology always inspired,

"but sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approaches the grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

Though barbarian ignorance and gross superstition have clad death with terror; and though priestcraft has purposely draped it in the sable hues of gloom to frighten the ignorant and superstitious into the church, it is no longer feared by "the children of light" who have heard "glad tidings of great joy" from "over the river." The sublime revelations of Spiritualism have removed the "sting of death," and "robbed the grave of its terrors." It has shown it to be a blessing, not a curse; a new birth, not an end of existence. Through it we graduate from the primary school of human experience, and enter a higher class of studies and acquirements. It is the door that opens to grander scenes and higher delights than any mortal knows. It is the grand triumphal arch, through which the emancipated soul marches to be crowned with the laurels of its earthly victories. It is the great Emancipator that sets our spirits free from "the bondage of corruption." It comes as the angel came to Peter, to free us from earthly chains and open a prison door to set us free! It has appropriately been likened to a kindly frost, that cracks the shell and gives the kernel room to germinate; to a kind and gentle servant that opens for us life's flower-encircled door to show us "our loved ones gone before." It is an angel of mercy that comes to mortal assistance, to relieve us of physical frailty and suffering, to appease our heart-hunger with ambrosial food, and waft us to Elysian fields where every spiritual want shall be supplied. It is the true resurrection where "this mortal puts on immortality," a glorious deliverance, a sublime birth, a grand evolution that gives us "the liberty wherewith the children of God are made free," to roam the azure fields, and walk the gardens of the gods!

In the glorious light of Spiritualism, the "spectre doubts that roll Cimmerian darkness on the parting soul," do indeed

"Fly like the moon-eyed herald of dismay,
Chased on his night-steed by the star of day."

No longer do the mourners weep without comfort, nor sigh in vain "for the touch of a vanished hand, and the sound of a voice that is still," for thousands now grasp the materialized hands of loved ones, and the air of ten thousand seance-rooms is made vocal with voices of the resurrected "dead," who speak in no uncertain tones to outward ear and inward consciousness.

In the splendor of our new revelations, the "grim monster" has been transfigured to an Angel of Light, who leads us away from the thorny pathway of bitter earthly experience, to "walk in green pastures, and by the still waters" of the "Better Land," in company with the dear companions of former years.

We now know, as well as did St. Paul, "that if this earthly house, this tabernacle of the flesh were dissolved, there is a building not made with hands, eternal in the heavens"—a beautiful spiritual body that is born in the great transition, misnamed "death" into a higher life, where as "a thing of beauty," it is "a joy forever" to the soul that uses it as "a temple of the living God," unpolluted and holy.

Inspired by those whom the Angel of Deliverance has borne in arms of love across the shining river, well may the bards of the New Dispensation sing:

"This world hath felt a quick'ning breath
 From Heaven's eternal shore,
 And souls triumphant over death
 Return to earth once more.
 For this we hold our jubilee,
 For this with joy we sing,
 'O, grave, where is thy victory?
 O, death, where is thy sting?"

"Our cypress wreaths we've laid aside
 For amaranthine flowers,
 For death's cold wave does not divide
 The souls we love from ours;
 Across the waveless crystal sea
 Their notes triumphant ring:
 'O, grave, where is thy victory?
 O, death, where is thy sting?" "

Those who have listened to the glowing words of the dear departed spoken in rhythmic cadence, or prosaic power, through the lips of mortal mediums whom they inspire, know that there is

even "more truth than poetry" in the utterance of the immortal Shakspeare, who inspired Lizzie Doten to say:

"To be or not to be is not the question,
There is no choice in life,
For death is but another name for change.

* * * * *

* * * Man though dead is living still,
Unclothed, is clothed upon and his mortality
Is swallowed up of life.
The stroke of death is but a kindly stroke
That cracks the tender shell and leaves the kernel
At once to germinate. What most consummate fools
This fear of death doth make us!"

This foolish fear no longer disturbs the hearts of philosophical Spiritualists who have communed with their friends "over there" on the Eternal Shore, for they know that as their friends live after the change of worlds, they will live also. And they join in the glad refrain of angels as they sing:

"There's no such thing as death
To those who think aright;
'Tis but the racer casting off
What most impedes his flight;
'Tis but one little act
Life's drama must contain—
One struggle keener than the rest,
And then an end of pain.

"There's no such thing as death;
That which is thus miscalled,
Is life escaping from the chains
That have so long enthralled;
'Tis a once hidden star,
Piercing through the night
To shine in gentle radiance forth
Amid its kindred light.

"There's no such thing as death;
In nature nothing dies;
From each sad remnant of decay
Some forms of life arise.
The faded leaf that falls
All sere and brown, to earth,

Ere long will mingle with the shapes
That give the floweret birth.

“There’s no such thing as death;
’Tis but the blossom spray
Sinking before the coming fruit
That seeks the summer’s ray;
’Tis but the bud displaced
As comes the perfect flower;
’Tis faith exchanged for sight,
And weariness for power.”

Such, indeed, is Death in the light of reason, philosophy, science, and the glorious revelations of to-day, and we, who have conquered its fear through knowledge of its beneficent mission, would say to all who mourn:

“Oh! then, though you weep when your loved ones sleep,
When the rose on their cheek grows pale,
Yet their forms of light just concealed from sight
Are only behind the veil;
With their faces fair and their shining hair,
With blossoms of beauty crowned,
They will waiting stand with a helping hand,
When you shall be Heavenward bound.”

Spirit Homes.

THROUGH CORA L. V. RICHMOND.

BRAHMANISM—TRANSCENDENTAL THOUGHT OF NIRVANA—WHAT THIS STATE IS—THE JEWISH AND THE CHRISTIAN HEAVEN—THE FUTURE HOME A SPIRITUAL STATE.

The Brahmin has literalized the ancient, metaphysical, transcendental thought of Nirvana, and the future home of the sainted Brahmin is in the midst of beautiful scenes that appeal to the senses; immortal maidens, who have never tasted of human life, are the Brahmins' companions. Women are not immortal. Those who dwell with the gods are fed from ambrosia and drink of the nectar that is dispensed by those beautiful maidens. There is neither cold, nor is there intense heat; nor is there aught to disturb one who has thus entered into the paradise of the blest and true.

What this state is, over which Brahma the angel—not Brahm the Eternal Good, presides, the Brahmin only knows by his magnified senses; yet there are those in India who know that this statement is not true, who know that the real thought of the inspiration of Brahma was of exalted purity, of the conquering of the senses and the uplifting of the virtues.

Buddha, the great Reformer, and Jain, the great Reformer, taught the gradual triumph over the senses; that the state of exaltation beyond the change called death is not a sensuous, physical state, but is a state wherein all sense, all desire, all external conditions have no account, and where the soul abides in possession of absolute truth.

The paradise of the Mohammedan is a sensuous place. There, also, women are not admitted; but beautiful houris, born of eternal splendor, wait to minister to those who have partaken of the bounty of Allah; there those who are immortal gather perpetual fruitage from tree and vine that have been planted by the

gods; and there, in the midst of great splendor and of material power, dwell those who have been faithful unto Allah and have wielded the sword for Mohammed.

Shall we say that little less material is the heaven of the Christian? The Jews expect to inherit the Earth, which is a very consistent thing if they want a material heaven. They expect that Jerusalem will be restored, and that only the good and wise of the "chosen people" will inherit the earth. The Christian has transplanted this Hebrew heaven into the future or spiritual state, and has taken with him the walls of precious stones, the gates of pearl, the streets of gold, the alabaster throne, the literal fountains of milk and honey, and the Tree of Life, and all those statements, which in kabalistic and symbolical meaning but represent ideas, thoughts, truths and exalted emotions. The Christian expects that his heaven will be walled in by these beautiful precious stones. He expects to enter that heaven by especial permission, the result of nothing that he has done, but of the accepting of a certain form of belief, which he is compelled to accept through fear of being sent into "outward darkness" or into "Hades."

We do not say that all Christians believe this, but we say that it is taught by the evangelical orthodox Christian teachers. How much modification has been wrought you can judge as well as we, since many thousands—nay, since many hundreds of thousands of those who still partake of the communion (partaking of the blood and body of Christ in the inner part of the sacrament), still do not interpret this thought of heaven literally; neither do they interpret that rare transubstantiation of the sacrament in its literal sense; but it is taught literally. The modifications have grown out of the thought, aspiration and spiritual growth of the people. Fear has given place to love; the perception of God's love has removed the fear of a literal eternal fire and has even modified the creed to the perception of the individual in the Christian church.

The modification of heaven and its opposite, hades, has also taken a large number of people out of the church. These, as agnostics and unbelievers, or as the average man and woman, have no definite ideas of what the future life will be.

Into the midst of an unbelieving age on the one hand, an age accompanied by Darwin, Huxley and Spencer; on the other hand an age accompanied by the teachings of evangelical Christianity, the spiritual phenomena and philosophy of this day have swept, bearing with them the message of the reality of existence beyond

the change called death; bearing the reality of the personality of those who have passed from the mortal side of life unto the spirit state beyond the portals of death; and bearing with them messages concerning that spiritual state, concerning the homes and conditions there, largely at variance with one another, somewhat ambiguous in statement and rather difficult of being understood by the average human being unless he or she takes those messages literally.

Now, what is the idea of home? Howard Payne, who had never had a home, wrote that world-renowned and most pathetic of all songs, "Home, Sweet Home." He did not write it from knowledge of a material home; he did not write it from a palace hall, or even from a comfortable cottage home. It was written from the ideal of the poet soul. As an ideal it remains the song of the world. Suppose he had sung of a palace; suppose he had sung of a farm house, or any little house, or any large house, would the song have swept around the world, vibrating and touching human hearts and human sympathies as it has? "Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home." Is it material comfort? Is it a warm fire? Is it a literal bed, or is it that which in spirit makes the mother the center of the home, the father the true protector and provider, and the children all bound together by ties of affection and ideal love? The more ideal it is the more is it home.

What causes the young man to flee from the palace into the hardships of the wilderness, of the ocean, of the search for either pole of the earth? What causes him sometimes to enlist as a sailor rather than remain within those palace walls? Because, perhaps, a stern father and unloving companionship in the family prevent him from feeling that it is home; or if he feels that he must go out from a comfortable home, as the bird must learn to fly alone, what causes this save a desire for individual strength? But in the latter case the home is forever the ideal spot in his life, not because it was a literal place of abode, but because of the associations there.

Now transfer this thought to the spirit realm. Dear as your material homes are, if you abide there in loving companionship with those whom you love, would you take the old farm-house as a gift, to stay there if the friends whom you loved were not there? You would not go back to any brick walls in any city if the family were all scattered. There is nothing in the dwelling excepting the thought of former associations, and those very soon pass in the induration of time and things.

Now when a message comes from the spirit world saying: "My home is just as real to me as any earthly home," then you straightway think that it is made of bricks and mortar or wood, and bears a close resemblance to the proverbial physical house.

"My home is just as real to me as yours is to you." How real is your home? The real home, as we have pointed out, is in the affections, in the happiness, in the atmosphere engendered there by the companionship which makes up the ideal home. When it is not an ideal home, you leave it as soon as possible, or you bridge over the lack of love in some way.

Now when set free from the physical form, without bodily hunger, without any other cold than that which is the lack of sympathy, without any need of being protected from the too intense rays of the sun, or any other fire of hades than that which burns from within, do you need houses? You will need one if you are so fettered by the thought of home being a house that you cannot possibly contemplate existence without it. That is being "earth-bound."

The spirit state, we have said, is the flowering out of material life. Does the blossom of the cactus resemble the stalk or plant of the cactus? You have crossed the plains possibly, and have seen some of the various forms of cacti; could you possibly imagine, by looking at the cactus, what kind of a blossom it would have? Now there are plenty of people who look like cacti to human eyes; they are all bristles, their worst side is out, but they may have as fine blossomings in spirit life, comparatively, as the cacti have. Could you tell anything about the rose by looking at the rose tree, if you had never seen a rose? Yet the rose is the queen of the garden, and all people pay homage to its beauty. Most people have thorns and briars, they are quite necessary frequently to protect them in their contact with one another in this friction of human life. Did it ever occur to you that you do not see or feel each other at all? That the rose is getting ready to bloom, and you are not to judge of the fruitage by the stalk?

The wheat field yields straw and chaff; that is all that is visible to your human eyes, but in the head of wheat is contained the grain, and that is all that the straw and chaff grow for, to protect the grain of wheat. Now there is a great deal of straw in human life. Do you not suppose that when the great threshing machine of death takes hold of human life, that it knows better than to take the straw and chaff into spirit life? The body dies, and with the body very much of that which is useless and cumbersome to

the spirit. True there may not be a great deal of grain in some human lives, but what there is is gathered; if it is a small amount, why, it passes for what it is worth.

Now the spirit state is the harvesting of the human life, and for every state or condition, that is the harvest time which forms the fruitage of the life. The worst side only remains as a spiritual weakness or shadow, not having been overcome; the best side remains as the fruitage and harvest in the spiritual kingdom.

Now what the earthly life is to the body—the earth feeding, sustaining and supporting the body for spiritual uses;—what the earth life is to the body, spirit life is to the spirits of human beings. That makes the proposition far from being exactly like the earth life.

A great many spirits (and a great many Spiritualists accept it literally) say: "Oh, our homes are just as real and substantial as yours." From the spirit standpoint, yes; because that which is real to the spirit is not real to the human senses. From your standpoint you could neither see, nor feel, nor touch, nor taste, nor smell, nor would any material sense enable you to perceive the spirit realm in any manner whatever. When you perceive the spirit realm, the realm that "the eye hath not seen and the ear hath not heard," it is the realm of spirit known by perception.

You know how many thousands and millions of vibrations of sounds there are which do not come within the range of your physical ears. If you could hear all the great sounds in nature you would be deaf to ordinary sounds; if you could hear the small sounds of nature, like the sounds of the harp strings of the lily when it grows, you would not be able to endure life a single moment. Your eyes are not attuned to many vibrations of light; they have but a limited range in the scale of light. There are numberless vibrations of light which you do not see at all. So with every physical sense. Still the literal-minded Spiritualist will have the spirit body made of matter, and the spirit itself made of matter, but he calls it "refined matter."

What is refined matter? Science declares that there is a primal atom—which primal atom is hypothecated, never has been seen and never has been analyzed, but is always found in combinations which are molecular. Now the atom, as an atom, whether it is in the pound of lead or the pound of feathers, is an atom still, and you cannot make an atom any finer than an atom. So an aggregation of atoms in spirit life would have the same density, and if in contact with the earth would have specific gravity and would

be governed by the same laws that govern matter near each planet. So if there are literal homes in spirit life they must be in the atmosphere of earth; and if spirits collect the substance into houses, and lands and farms, and mills and stores, then their specific gravity would draw them to the earth, and there would be no possibility of their being maintained in the atmosphere, and outside of the atmosphere of worlds or planets, science tells us, there is neither heat nor light nor any condition whatever in which material bodies could exist. This evidently has not been considered, since those Spiritualists who look to these material things for their future homes and habitations have not thought of it in a scientific way.

If it is true that the spirit desires all these things when in spirit life, there is not only the earth itself, but there is all the substance surrounding the earth for the spirits that are earth-bound. We mean by this, not necessarily evil spirits, but those who are fettered to the earthly idea, who think that they must have all the physical belongings in order to have a comfortable home. They can not only possess these, but they can come en rapport with things that are upon the earth; they can not only dwell upon farms, but they can come en rapport with those who inhabit houses and cultivate farms and in that way realize the physical necessities of their thoughts.

But there are very few spirits of average human intelligence, and of average human morality, and of average human spiritual perception, who are not ready to enter into the spiritual state as a spiritual state and take the results of their own spiritual conditions. There are very few that do not understand on being released from the body the great difference between the spiritual and the human states. The difficulty is not in the spirit understanding it, but in communicating it to mortals.

The gauge of human life is the material life. Science will have everything measured by the atom; and even those who are not scientific, who are religious mostly, will have things weighed and measured by the standards of physical life. Home is considered a place for Thanksgiving and Christmas dinners, by the American boy or girl, and all sorts of physical feasting. We know very well that these adjuncts make up the light of life; and when we see several thousands of hungry children or hungry people feasting on Thanksgiving day we feel that it is greater praise than any words we could give unto the Most High. But when you are set free and the children are not hungry for bread, but have that great other hunger that so many children small and great have in

human life, the hunger for sympathy, for love, for appreciation, the hunger for being understood, what a glorious thanksgiving day it will be when film and mists of earthliness are thrown aside and you meet your spirit wife, or husband, or brother or sister, or friend and say: "How I misunderstood you when on earth; how little I knew of your real thoughts and feelings toward me."

When your own blindness and shortcomings fall away and you see how selfish you were, how anxious you will be to make restoration to those whom you have misjudged, whom you have not understood. We assure you that this kind of meeting is as much more joyful to the spirit than the physical thanksgiving dinner would be to the spirit, as the reality is to the shadow. So when you have entered the spirit realm you would no more take up the life you had in the physical body than you would take up and wear the clothes you had cast aside as worthless ten or twenty years ago. We say this of almost every human being. The murderer—take that extreme case—the murderer was once somebody's baby boy or girl—the murderer sometime had affections, longing and aspirations; he is not released from the harvest he has sown; he has the shadow of his imperfections, but that which was the baby boy or girl—it may be very weak spiritually, it may be surrounded and tethered by darkness because of the lack of conquest—had a mother. Do you suppose that mother who loved that child, can be prevented from assisting in the unfoldment of that spirit, small though it may be, spiritually, shadowed though it be?

Do you suppose that the one whose appetite has conquered, has no other life? One who may be a member of your own household who may not have conquered that which inebriates and destroys the body, one who in a frenzied state may have committed a crime, but you have known him when he was not dominated by drink or frenzy; you saw something else in the boy or man and you look through all these physical imperfections and see the real man. So it is with the criminal's mother or wife who, loving him, say: "When he is himself he is the kindest man." Now did it ever occur to you that when the body goes "he comes to himself in the world that he enters?"

It is true he has that particular weakness, not having conquered the appetites of the physical body; but still he knows it, he knows it here in his sober moments. That weakness has still to be overcome, not the appetite, but that shadow of not having vanquished the appetite has to be met. But that light, that goodness, that better nature which you knew and understood, that is what meets

the mother in spirit life. Oh! the self-abasement of not having conquered; that is pitiful enough for angels to turn away from; they do not witness what transpires in his own nature, in his own heart. So we draw the curtain over that which each spirit experiences in this self examination. They are welcomed by their friends, by their companions, who each having had their self-examination are in no mood to criticise, condemn, or censure.

Oh, it is a wonderful revelator, this change called death! It reveals one to him or herself more than any other change that can come. Even human love, human sorrow, any human experience is not so great an awakener as this; it is the only real awakener.

Therefore, the spirit home, when you are set free, must be where the attractions are. For the most part your dearest friends are still on earth, and there is no home in any palace of pleasures or any citadel of light that could tempt you if your dearest ones were here. Who could tempt a mother to inhabit a palace of light, when she would not do it on earth, away from her children? Why should not their life and welfare be her constant thought and love? There is ample time not only for that, but for all knowledge and all ministration needed in spirit life, and all the instruction needed by those still in physical life. The mother's love is always vigilant; even when she sleeps she knows whether the baby is safe by her side; she knows whether any of the little ones in the adjoining room are sick—all that passes through her mind and heart here. Can the mother's vigilant love be less awakened in spirit life? Even though she sees with larger vision, has she not many anxious thoughts for her children? Would not the care of her children be her first thought, and the care of some one's darlings who have no father or mother to care for them here or in spirit life?

Think of all the children who go out of the body from earthly life who had no care here. But there are no orphan asylums in spirit life where little children are labeled number one, number two and number three, and which are carried on by endowments, with hired attendants to look after the little ones. Every child passing from earth enters into the care of just such loving spirits as are adapted to teach and lead. If you would care as well for the little darlings that are left on earth without mothers or fathers, there would be less of human suffering in your spiritual consciences, and of course less of physical suffering. The board of

charities in London found that the children in one of the asylums were pining away, and there was apparently no cause for it; they were well fed; they seemed to be well clothed; their places for eating and sleeping were comfortable, yet they seemed to be pining away. In the course of human progress a woman was elected on that board. She was appointed to investigate the cause of those children pining away. There had been inquirers and experts to see if there were any germs, bacteria or other kinds of disease to take away their lives. This kind woman went into one of the wards for little girls, and she said to one of the girls, who was about four years old, "give me a kiss." The little girl opened her eyes with the greatest wonder and asked: "What is that?" In all the days of her life she had never had a kiss. On further inquiry this lady found that most of those little ones did not know the meaning of a kiss or of love. She went back to the Board and said: "Why, it is not difficult to tell what is the matter with those children; they need 'mothering.'" Perhaps a great deal of the heart-hunger in the world and a great deal of that which takes people away from human life may be explained in this discovery of a kind-hearted woman.

Now we assure you that, excepting the thought of asylums, which is the result of the individual condition, there are no orphan children who need "mothering" in spirit life. The human mother blossoms out into the spirit mother; and many who are not blest with children in earth life become the guardians and teachers of those in spirit life.

"But," you say, "where is this spirit life and these spirit homes?" "Is there no geographical or astronomical location?" Yes, if you want it, you can have your spirit home in the north-east corner of heaven, or elsewhere. Do not be alarmed, wherever your attractions are, there will your spirit home and work be. Some spirit's home may be inside of this room for aught you know or understand with your physical senses. The earthly atmosphere and earthly conditions are quite different from spirit states. Although you are very negligent in sending your children to our Sunday-school here, there is no lack of little children, and there is no lack of grown-up children to be taught in these services, and there is no lack of those who would minister to you any day and anywhere. The ministrations go on when you are in the quietude of your homes or when you are doing your work, which is sometimes a burden and sometimes a pleasure according to the spirit with which you do it. When it is a burden, they try to make your

conditions different; when it is a pleasure, they also strengthen your hand.

But understand, the home of the spirit is where the loved ones are and where the most need is of the work of ministration. You often say, if you are the fortunate, or unfortunate possessor of a house with its belongings: "Oh! dear, I never can go anywhere. I am just tied down to this house all the time. I should like to go to New York or Boston, or London, if I could find anybody to rent the house." If you have money enough you abandon your house, saying: "What a care a house is anyway." If you have not a house you say: "What a dreadful thing it is not to have a home; we have paid landlords enough to buy us a beautiful home." We do not believe in landlords, but in a great many instances it is blessed not to have things. Things occupy too much of your attention here. Now, are you going to take to spirit life, and stock your home there with the storehouse of things that are a burden to you here? Will your future life be spent in dusting and sweeping, and looking for cobwebs if you are a woman; and in coming home and finding the steam furnace and everything out of order if you are a man?

Your spirits need a great deal of renovating. One of the controls of the medium standing before you, Ouina, says her business is to "brush the cobwebs away from people's 'thinks.'" If you do not know what great need there is for it, you may not fully understand what she means. What are these cobwebs? They are in the corners of fear, doubt, sorrow, and the suffering of self-imposed martyrdom. Have you ever been called upon to clean up the attics of your grandmothers in which their things have been stored away from time immemorial? If so you know how the dust and the cobwebs have accumulated. Then just think of yourselves renovating your lives so that there are no lurking corners here of doubt, or selfishness, or of self-imposed sorrow; think of so adjusting your lives to minister to others that you are free at any time to gain new knowledge, free at any time to impart it to others.

The boy who labors with his hands in the summer that he may go to college in the winter is doing what the necessity of physical life requires. But suppose he was in spirit life and wished for knowledge; the only labor he would have to perform would be to keep his brain or mind clear to receive knowledge and to be willing to impart it to others. You cannot get something for nothing in any world. There is no world in the universe

where there is not a law of compensation, of equalization. There is not a young man of any spiritual perception or aspiration but would know what he has to do in spirit life. The condition of the boy who wishes to learn, but who has never studied algebra, the higher mathematics or astronomy in this life, is changed from the physical disabilities to spiritual and mental perception and he may learn, but his first duty is to minister. You would be surprised to realize how ministering to another is the key that unlocks the storehouse of knowledge. How the one who wishes to know can find that knowledge, not by selfish seeking merely, but lo! when he ministers unto one in need, that is the golden key, and by the law of adaptation and attraction the knowledge flows toward him.

The ancients, many of them, understood this law. It was not the book-worm who gained the knowledge of primal mathematics and primal language. Memnon was inspired, not because he prowled and groveled in the dust for his knowledge, but because he sought the sources of inspiration and the well-springs of knowledge in ministering; as fast as he obtained the mystic meaning of the signs and characters it was imparted to others.

There is a different way now on earth; it is the longest, most tortuous and grinding way. The student turns pale as he climbs up the hill of knowledge; at every step growing dizzy in the climbing, because it is physical and mental toil. But the other way is becoming open to you. Your children are taught by different method in spirit life. To them comes the knowledge by the aspiration and the ministration. The smallest child of the household can learn to impart, and the one next and next can help the little ones. Every mother knows the value of the child-teachers and the child-helpers in the family; then every little family is a co-operative society, each one has a portion of the work to do. The older children mind the younger ones and teach them what they learn. So in the spirit state, those who are spiritually unfolded assist those who are less unfolded. It is no arrogance to do this; you cannot help imparting what you know, any more than the rose can help exhaling its fragrance. It is not assumption; it is because one seeks. Even as you are aspiring you must give. So spirit life becomes co-operative; even those shadowed states and conditions are not divided from the whole by a great partition wall.

You have a recollection of your own childhood; you remem-

ber your own shortcomings; you remember what you have had or still have to overcome; you remember that your mother, your father and your friends have had very much to bear from you; they have had much to overlook. There has been great need of toleration in your home life here. Of course no spirit is assumptive, no spirit puts on the frowns of the Scribes and Pharisees. Knowing this, therefore, what little knowledge you have you readily impart where there is need. You minister, and lo! unseen springs and unseen fountains are opened and knowledge comes to you.

It is customary for some Spiritualists and all agnostics and materialists to ridicule the idea of prayer; not only verbal prayer, but any prayer at all. Did it ever occur to you that real prayer is that which opens the wellsprings of knowledge, of inspiration? That if you place yourself in an attitude of receiving, the blessing can come. Now the rain might fall, but if the blossom or root was not in a responsive condition how could it germinate? If in response to the need of the flower, its great longing and aspiration, and there are the right conditions, the rain descends. Now supposing your spirits are in a condition to need help. Supposing you have sorrow; supposing you have some great grief and you pray for aid. Of course the literal minded looks for aid to come and that the conditions are going to be set aside or changed. "Prayer is the soul's sincere desire, unuttered or expressed." Now that sincere desire for knowledge; that sincere desire to be out from under the influence of sorrow; that sincere desire to overcome the conditions of shadow or weakness that may be around you, sets in motion all the wellsprings of the skies; here the guardian spirits, there the ministering angels, here all those messengers that attend upon you in both worlds.

Did you ever think that you are shut out from a great deal of answer to prayer because you do not know the sympathy that is all around you; you do not know that there are loving hearts in your spirit world; you do not know of the angel messengers around you? If any spirit is so shadowed as not to know of the helpers that there are in spirit, pity that spirit if it has passed from the earthly life in that condition, because it is a state of being in bondage.

But the one that you are to pity the most, the one whose spirit home is the most barren, is the man whose life on earth has been spent in the accumulation of wealth which he cannot take with him, which he selfishly hoards up, and who has had no

sympathy, or kindness, or charity, or even justice for those in his employ. We have seen such an one in spirit life in the midst of a barren desert. When on earth his ships came laden with their goods from all parts of the world; but in spirit life in the midst of the desert waste he watched for the ships that never came to the shore; then he thought of the storehouses he had on earth filled with the products of all lands; then of the poor man whose life went out because of insufficient salary from him, and because later he was discharged and allowed to starve, and this will still be a haunting memory until he is forgiven by that man.

We have known where the wife was glad when the husband went out of earth life, because of his grinding, sordid ways; where the children felt a great relief from the constant oppressions and cares. Into the spirit life, loveless because he had not loved, that life entered and had its own reward, the reward of what it had sown. But then there is a great reaction; a mind that would be capable of doing this would also react upon itself and there would come at last the voice of the mother, who always remembers a baby as a little baby, and this spirit, shadowed, tethered and swathed around by its own selfishness, would be taken into the mother's arms and a great revolution must come to that life, where instead of striving for selfish gain there would be ministration unto others, where every life that had been oppressed would be sought out and uplifted, though they did not expect uplifting from him but ministered unto him; for such is the nature of those who have been wronged, that when they can seek the one who has wronged them, he being desirous of forgiveness, lo! the shadows pass, and the spirit realm becomes brighter for such as he.

Fear no shadow of separation, no great walls of space, no dividing lines will prevent you from knowing and seeing your loved ones. There is nothing for you to fear, excepting that which is within and without in your own nature; conquer that and all the barriers and shadows that divide you from the Home of the Soul will be obliterated.

That beautiful kingdom and realm of the soul,
Is not fashioned of gorgeous gems,
Where the waters of life forever must roll,
And the good find their blest diadems.

Is not of earthliness made complete,
But of life and of light far above

Where humility maketh the waters most sweet,
 And the realm is the light of your love.
 But the dear ones are there and close to your side,
 More near by one body the less;
 They in your blest sphere of love still abide;
 They visit your earth loneliness.
 Close your eyes of earth and the spaces grow fair
 And are peopled with their living light;
 Close your senses of dust and revealed, and aware,
 The Home of the Spirit meeteth your sight.

The Release of a Spirit.

THROUGH CORA L. V. RICHMOND.

EXPERIENCES OF THE SPIRIT OF AN ENGLISH CLERGYMAN'S DAUGHTER IN HER TRANSITION FROM THIS TO THE SPIRIT-REALM—AN INTERESTING REVELATION.

"Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us."

The story which will be told you this night is the personal experience of one who passed away from earth but a few years ago, and both the human state and the spirit state described is a distinct and truthful account of what was experienced by the one from whom it is given. The usual control of the one standing before you assists in presenting this statement, but in all respects it is according to the wish of the one whose story is given.

You will bear in mind when this is given, that, perhaps, it is not so different from many human lives, and the object in presenting it is that each may know that there is something within the individual to overcome, and not to altogether visit one's blame, or reproach, or judgment, upon others.

It is related in the first person as coming from the lady—for it is the experience of a woman.

I was the daughter of an English clergyman. I was born and reared among what are known as gentle folks of England; neither high enough to feel the pressing weight of any title, nor in that sphere of life that is so humble as to feel that one would like to climb higher. I had the advantage of a good education,

my father being my tutor. I was not sent away to boarding school or to other schools for young girls, but remained in my father's home. My mother passed from earth life while I was very young; but a maiden aunt took the place of my mother.

So far as I can judge, there was nothing unusual in my life or surroundings, but I had a distinctly independent disposition. I liked to read books that girls, perhaps, are not usually fond of. I had the training, and also the approval of my father in perusing those books, but it led to the thought of my being strong-minded, but not in the usual sense of the word as seeking some public career or contributing to the literature of the country; I had no such aspirations. After spending very much of my companionable girlhood with my father I had an independence of action not usually accredited to young girls.

I married the man of my choice. It was thought by every one who knew me that I had entered upon a life of happiness.

The man of my choice was not a titled man; he was not in any profession, as the law, medicine or clerical profession open to the sons of gentlemen, but he pursued the only kind of business that gentlemen in England were expected to pursue, for after the three professions everything else was considered as belonging among the trades-people; he was a member of the Royal Stock Exchange of London. He was a good business man, and therefore we entered upon our married life with every prospect of material success. We had a pleasant home with very beautiful and luxuriant surroundings. So far as I remember there were few wishes or desires that I did not have granted. I do not think my tastes were extravagant, but they were rather fastidious.

Our lives went on smoothly; I suppose we were happy. Then there came a sudden change in what I considered the waywardness of my companion.

Mine was a very independent nature, as I have told you, and I distinctly took a stand. I believed that my happiness had been wrecked, that my past had been blasted and my life had been clouded utterly by him. Though under the laws of England I still must bear his name, still must live beneath the same roof for support, I went no more with him in public places, no more to be seen as his wife. In every way possible I tried to do my duty. To all other people I felt kind, and in every direction that I could I extended my acts of kindness.

I was always true to my individual convictions in religion. Very early in the cause of Spiritualism I came into a knowledge

of its facts and of spirit communion. But in my home there was always this barrier. I was sympathized with by my friends as far as I would allow them to sympathize with me. Everyone I knew supposed that I was the injured party; they believed that I had everything to forgive, and that nothing on my part had been wrong. I went on and on in that thought, my heart and mind erecting added barriers, and more and more the alienation continued.

I tell you this, not because it is a pleasant story, but for that which will follow.

Years were passed in this way. Much of that time I was in a large dwelling (I cannot call it a home) alone. I had servants and carriages at my command. I had a private bank account, which was always maintained for me, from which I drew whatever was needed for the necessities and luxuries of existence. But this shadow never lifted, never lifted, there never came one moment of relenting or reconciliation.

At last when, weary of wandering, he came home, we two subsisted in the same dwelling, in the same house, utter strangers. Two sets of servants attended us, and so far as we were concerned we were strangers. Sometimes, perhaps, the stiffest courtesy, such as might pass between casual acquaintances, passed between us. I now firmly believe, in fact I know, that for years each of us was waiting to see which would outlive the other.

I do not think I had murder in my heart; I know I did not, for I shrank at the sight of pain or the doing to any one the slightest wrong, but I often caught myself wishing that he might go, for I thought, from my standpoint, that my human life was better than his and I could do some good with what was left.

What he thought he alone must tell; but I sincerely supposed that he wished me out of the way. Perhaps he did many times.

There was always a consciousness on my part of having done no wrong. There was always a consciousness of being sustained by the few friends that I still held converse and association with. Of course I had withdrawn from all society. In that large abode in the center of the largest metropolis in the world I was just as much in prison as if I had been behind the bars. So was he. It is true that I had outdoor air; it is true that I could come and go when I chose, yet the one great barrier of shadow between us made of this a prison wall, made this a prison house, and it continually augmented, because the more I dwelt upon the enormity of his

offenses, the more did they increase, until they became absolutely insurmountable.

I thought that in the next state of existence we would never meet; that two lives so utterly at variance, whose tastes had proven to be so utterly opposite, whose moral perceptions were so different (I considered mine superior of course) could never meet. Such ministration as I could receive in my feeble condition of life was given me. I had the highest instruction, which I accepted, so far as I knew, in their purity and perfection, but always colored by my own condition. Even the words of general ministration would seem to me to apply to my own case.

I felt that it would be a happy time when one or the other of us was released, and the time came after great physical and mental suffering when I felt it would be a great relief for me to go. I prayed to go.

Under the same roof he also was ill. At last my illness took such a violent form I knew quite well that I should soon go. I did not know then of his condition. Those who attended upon him said nothing. But it actually transpired that after years of this kind of life we passed away from earth within a few days of each other. Neither knew that the other was at the point of death, and I, who survived him by a few days, did not know in my earthly consciousness when he passed away.

I entered spirit life perfectly conscious that I was going; perfectly aware, I supposed, of the state into which I would enter. I never dreamed but what my instructors, my guardian spirits, would be the first to welcome; that my dear mother, who had passed away many years before when I was a child, and my father, who had been my tutor, would be there the very first to welcome me.

You can imagine my surprise; you can imagine what overtook me when I tell you, that he from whom I had been separated, to all intent and purpose for years, to whom I had scarcely spoken though we had lived beneath the same roof, was the first to receive me. He, apparently, was in a happier condition than I was. For with the passing away of my physical body, which had become wasted by disease, I found the most inscrutable change. I seemed to myself constantly to be accompanied by some wrong. I seemed to stand before a retrospect that made my life not seem to me as perfect in its toleration, in its pride, in its conscious purity. I stood before a bar of judgment which made my life seem selfish to me; that made me feel as if I had been sitting in judgment upon

a human being without knowing all of the circumstances, and that I had arrived at a conclusion hastily, and that I had adhered to that conclusion with the strongest tenacity of will. It seemed to me then, as this spiritual consciousness flooded my brain, that I had been supremely selfish. I recollected that I had selfish desires and feelings that partook of the nature of arrogant judgment concerning this one human being. I recollected that my feelings were often vindictive; that I regarded my life as having been wasted and despoiled, and my happiness ruined. I recollected that I had sought in every possible way to magnify to myself the offenses that had been committed against me. I had never tried to overlook any fault in him. I had never tried to find out the cause of his constant failings or peculiarity of temper. I had never tried to remember that my very austerity at times might have been repellant. So with a face that was like the one that tinged my early life and won my love; with a countenance that did not seem to me to bear the stamp of all that I had attributed to that life, this spirit came to me and said:

"I must, at the very threshold of this spirit life, ask your forgiveness for what I have made you suffer. I, too, suffered; what I suffered you do not know. It was not caused by you, but by my own shortcomings. I am not here to torment you. I will go my way, but first I ask your forgiveness."

It then seemed to me that I had been the selfish one. I looked back over the years of our life together, and I saw many instances where I had repelled instead of encouraged, and it then seemed to me that my fault was the one to be condoned; yet some pride, or whatever it was that had existed in my earthly life, prevented me from making this known to him.

That he might have seen it if he had been spiritually discerning is true. But he never gave a word nor sign that he saw my contrition.

From that time, I assure you, friends, until a very short period ago, I have been busy with my own retrospect; busy becoming reconciled to myself, and busy becoming reconciled to him, who, through his own more pliable nature, found the reaction and the repentance before he left the earthly form, and who, had I not been cold, full of pride and full of self-praise, would have told me all that he acknowledged at the gateway of my spirit existence.

Did I not see my spirit mother? you will ask. Did I not have immediate conversation with my father?

Instead of going exultingly and joyfully into their presence; instead of thinking they would be the first to welcome me, I said to whatever powers there are in the spirit world: "Do not let them come to me now. Do not let them see me in this overwhelming condition in which I find myself of humility and self-examination." Some voice of guiding spirit or friend said: "No spirits will come to you until you wish them to; no one will force one's self upon your presence. This life, pointing to the one who had been my companion on earth, must come to you because of that between you which must be reconciled first. Overcoming his selfishness he has endeavored to condone for it, and that is what you have to do."

You know, friends, if you have ever striven to conquer pride; if you have ever thought yourself in the right and at the same time knowing in your deepest conscience that you were measurably wrong; if you have felt this struggle between that individual pride of self-righteousness and the wish and desire to forgive; if you have known what it is to stand assailed at the bar of your own conscience and awake to the knowledge that, although technically and in every human sense you were in the right, still in the deeper sense, you were profoundly wrong—wrong in self-praise, in self-righteousness, in condemning others without understanding their natures; then you know what happened to me on my very entrance into spirit state.

I have met this pride which was an obstacle; this unrelenting and unforgiving nature which was a barrier; this that was my disappointed self-love, and I have had, step by step, to overcome it. I brought my intelligence to bear. That would not suffice; intelligence alone will not do this. I thought I could overcome it by the same logic, by the same rules of mind with which I endeavored to meet all sorrows when they came to me. But I find that does not suffice, even that is not sufficient. I was really immured within the walls and barriers of my own creation; walls and barriers that were not offenses against the world; were not offenses against any human being in the world, but walls and barriers of self-love, self-pride, of praising myself for not being as others were. All the time I found I had been contrasting my own life with the life of the one who, I supposed, had wronged me.

If you have ever been in a dimly lighted prison, empty of all things except the consciousness of being in prison, with only a faint glimmer of light above you, and put out your hand as if to touch the shadowy dimness around you, and have felt that this was

your only habitation, you may know how I felt; for it seemed to me as though this could never be forgiven. I had actually made this condition, having greater opportunity and greater intelligence than many others, and I had known that the spirit states were the exact production of our inner lives; yet I had lulled myself into the conviction that what my mind accepted as true, would be my spiritual condition, never thinking that the real state of my heart, life and soul would constitute my spiritual state. I did not dream that this one great barrier, this one great sorrow had become the corrosive selfishness that had sapped the foundation of my real spiritual life. I did not dream while thinking in mind, which was perfectly clear, of all the beauties of spirit existence that I had admitted none of them into the dark subterranean passages of my sorrow. I held on to this; I retained this skeleton of life. I had said: "I am the victim of a great wrong," and I had kept so close to that, excepting when my mind received this knowledge and in mind pictured the spiritual state, that I had not lived in the spiritual knowledge.

So I entered into my inheritance, to the inheritance of a corrosive sorrow; to the inheritance of the selfishness that was proud of that sorrow; to the inheritance that had made that sorrow (because being unforgiving) the inheritance of unforgiveness; and if there is any offense that the spirit feels more than another on awakening, it is the sense of having been hardened toward another who was erring or unfortunate, or had had different conditions or surroundings in childhood. This, as I said before, had grown to such magnitude that it was a prison house in Which I found myself.

But why still a prison house? Because I still found myself unrelenting. The countenance that met me received no smile in response; the words that met me received no recognition; there was no feeling at that instant of forgiveness. I felt defrauded. I thought that I had been robbed. I even felt that I had been robbed of my mortal life because of this sorrow when I might have gone on doing others good.

Alas! how little good one does who is pre-occupied with a great sorrow, and only extending the hand of kindness here and there because one must. How little good one can do when one's entire life is wrong; when conscience, conviction and all that belongs to the nature and disposition are wedded to an error that is the error of a magnified selfishness. I do assure you, dear friends, and I speak this from a different standpoint than that

which I had when in earth life, that the wrong and error of feeling that one has been aggrieved, and of bearing that forward through a whole life-time and entering spirit existence with that upon one's heart and life, and the pride that will not bend, and the nature that will not give way, is in and of itself a greater barrier than almost any number of impulsive actions; for impulses may be only superficial, but they also lead one back more readily. Such natures rebound more readily. That was why this smiling face came out of spirit existence to meet me whom he had wronged. I was neither smiling nor happy, nor willing to forgive.

Oh, such coldness! It must come when every-day-life helps to build up barriers of spiritual condition, when we have forged our own chains, thinking all the while that we are better, wiser, truer and more exalted than others. I would not have told a lie had I lost my life by not doing it. I would not have committed any of the acts which I thought he had committed, and yet there was that in my disposition and nature that refused, when he came asking forgiveness, to bestow it on entering spirit life.

Could I then see my mother, my father, my spiritual teachers and friends? How could I be aware that their countenances were beaming upon me, and that they could read my very heart, and life, and soul?

So I resisted; so I turned to the human shadow, and ever and anon this same proffer would come to me and ever it was spurned, until at last I was compelled by the retrospect from within and by the voice and admonition from above, I was compelled to see my own state, and the words of the Great Teacher, which I had heard my father speak so often in his pulpit, "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us," came ringing through my consciousness.

I had not been religious in the sense of my father's religion. I thought I had a conviction of right and duty. Before Spiritualism came I was agnostic as far as a woman can be, or could be in England at that time. But I now discovered the singular meaning of this prayer. If we are not in a state to forgive, how can we even be in a state to forgive ourselves, to forgive our own offenses, to understand our own spiritual natures? And it swept in and through my consciousness that I must be in a state of unforgiveness because of my own offense against my better and higher nature; because I was rebellious, and so hardened, so selfish and so proud, even in that isolation and purity, which I flattered myself was mine.

When the humility comes, when the disposition comes to allow one to be willing to learn that there may be vagabonds on the streets or outcasts that we turn from our doors who have better spiritual states than that state of unrelenting hardness, and when one is aware that the faults of these erring ones are of a more physical than spiritual nature and can be outgrown quicker than the fault of pride, of self-consciousness, then one learns that in the realm of spirit life one meets one's shadows face to face, and what one has been and has lived must first be met and first overcome. So there was nothing to do but to forgive first and last the great shadow of one's life. To speak frankly and freely declare: "I have been in the wrong in my judgment. I have been proud. I have been arrogant. I have been selfish. I have been isolated, and I ask your forgiveness."

From those depths that every human life experiences; from that which every heart must turn to, these words and thoughts came at last with absolute truthfulness.

Need I say that we met in kindness, and that from that time he disappeared and came not into my spirit life again until I asked for him. He withdrew, and there was no more the prison: there was now no sadness. I could go as I pleased into all states and spheres, but he was not there.

It was not the inconsistency of the earthly woman, but it was the one great reaction of the spiritual life, that when it seemed that he was not to return, I did ask for and sought that presence to which I had been reconciled, before I asked for father or mother, or spirit friends.

Then there swept into my life the beautiful presence of my mother, dreamed of in all my childhood days; my father, my spirit guides and friends. They have known it all; they have seen this entire struggle; they have been able to penetrate my shadow while I begged to be spared the knowledge of their presence, and they understood, having each had their own experience; for I am told by those who are very wise and very good, and those to whom I do not dare to look, knowing my own state, I am told that never a human being passes from the earth who has not some shadow, and that never a sinner or criminal, or one despised of men who has not some ray of light and of hope.

Our opportunities count against us. If we do not know; if we have not been told; if we do not understand even with the head, we are not so responsible as if we have been told and know, yet refuse to have it enter our hearts. I who had arrayed all my

intellect; I who had arrayed all my opportunities and advantages against this one whom I thought had injured me, was more responsible for my pride, for my unforgiveness than one who had no such opportunity. Therefore I had to work it out alone.

I do not mean to say that the spirit world deserted me while I sorrowed. I do not mean to say that there could not have been at any time companions and friends; but you understand what I mean when I tell you, dear friends, that we work out these problems alone; they are with our own consciences—not with the consciences of others; they are our own shortcomings—not those of others. We must have the struggle. We must gain the victory if it is gained at all, and it is in the silence of our own souls that we do this. We do not go and bend before any shrine or any magnificent altar in the presence of any judge or angels to do this.

I was in the dimness of my own shadowed state. I had fashioned my prison house of my own condition, and I must work myself out of that state by conquering it. That this has come to me at last; that I stand here to-night to declare it to you, permitted by the guides and teachers of this medium; that I do this without any thought, excepting to declare to you that which came to me and, by analogy, that which may come to all, and that I being in the average state of human beings, but being surrounded by better conditions than many people, still have this to do, and that I found those in deeper earthly shadows who were less spiritually enthralled, is the lesson that I must bring.

Now together we solve those problems of life that we refused to solve together here. Together we may minister to those whom we refused to minister to on earth; and together, when necessary and best, we receive the messages of inspiration from those who are above and beyond us. While I am admitted into the presence of my mother, and my wise, kindly and truly Christian father has received me into his presence and counsel, yet, dear friends, I feel that it is presumptuous for me to thus address you. I feel that it is presumptuous for me to offer my experience as of any value, excepting that it is of value to say to each individual life: That one may be proud, one may be what the world calls honorable, and one may live what one thinks to be a true life, and yet be so far from the spiritual kingdom by the very barriers of self-love and self-praise.

Into that prison house I cannot pass again, for now do I know that neither deed, nor word, nor thought of mine was of any value until I could learn the lesson of self-humiliation and of forgive-

ness for a supposed wrong. For how can one continue to bear against another a hardened thought or wish and ever perceive the light, and beauty, and strength, and hope of spiritual existence?

If you have an enemy, forgive him before you sleep this night, lest ere the morning comes your spirit may be wafted from the human body and you find yourself in prison, since you abide in the prison house here on earth but do not know you are in the shadows. If any one has wronged you unintentionally, of course there can be no offense. If that one intended to wrong you, for give him, lest you add to that offense by an offense of your own.

Thus shall human life become more and more perfect, and more easily solve the problems of daily existence, and thus shall selfishness cease to be the everlasting barrier between the human life and the higher life of the soul itself. I thank you.

The Life Eternal.

BY REV. M. J. SAVAGE.

THE CREEDS AND THE POETS OF THE PAST MAPPED IT OUT—THE PRESENT STATUS OF THE PROBLEM AS TO MAN'S CONTINUED, CONSCIOUS, PERSONAL EXISTENCE AFTER DEATH.

The present status of the problem as to man's continued, conscious, personal existence after death—this is my theme. Whether the "eternal life" promised the righteous in the New Testament is a matter of duration or of quality, I shall not discuss. Except as historical criticism it does not interest me. What I wish to know is as to whether my conscious personality endures. And, when I say "know," I mean "know" in the sense in which that word is used of any other matter whatsoever.

To come intelligently to a discussion of this problem, we need first to look about us, and take some account of certain phases of contemporary opinion. So long as the authority of the church was generally accepted, men took it for granted that they knew. In the creeds, and in poets like Dante and Milton, the other world was mapped with quite as much particularity as was this one by the geographers. But, as a result of the Renaissance (which was a sort of waking from a dream of other-worldliness and a rediscovery of this world), modern science was born. And the very soul of modern science is a search after real knowledge, which implies a testing of supposed knowledge and a rejection of that which cannot bear the test. It followed very naturally that the popular "titles clear to mansions in the skies" became more or less invalidated. No rational title-insurance company could be found to vouch for them. So as a natural reaction from credulity came agnosticism; and many have been found to declare that anything like knowledge is naturally and necessarily impossible.

I wish now to look over the face of modern society, and note some of the more prominent manifestations of thought and feeling concerning the question of another life.

One of the most striking of these is the growth, within the limits of the church itself, of a feeling of unreality as touching this whole matter. With the ring of conviction in his voice, Paul could cry, "To die is gain," "to depart and be with Christ is far better!" To him the conditions of this little life were of slight account; for its narrow confines to his eyes seemed to give way, and reveal clearly-seen vistas of joyous and abounding life, leading on and on to height beyond height of glory and of good. Death was abolished; and the grave only a gateway to eternal life. But to how many in any of the churches to-day does this seem real? The crape, the sable pall, the tear-blinded eyes, the elegies over broken careers, the Rachels weeping for their children and refusing to be comforted because they are not,—these are sufficient reply. I have hardly known a case, in all my experience, where the ordinary church "belief" was vital enough to bring real comfort and peace.

One or two concrete illustrations will not be superfluous: Not a great while ago I received a letter from a lady in Maine. Her husband had been suddenly drowned. Her letter to me was one of the most pathetic I have ever read. She had been trained in and was a member of an orthodox church. She supposed she believed. But under the strain of her loss the whole fabric of her faith gave way. In words that dripped with tears, she begged me to tell her if I really believed there was any God or any future life. And, to show how the canker of officialism had eaten into her heart, she declares that she writes me, a known heretic, because she hopes I will tell her frankly just what I believe, and not what, as a minister bound to a creed, I might think I ought to believe.

Most of you, if not all, will remember the book "John Ward, Preacher." One of its chief characters is the rector of the Episcopal church. Another is an old gentleman, a parishioner, with whom he plays his weekly game of whist. On his death-bed the old gentleman sends for his clergyman. Play is over, and the old world problem faces them in earnest. Turning to his minister, the dying man says, "Tell me now, not what you think, not what the Church teaches that you ought to think, but, as man to man, tell me, do you know anything about it?" Thus abjured, he is compelled to confess that he does not.

And yet the average clergyman occupies the curious position of holding that it is wicked to doubt that which he must confess is not proved, and also of holding that it is equally wicked to try to prove it.

Mr. Frederick Harrison, speaking for what he calls the

Religion of Humanity, tells us not only that there is no reason for expecting a future life, but that it is evil and selfish to desire it. But, for my part, I could never see why it is any more selfish to wish to be alive a hundred years from now than it is to wish to be alive to-morrow. It is only desiring a larger slice off the same loaf. To be true to his own logic, Mr. Harrison should never take any medicine.

Others, again, like Harriet Martineau, declare that they have had enough, and do not wish continued existence. I have known many who have said the same. But, as I have studied their cases, I have become convinced that it was not life of which they were weary, but only of certain conditions or accompaniments of life. Change these, and life would be sweet. So I think the oft-quoted lines of Tennyson are profoundly true:—

“Whatever crazy sorrow saith,
No life that breathes with human breath
Has ever truly longed for death.

“’Tis life whereof our nerves are scant,
Oh, life, not death, for which we pant,—
More life, and fuller, that I want.”

Dr. Henry Maudsley, late of London, speaks for still another class. Some few years ago I received from him a personal letter on this subject. His position is that the average man is not worth keeping,—that it would be a waste of the raw material of the universe to perpetuate such miserable creatures. He thinks the chimpanzee as well worth preserving as the average New York millionaire. But he seems to me most unwarrantably to prejudge the possibility of our becoming something worth keeping, even if we are not such now. For myself, I have hopes even for the millionaires; though my estimate of the chances of their speedy entrance into the kingdom of heaven is not much higher than it was declared to be in New Testament times.

I once heard Dr. Hedge speak, with a touch of contempt, of those who troubled themselves over the question of a future life anyway. And not long ago I heard a certain professor in a theological school express himself in very much the same way. And when I said, “suppose your little girl should die, would not the problem then become of some importance?” he replied that he did not think we ought to love our children so much as to be seriously troubled over such a question. I do not remember what

I said in reply; and perhaps I had better not tell you what I really think of that kind of a man.

There is still another type of feeling which is sweet and tender, but which seems to me to be a state of mountain-summit repose to which few of us can ever hope to attain. A noble clerical friend is accustomed to say that, so long as we cannot know, we ought to be content to say, "Wisdom and Goodness rule the world; and so, if it is best for us to live, we shall live; if not, then it is best we should not."

We have all of us known persons, of a somewhat transcendental cast of mind, who say they do not wish for what is scientifically called proof. They say that they feel sure that they shall live on, they are conscious of immortality. More than once have I been criticised by those who have declared that no evidence could add to their sense of certainty. But I submit that to speak of a present consciousness of what may be a future fact is a misuse of the dictionary. I may be ever so full of the sense of present life, but I cannot be conscious to-day that I shall be alive to-morrow. I cannot see, therefore, how this kind of talk can be anything more than the expression of a strong belief, however that belief may have arisen.

If there are any who really find all they wish in George Eliot's "Choir Invisible," in the thought of continued race life and of personal influence as a part of that life, I can only say that such can be but few. There is no comfort here for the sorrow of the world. The air of these heights of speculation is too rarefied for the lungs of the common dwellers in this earthly "vale of tears."

Open the books of the poets,—those who are in touch with human life,—and listen to the real cry of the real human soul:—

"Is this the whole sad story of creation,
Told by its breathing myriads o'er and o'er,—
One glimpse of day, then black annihilation,
A sunlit passage to a sunless shore?

"Give back our faith, ye mystery-solving lynxes,
Robe us once more in heaven-aspiring creeds!
Better was dreaming Egypt with her sphinxes,
The stony convent with its cross and beads."

Though this be the cry of our loved and venerated Unitarian poet, Oliver Wendell Holmes, I confess I cannot go quite the length of his song. Give me "black annihilation" rather than

either Egypt or the Middle Age convent. I want not even heaven, though all I love be there, at the price of endless hell for the meanest man that ever lived. But I do believe that this passionate protest is the genuine cry of humanity for life and a reunion with those we tenderly speak of as the "loved and lost."

For my personal self, I cannot say I think life a failure, if there be no future life. In spite of my share of labor and sorrow, I am glad every moment that I am alive,—that I have been permitted to look upon this wonder-show of sky and earth. But as to whether life is worth living, immortality being left out, no one man may presume to speak for another. In a passionate outburst, Lord Tennyson declared that, were this life all, he would shake his fist in the face of the Almighty and declare that he was a fiend. While, in a calmer mood, he said: "There is a power that watches over us, and our individuality endures. That is my belief, and that is all my belief."

So much by way of outlining the plight of the modern world as to this great matter.

We will turn now and consider the opinion of those who declare that knowledge on this subject is not desirable. "One world at a time, Parker," the dying Thoreau is reported to have said in reply to the question of Mr. Parker Pillsbury, as to whether he was not near enough to the border to catch at least some glimpse of the other side. And it is the well-known position of Mr. Browning that certainty would destroy the moral value of our decisions. He teaches that there must be an element of doubt before there can be any merit in our choice; for, if we know a course is right, and so for our advantage, it would be only the instinct of selfishness to follow it. It is claimed, therefore, that it is better for the world that it should have only a hope.

But it seems to me that this is only trying to make the best of what is really regarded as the sad necessity of the situation. I cannot think that any one, standing by the open grave of a friend and hearing the old question, "If a man die, shall he live again?" would not have it answered if he could.

Instead, therefore, of our being content with a mystically elusive hope or an agnostic perhaps, there is no subject on which knowledge is of such transcendently practical importance. If we may know that death is only an incident in our uninterrupted career, that life goes right on; if we may know that, under the universal law of cause and effect, we are now determining the nature, the conditions, and so the sorrow or the joy of the next

great stage of our career; if we may know that every deed, every word, even every thought and feeling, are helping to create the future; if we may know that no magic of priestcraft can change these tremendous facts,—then we shall be in possession of a motive-power strong enough to lift the level and re-create the face of the world. It is doubt here that says, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die."

Another phase of this same argument (though of such tremendous practical importance as to justify separate mention) is this. For the solution of the great social and industrial problems that so menace the modern world we are looking in turn to charity, to education, to a new political economy, to any chance that may reveal a way out of what appears now to be a cul-de-sac. But unspeakably more important to this end than all these is an answer to our great question as to the life eternal. The leading socialists of the world are openly saying that the Church is the bulwark of the aristocracy and the bourgeois. They do not propose to be put off any longer with shadowy possessions in the skies. It is "this generation," as Nasby says, which they are "going for." And if we are only a higher kind of animal, a shrewder kind of fox, a more cunning wolf, then I, for one, cannot answer them. If all our destiny is shut in here, beneath "this inverted bowl we call the sky" (as Omar Khayyam has it); if the earth is only a larger kennel,—then I do not see any sufficient reason why the claimed right of the millionaire bull-dog to sit, gorged, upon his superfluous pile of bones should be respected by the gaunt and hungry crowd of those whose only birthright is famine. But if we be souls (be, not have); if we are truly God's children, and so heirs of a divine destiny; if all our earthly experiences are only incidents in the culture of the soul,—then, indeed, the conditions of this life do not much matter. A young prince can afford to laugh at hardship, lack of means, lack of bread, sickness and wounds,—all in the way of training into fitness for his high station. But, if there be no end to justify the process, he might well grow impatient, and rebel. So if, indeed, we are in training for a soul-development into fitness for a grand spiritual career, then it does not make much difference whether, for the little time here, we are poor or rich, unknown or famous, frail or robust, or whether the skies drip rainy tears or are brilliant with shadowless sunshine. If society can become certain of spiritual values, then the other objects of desire and ambition will fall into their relative inferior positions, and take their places as only tributary to the higher.

It may be said that right is right, and wrong is wrong, whether this life be all or not. True; but the proportions and emphasis of life are so dependent on this question as to make the admission of little practical force. If I know I am to live fifty years longer, I shall naturally lay out my life-plan on quite another scale than would seem to me sufficient if I am to live only one year. It would seem to me reasonable to suffer, to discipline myself, if it be in preparation for something. But if there be nothing for which to prepare, and if the whole thing may end before the preparation is begun, then what else were wisdom might be folly. One would hardly go through the long drill of a college course to the end of being blotted out on Commencement Day. I believe, then, that there is no subject now open to human investigation that is of such transcendent interest and importance as this. Professor J. H. Hyslop, of Columbia College, in a personal letter to me, writes: "If only telepathy be proved true, it will be the most wonderful discovery ever made by man. Copernican astronomy, Newtonian gravitation, electricity, and evolution are as nothing compared with it." Let that sentence of a competent educator stand to outface the holy horrors of conventional piety and the cheap sneers of omniscient ignorance.

One more provisional question needs to be raised. Is proof of the life eternal a reasonable object of search? In the nature of things is it possible either to disprove or to prove it? There are not wanting wise men who both think and say, "No." But the history of human progress is not encouraging to those who assume to set limits to investigation. Comte declared it a waste of time to try to investigate the fixed stars. But hardly was he dead before, by means of the spectroscope, we were actually reading the secrets he had declared forever beyond our reach. So the wise men of Columbus's time asserted that it was the height of absurdity to suppose the existence of antipodes. And, further, they said that, even if they did exist, it was in the nature of things impossible for us to find them.

If now death is not the end of conscious, personal existence, then those we speak of as dead are not living in some mystical and far-away future. They are alive and active now, in this same present that is now to us. If they are real beings, then it is possible that they are accessible to us or we to them. We are too apt to be the fools of our own eyes and ears, fancying that our senses, in their ordinary condition, are adequate measures of the universe. And yet the veriest tyro in science knows well enough

that it is only a fraction of the material world about us into contact with which we consciously come by the use of our ordinary senses. The famous scientist, Young, the discoverer of our present accepted theory of light, tells us that other worlds may exist, unknown to us, close by our earth, and even occupying the same space. For all that any competent science has to say to the contrary, the words of Milton may be true,—

“Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep.”

There is nothing, then, inherently absurd or impossible in this seeking after the invisible and spiritual world. It is as rational and proper a subject of scientific inquiry as is the condition of the planet Mars or the interior of Africa. It is merely a question of fact and evidence.

We are now ready to consider the question of fact and evidence. Is there any generally known or generally accepted proof of a conscious, personal life after death? The belief of the Church is based on her own traditions as to the authenticity and reliability of the gospel stories. But, as a result of modern criticism and the comparative study of similar stories in other religions, this belief, even within the limits of the Church itself, is growing dim and unreal. The stories are old. If they be accepted as told, there is no good reason why others should not be; and so the unique position and claim on behalf of the gospels is discredited. It is not possible now to cross-question the witnesses, or find out the accuracy of either their observations or their recitals. There is no conceivable reason why such happenings should have occurred for a while and then suddenly have ceased. And, curiously enough, it is found that the alleged occurrences (visions, apparitions, voices, dreams, foretellings, cures) are precisely such as are asserted to be happening in the midst of us to-day. If one will not investigate and accept to-day, why accept a similar tale of something said to have occurred nineteen hundred years ago, on the supposed testimony of witnesses whose character for accuracy or truth is entirely unknown? If any one does accept these stories to-day, it is generally as part of the divine mystery of their religion, and not as being rationally proved. Those who wish for proof do not accept them at all, unless on conditions to be noted a little later on.

Analogical arguments have often been put forward; but no careful thinker will give them much weight. That the same

violets appear every year and lift up "the same fair faces," as Mrs. Whitney says, is not true. Similar, not the same. The development of the butterfly through grub and chrysalis is a beautiful and suggestive figure, but not evidence. To say that nothing perishes or ceases to exist is a glittering deception. It is no special comfort to me to know that the particles that compose my body are immortal, as particles. So with nearly all the so-called evidences. They show only that people wish to believe and are willing to catch at straws of suggestion.

There are, indeed, three considerations so important as to be worthy of special note, though they do not amount to demonstration.

In the first place, materialism as a philosophy of things is no longer maintained by any thinker of the first class. The universe can be rationally interpreted only in terms of spirit and life. As then conscious man faces the universe, it is spirit facing spirit.

In the next place, as we trace the age-long process of evolution, from the fire-mist to the first appearance of life on the planet; and then as we follow life as it climbs from form to form until man is here; and still on, as we mark the slow ascent of man till Jesus teaches and Shakespeare sings,—it becomes well-nigh unbelievable that all this slow, patient, and myriad-yearled preparation and process should end in—nothing at all. The sanity and rationality we find at every step compel us to reject the probability of an ending of the play that seems so stupendous an anti-climax and absurdity.

And, once more, as we seek for some rational explanation of the fact of the well-nigh universal hope of a future life, we find no satisfying answer, provided this hope be really a delusion. Whence came the tormenting, haunting dream, if indeed it be a lie?

What is this mystic, wondrous hope in me
When not one star from out the darkness born
Gives promise of the coming of the morn,—
When all life seems a pathless mystery
Through which the weary eyes no way can see,—
When illness comes and life grows most forlorn
Still dares to laugh the last dread threat to scorn,
And proudly cries, Death is not, shall not be?
I wonder at myself! Tell me, O Death,
If that thou rul'st the earth, if "dust to dust"
Shall be the end of love and hope and strife,

From what rare land is blown this living breath
Which shapes itself to whispers of strong trust,
And tells the lie—if 'tis a lie—of life?

A dream, a fancy, a hope, is a fact as much needing to be accounted for as the existence of a boulder. Can a universal hope be less than the whisper and assurance of the universe itself? The universal and the permanent in us we think must answer to some reality in the nature of things. Do we not stand related to the universe like the coin to the die? And is the die false in the impression it makes? So, at any rate, "runs my dream."

But now comes into the field the new and strictly scientific method of psychical research, and proposes to do what it can to solve the problem. If any one asks why, if this be a matter of such supreme importance, God has left the world so long without any positive assurance, I reply that God has never supernaturally revealed anything to man. It seems to be his method (perhaps a part of our best training) to leave us to find out things for ourselves. It seems to me that I can catch a glimpse of a special fitness in the order of human progress. Paul says: "First the blade, then the ear, and then the full corn in the ear." "That was not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural; and afterwards that which is spiritual." Through muscle, brute force, to intellect; from intellect to a higher development of the moral sense; from the moral to the fuller development of spirit. This actually has been the order; and it seems the natural one.

But all the way along, from the first, we find reports of sporadic cases of precisely the kind of facts that psychical research proposes to study. All Bibles and the history of all religions are marked by them. But the common attitude toward them has been that of superstitious fear on the one hand or of supercilious contempt on the other. It is only until the very last few years that it seems to have occurred to sensible men that here was something worthy of serious study. When a matter of vital importance is left in the hands of cunning or credulity, it is hardly strange if the results are not altogether satisfactory.

Scientific men not infrequently taunt the Church with her unwillingness to investigate or accept new truth. Let them take heed that they fall not into a similar condemnation. And let the liberal churches take heed lest they be guilty of a narrowness, a bigotry, a conservatism, like that which they are ready enough to discern in the older communions.

It remains for me now only to indicate a few of the results so far attained along the lines of psychical research.

In the first place, let me note certain things which, while they do not go far enough to reach beyond the limits of our own personality, do so widen the range of that personality as to show that we ourselves are wonder-worlds only partially explored. The voyage of Columbus did not open up a land one-half so marvellous or so utterly unknown. Only a few years ago, and all the learned (?) contemptuously scouted hypnotism. Now it is universally accepted, and is lending itself to medical science in a way such as no one would have dared to dream. Only a few years ago, and clairvoyance was supposed to be only a trick to take in fools. Now we have the saying of the philosopher Schopenhauer to the effect that "he who now denies the possibility of clairvoyance does not show that he is prejudiced; he only shows that he is ignorant." Only a few years ago, and the possibility of telepathy, or mental communication between persons at a distance, and without the ordinary use of the senses, would have been thought as wild as an Arabian Night's tale. Now, though much remains to learn as to methods, the fact is thoroughly established. So, also, of psychometry, of crystal vision, and many other phases of psychic sensitiveness.

What bearing have all these on the problem of continued existence? Let me illustrate by a well-known story. It is said that Emerson and Parker were once out walking together in Concord. An excited Second Adventist rushed up to them, and told them that the world was soon to come to an end. Parker characteristically replied, "Well, suppose it is; it does not concern me, for I live in Boston." But it was Emerson's reply that now concerns us. He said: "Well, my friend, suppose it does come to an end; it will not trouble me. I think I can get along without it." So, as I see our common human souls displaying such wondrous powers and acting in such semi-independence of the body, I begin to feel as if I could say of the body as Emerson said of the world, I think I can get along without it.

But facts like these are only on the threshold. I can only state, as to the next step, that scores and scores of times I have been told by psychics facts which by no possibility could they have ever known. This has become so common that I no longer wonder at it, any more than I do at the telephone. But this does not go far enough.

So now I call your attention to still another class of facts.

This includes cases in which I have been informed of happenings, physical conditions, mental states, soul-sufferings, concerning which neither myself nor the psychic had ever had, or by any possibility ever could have had, any previous knowledge whatsoever. This sort of news has sometimes come from another State at least two hundred miles away.

I have accumulated a body of verified facts, the mere recounting of which would fill, not an essay merely, but a large book. As to methods of interpretation, I have familiarized myself with all that have ever been suggested. I need not weary you with their recital. When I have gotten through with the explanations, I have often felt that they were the hardest things of all to understand. I have sympathized with the old lady who, when she had read Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," with Scott's Notes, said she understood all but the notes.

The result at which I have arrived in my own mind is this. If I may suppose that I have been in communication with invisible intelligences, that would easily explain my facts. Though ready for any theory that will explain, and desiring above all things to find the simple truth, whatever it may be, I have as yet heard of no other theory that seems to me at all adequate.

I incline to think, therefore, that the world is on the eve of a discovery compared with which all that has gone before is of slight importance. Since writing this, I have come across the following words, from a paper read at Chicago by Professor Alfred Alexander. I quote, that you may see I am not alone: "In conclusion, the whole movement, beginning with the pioneer work of spiritism, and continued in the more cautious methods of psychical research, does, indeed, tend to confirm our highest hopes. We are still on our voyage of exploration. Some of us—and perhaps I am among the number—are apt to cry 'Land!' before land is really sighted. But on the sea are drifting boughs of which the leaves have not yet withered; there are birds flying overhead that belong to yet unvisited climes; and the air wafts us the promises of discoveries of greater consequence to mankind than even the achievements of Columbus." If, indeed, we are folded in and are a part of the life eternal, then are our lives lifted to a level of dignity and power. If we are souls, and many believe, with Browning, that little else is of value compared with the soul's culture and development, then life's burdens grow light, its losses cease to be real and become only apparent, and our social and industrial inequalities shrink into insignificance. With reverent

exultation we can say, "Now are we children of God;" and, though it doth not yet appear what we shall be, we know that, as the vision grows upon us, we shall go on to be more and more "like him."

Crowned Queen After Death.

(INEZ DE CASTRO OF PORTUGAL.)

BY EMMA ROOD TUTTLE.

Dom Pedro, prince of Portugal,
A royal-hearted youth,
In loving, and in wedding, too
Resolved to live the truth.
So when his kingly father said,
"Thou must wed so,"—or so—
The coming king unto himself,
And unto God, said, "No."

"Another cannot love for me,
Nor sense what love doth bring,
And marriage is, where love is not,
A most unholy thing.
Hence, in this matter, my own soul
Must my dictator be."
Thus spake the prince of Portugal,
And did accordingly.

His royal father was austere
And most conservative;
To misalliance of the prince
No sanction would he give.
Inez de Castro won his love,
Clandestinely they wed;
But three brief years thereafterward
His sweet wife's blood was shed.

Murdered by rough assassins, she,
Unfleshed, was forced to be
A most unhappy soul, who longed
For Pedro constantly.
The murderers were only tools,
Hired by the prince's sire,

To slay fair Inez, who did love
Against the king's desire.

The young prince, wild with grief and rage,
Tore out the living hearts
Of her assassins, ending thus
Tortures of blackest arts.

He gnashed his teeth and vowed a vow
She yet should crowned be;
Her coronation he would make
A ghostly pageantry.

His broken life could never be
The joy it once had been,
But she should come from Heaven to take
Her honors as his queen.
This thorny rose he longed to cast
Upon his darling's tomb,
Although it would have been, at best,
Only a mildewed bloom.

The years dragged on and he became
The King of Portugal;
A pleasant boon had Inez lived
To share his honors all.
He called her spirit unto his,
So long his angel queen,
And pledged to crown her in such state
As, living, would have been.

"Thy soul and body, forced apart
In life's and love's sweet morn,
Shall meet each other once again
In style thou cans't not scorn.
I bid thee, peerless one of Heaven,
With stately pomp to come
Unto Love's coronation. I
Will fetch thy body dumb.

"The awe-struck populace shall bow,
The courtiers homage do,
Thy fleshless hand a scepter hold
And diamonds glitter through
The midnight gloom. Thy purple robe
Shall sweep in many a fold

Over thy bones. Thy skull shall blaze
With precious stones and gold.

“But I shall only see thy soul,
Living, and worth my love,
Decked in all virtues of the saints,
My splendid, murdered dove!
I shall not look upon dead bones,
But on thyself, my queen;
My subjects, they shall know that once
On earth true love hath been.”

Inez de Castro's gentle soul
Had not the power to sway
Dom Pedro from his strange intent,
Nor could she say him, “Nay.”
Love drew her even to his aid
In regalest attire;
Her waiting angels crowned with flowers
And garlanded her lyre.

In beauty, near her crumbling bones,
Inez the angel stood,
And followed them unto the throne,
As Pedro willed she should.
Within the centre of the nave,
The purple canopy
Above the throne did shadow two
Unlike as they could be.

One was a ghastly skeleton,
In earthly gauds arrayed;
The other was the queen's white soul,
From God's own gardens strayed.
She heard the ringing of the bells,
She saw the courtiers quake,
And in King Pedro's eyes she read,
“All this is for love's sake.”

After the coronation night,
On which her skeleton
Was treated as a living queen
Whom honors blaze upon,
The next weird midnight brought a scene
More spectral than before;

A pageant to conduct the bones
Back to the tomb once more.

A chariot drawn by twenty mules,
Black as the steeds of night,
Conveyed the martyr's skeleton,
In robes and jewels bright,
Back to the royal resting-place,
Abbey Alcobaca,
And Pedro felt that he had taught
His subjects love's first law.

For miles the funeral cortege stretched,
A torchlight in each hand,
And solemnly the Abbey bell
Tolled out in volume grand:
"O, Love divine! Thou art our king!
Man cannot thee control!
O, Love divine! subdue thy foes!—
For that I toll!—I toll!"

Back to the tomb's august repose
Inez de Castro's bones
Were borne; but upward into light
She went from those cold stones.
In Alcobaca's shadowy gloom
Her monument stands near
Her husband's, marked "Pedro the Just,"
Who ever held her dear.

In august death their bodies sleep,
But in God's great Beyond
They live in peace, soul unto soul,
Bound by Love's golden bond.
A king of Portugal thus taught
The mightiness of love,
But mayhap we may methods find
More simple, truth to prove.

What They Said of Death.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

A TALK WITH WORKING MEN—THE CONCLUSIONS THEY OFTEN REACH
UNAIDED BY EDUCATIONAL TRAINING—THE OLD GATE-KEEPER
AT THE RAILROAD CROSSING TALKS.

I like to talk with working men; they who toil from morn till night without pause, because born to the estate from which they find it difficult if not impossible to escape. I cultivate their acquaintance as one in deepest sympathy, who has felt the pangs of want and the crushing weight of overtasking toil, bruising the body and paralyzing the mind. The conclusions they often reach, unaided by the supposed necessity of educational training, is startling and shows the reach of that wonderful intelligence which is the glorious birthright of the spirit.

Thus recently, at an hour's wait at a railroad crossing, the old gate-keeper became my teacher. Keeping the gate at a crowded city crossing is monotonous work. To lower the gates on the approach of a train, damming back the eager crowds; then raising the bars to let the contending tides flow past, repeated and repeated, has only the sense of duty and responsibility to elevate the man above the automatic gong which warns of the approaching cars.

When I had gained his confidence with my expressions of interest, he poured out a tale of wrongs, for like most workers he was a pessimist, and there was no silver lining in his clouded sky. His birth had been a mistake. The planetary influences must have been more disastrously potential than any astrologer ever conjectured. It would have been of untold advantage to him had he never been born. Everything had gone wrong with him. He had found no rest, and he did not expect to find any until he died, which he hoped would be soon.

"Oh," I said, "Death may bring a better, and happier life, which will compensate for your past hardships."

He gave a scoffing laugh and replied: "Immortality! All the immortality we shall have will come through our children. I have two, who will represent me in the future when I have escaped the worry and toil of life."

Only the day before I had this same theory thrown at me by a man posing as a philosopher. By it he thought himself able to overturn the spiritual philosophy. He presented it in more brilliant language, and brought to his aid the teachings of science. Yet here was the same assertion by one who could only assert, for he was able to bring nothing in its support.

"If your belief be true, there are a great many who have no children, and consequently not even this poor immortality. And of those who have, their children represent them in such a way that to be thus carried into the future would be less desirable than complete extinction."

"It may be undesirable," was his sententious reply, "There is little in life that is not, but what can we do about it, if it is the fact?"

Sure enough, gate-keeping philosopher! If such is the method of nature, what can we do? Nature is remorseless, unrelenting, adamant. If her ways are not to our liking, we know resistance is idle and breasting a resistless tide. What are we that we dictate or say to ourselves the plan should be thus and so? The architecture of the universe takes the worm into consideration as well as man; the monad as completely as the angel.

That night, as the train bore me through the gates where the patient, trustful, hopeless man stood at his post, into the night which after the wavering constellation of the city's lights were left behind, shut down like a wall, his words came with stronger and stronger emphasis, and behind him stood the philosopher with his evidence. Yes, it is true there is a physical immortality. The individual grows old and ceases to be, but in the exuberant days of life a new generation is sent onward.

The lowest animalcule multiplies by divisions, each half becoming a perfect individual. Is not the first created form represented in and by the last, even though countless generations intervene? Is not the original form immortalized?

The oak may perish, but it may leave acorns, as parts of itself, to grow into other oaks.

And what are our children but fragments of ourselves, to succeed and become our representatives? Thus on and on with accumulating similitudes which bore the label of evidence, in

confusing array. They made a strong case, and I vainly asked myself, if assailed by them at the hands of one who knew how to present them in their strength, how I could break their force.

Arriving at my home before midnight, the jar and clangor of the cars was exchanged for the restful quiet of the country. Only the sigh of the spruce at my open window and the droning of crickets in the grass.

There with the warm welcome of sympathizing hearts, entered unseen guests whose presence was as a benediction; alone in the solitude, yet least alone, for there was company such as one would go to the other side of the world to meet, and sit with in converse.

I was chagrined when I felt that my thoughts were read, and all those that had troubled me considered as floating chaff by these spirit guests who exemplified the real immortality. I became humiliatingly conscious of the difference between myself with unaided faculties and that self when supported by these Intelligences. I had been thinking and reasoning of myself, from the earthly side, and became fettered by the sophistry of the data and my conclusions.

"That I come to you as an immortal spirit, resurrected out of the physical body, which has gone back into the vortex of living matter, is absolute evidence, and however plausible theories or schemes may be, they require no other refutation. The fact of the existence of the spirit after-death, once proven, silences all other explanations.

"True there is physical continuity from parent to offspring, but there is not even similarity between it and the continuity of life in the spirit.

"The spirit is not a fragment developing into similitude of the form from which it separated, at the expense and to the destruction of the parental beings, but is of itself a complete whole with all the possibilities of evolution. The physical body counts for no more than the garment worn till outgrown and cast aside. It was a convenience, a necessity of the physical state. It served for evolution, for growth, for contact with the physical world. It was not the personality, only its garb. The perplexing knot of your argument vanishes in the light of the fact that decarnated spirit is present, one who has passed through the gateway of death and views it from the other side.

"Do you fear death? You live for the one purpose of passing through its portals as I have done. In the hours of night do you

fear the coming of the morning? Does the prisoner lingering in the dungeon's cell fear the coming of the day which will set him free? Does the eagle mourn because the bars of its cage are broken and he allowed the freedom of the vaulted sky?"

"And yet the mystery shrouding the grave, the secession of visible life, chills the heart and we shrink appalled from the closing scenes of earthly existence." I said this in the pause, for I was not on the mountain summit, and the valley has dark shadows.

"In the earth life," was responded, "spirit and body are one. Only in sensitive states does the spirit break through the limitations of the physical and reveal its possibilities. Otherwise its only means of contact with the world, or of expression, is through and by means of the physical senses. Yet these in higher form belong to the spiritual being, and at the separation of the spiritual from the physical, this higher order of perception becomes independent and the spirit sees with the spiritual eyes and hears with the spiritual organs of hearing. That is, the spiritual body has the same organs of sense as the physical, which are subservient to the spirit, in proportion as the separation is completed.

"After the pain and sickness which usually precedes the final change, words fail to express the peace and delicious sense of rest which follows. Then slowly the spirit arises out of the worn body. With glad surprise it hears instead of sobs of those who mourn, the sweet voices of angel friends, and sees in a light as of glowing pearls, their well-remembered faces. They come to welcome, for not alone over the gulf passes the awakened soul, not as one lost and a stranger, but as an expected guest, to meet those gone before, and begin a new life exceeding in its possibilities the fondest dreams mortals can entertain.

"It is out of the shadows; out of the prison bars. Gleams and glimpses, seen at sensitive moments, as in dreams or clairvoyantly, are found to have been foretastes of the permanent spiritual state, the simple living of which is superlative joy. No pain; no fever-heat; no horrible faintness of failing heart; no chill of stagnating blood; no thirst or pangs of hunger. Oh, no! but when the spirit first is conscious of standing outside of the mortal wreck, outside of above and beyond and independent; when it knows that the mystery is solved, the doubt removed, the grave conquered, a great thrill of gladness sweeps through and through! It rejoices in immortality, now not a belief, but a fact! The strength of a new life, which knows not decay nor weakness, nor disease fills its being with delight."

"It is just, it is beautiful," I replied, "when life continues to maturity here and the man or woman departs in the ripeness of years, having tasted all that earth affords and thereby rounded out and completed the development of character; but when the child is taken it appears unwise, merciless and unjust. Mothers bewail the loss of their darlings and from the earliest times Rachels have mourned and refused to be comforted."

Even as I continued to speak, the air grew light and my doubts broke in fragments for all the space pulsated with angelic thought:

"They mourn because mortal vision cannot pierce the veil which conceals spiritual things. They cry out 'injustice' because they do not understand the plan of creation as a whole.

"What is earth-life, a moment in an eternity, to account of such great moment? Valuable it is as the starting point of the spirit's infinite evolution, yet it offers nothing the higher life will not bring. Whether at the maturity of a century, or with the first breath, the spirit is freed from mortality, loss in earth-experience is balanced by spiritual gain, and there is perfect compensation."

A Message from the Soul-Realm.

THROUGH CORA L. V. RICHMOND.

"THE AWAKENING AND EXPERIENCE OF A MATERIALIST IN SPIRIT LIFE"—ALSO A POEM FROM THE SPIRIT OF A LADY MATERIALIST WHO PASSED OUT AT THE SAME TIME BY ASPHYXIATION.

Undoubtedly I was dead! There it was, that other me, that body which I supposed constituted and contained all the vital force, all the activity of mind, heart and brain, which I supposed when it died would be the last of me.

I remember a sense of suffocation and I thought I called out for help; but the next thing I knew I was watching the thing lying there that looked precisely like myself. There it was, the exact personal image, only the eyes were closed, the lips were motionless, the face was colorless, the hands refused to move, and the whole thing was as useless a lump of dust as you could imagine. I said while looking at it:

"You poor thing, is that you? Lately you were active, you were buoyant, you were full of life and animation, your hands could move, your feet could walk, you could obey the bidding of the mind that was within you; what are you doing now, lying there motionless and aimless? Get up, I say, and do my work, for I am not through."

It neither moved nor was obedient to my wish, nor could I circumvent, or surround, or pervade it with the thought that was criticising it so. Then I felt rather compassionate and I said: "You are helpless after all with your organic structure, you can do nothing. There you are with closed eyes, inanimate lips, cheeks that refuse to glow, hands that will not move, feet that will not walk. What are you doing this for? I am talking to you like something else? Who are you? Who am I?"

"If that be myself, why am I pitying it, talking to it so? Why is it separate from me? Why am I standing here, erect, full

of youth, animation, hope and strength, determined to work and you will not do my work for me?

"It is many years we have traveled together, you and I, and is it for that we now must part? Are you something separate from me? If you are not, arise and go forth as before for there is much work for me to do.

What is this that seems to have parted us? It was not of your seeking nor of mine. What has parted us? Why am I separate from you, and why are you there?" And there still was no answer.

I saw people moving all about the form, examining the pulse, and the heart-beats, and applying various instruments to see if there were any manifestations of life there. They said "He is dead."

I knew they said it. I felt them say it. I do not know whether I heard it or not, but I knew they said it. Now, who was I that was hearing this? What business had I to hear if I were dead? What business had I to see if I were dead? Were they going to bury me alive?

A horrid feeling came over me. Perhaps my body was in a trance—not dead—only in a state of coma. But I did not feel as though I was in a trance. There was the body, here was I.

I assure you, friends, that the one great revealment of that moment was as if the heavens had opened and another absolutely unexpected world had been revealed.

But at that moment I saw nothing, heard nothing, knew nothing excepting that there was the thing I called myself, and here I was going on thinking, criticising and wondering why they made all this display and all this fuss over that body, while I was here talking with them, or to them, for they did not answer. I said to the physician, "I am not dead." He paid no attention whatever. I said to my friend on the other side, "Why, here I am." He made no response. I even whispered to some who were nearer and dearer, "I am here, I am all right." They paid no attention, but went on mourning as if I was really dead.

Then I became somewhat indignant that they should pay so much attention to that body, and pay no attention whatever to me, and then I began to realize that I was separate from it. Was not my thought of some consequence? Was not my real self something? Must I appeal to them in vain, I who had never spoken that they did not heed me?

They made no response. Dead to all intent and purpose as

far as they were concerned! Not by my own hand I assure you, nor by my own wish, although it was what is called an accident or casualty.

How was I to settle with myself? Just before, it seemed it had not been many hours, I had distinctly declared that I knew of no possible existence separate from that body.

I had dreams—every man has dreams! I had ideals—all men have ideals; but I had early in life separated myself from the stereotyped “kingdom of heaven” that had been taught me in childhood. I had also separated myself from all thought of the theological heaven and of existence beyond death, and had devoted myself, as I believed, to the welfare of my fellow-beings. I believed there was nothing beyond earth-life to attend to. I thought, now I know it was an inward conviction, that whatever was to be afterward we could attend to then.

Now I was experiencing that condition that I had named “afterward.” Could I attend to it? I did not feel quite ready. I had left unfinished many purposes of human life. I had accomplished some things; but I had suddenly been plunged into relationship with that body and with all other human beings that I knew nothing about. What should I do? How should I carry out my purposes and wishes for humanity? What could I do since I had no form, since I evidently had no mechanism to work with?

Perhaps, after all, this thought of being, that I still existed, was only an effervescence which would soon pass away; perhaps it was only a kind of mental vapor like that which arises from the bodies of substance under peculiar conditions. So I waited to see the gradual diminution of my consciousness. I waited to see if it would not stop thinking; if I would not stop knowing what others were doing; if I would not stop being aware of existence. But nothing of the kind came.

After a sufficient elapse of—I do not know whether it is time or perception that I am talking about—but after there had been a sufficient interval, or something, I began to see people; not people in the human form, but people I had known in childhood, people who were near and dear, some of the dearest and the best. “Oh,” I said, “I know what it is now. I am in delirium. Something has happened to me. I have a fever and I fancy I am out of my body, and seeing my friends of the past. Of course when the fever goes, or whatever it is, I shall be all well again and go on with my usual pursuits.”

But they smiled upon me and said: "You are not only not in a fever, but you have awakened from a fever, from the fever of earthly life, from its fitful striving, from much that is good and much that is unworthy, from all things whatsoever that pertain to earthly existence and earthly expression as you know it, you are released, you are set free; you are one of us!"

I turned and saw one who had somewhat that was familiar. Then I saw it was one whom I had known and trusted as a wise and worthy exemplar, a sage in lines of thought with which I was familiar. I said: "I am dreaming that this is you, for you died long ago."

"Aye! I died to earth as you are now dead to earth, and if you would enter into the knowledge of the things that pertain to this life, you must for once and all separate your thoughts from that body which lies there, and live in the real energy of your being."

"What do you mean by the real energy of my being?"

"We mean your spirit which is now set free."

"How do I know it is spirit? How do I know that it is set free?"

"Then," said my kind friend, "examine yourself. Lo! you seem to have hands, and feet, and body, and brain, and you can move at will."

"I know," I said, "I cannot move at will if I have hands, feet, body and brains, yet you seem to have those and you can move at will."

"Think where you would wish to be."

I thought of one who at that moment was mourning, and who was distant from the place where my body lay. As quick as the thought, my friends, I was there.

Bowed with grief and weeping bitterly, because that friend thought I had taken my own life in my own hands, I found her. She bent over some written memorials. I was aware of her thought and strove to comfort her. Although she could not hear, and I could not hear that I made any vibrations, I perceived that my thought and sympathy affected her; that she seemed to feel as she did when I spoke encouraging words to her upon earth.

She said: "How strange! It is as though he were here, and yet he is dead."

Then I pressed another thought, following the first in quick succession. Though dead I still live and am here.

"Is it possible," she said, "that I am losing my mind? That

this insane idea of one who has passed on, living and returning is taking possession of me?"

I repeated it again as intently as before. . Then it seemed that I stood before her; in what guise I know not, but she recognized me. Then, so great was the shock, that for the interval we were parted and she saw me no more.

My teacher said: "What do you think now?"

I thought it was wonderful. Every instant new wonders came. These people were revealed to me by their states of mind. I saw, or thought I saw, resemblance to their former selves, but more beautiful and perfect, or in some instances more shadowed and deformed.

I said, in thought, what is the meaning of these who seem shadowed and deformed more than they did in the human state? I was told that that was the true revealment of their mental, moral and spiritual condition.

Involuntarily I shrunk back. I said: "How do I look?" A consciousness of my own imperfections swept through my mind. Thoughts of deeds performed and left undone pervaded me like piercing swords. I said how small and insignificant I seem, even to myself!

"Nay, friend," my mentor replied, "we are not here to sit in judgment on one another. We see only that which was best. You must take care of the rest."

Then I said: "Do I live after death, and still there is no place of punishment like that of which I was taught in childhood?"

My mentor said: "Look within."

I saw there all the records of the things that were left undone, and the things that were done. I saw there a consciousness of my shortcomings, and I so longed to do the things that I had not done while the opportunity to do them in earth life was past. Would I ever be able to do those things?

Again the answer came: "When there is great desire to do that which is best there is always a way. The spirit knows no denial."

Then I said: "Do you mean to tell me that, deprived of the physical body and material surroundings I can do anything for those whom I may have neglected, or whom I may have wronged unwittingly?"

"You can do all that you wish; but you must do it in the way of the spirit."

"What do you mean by the way of the spirit?"

"The way that you comforted your friend just now; the way that thinks and makes others good; the way that acts upon human minds and makes them do your bidding. Your body will no longer be seen. You will no longer talk and walk with mortals as before, but the impelling mind when set free is a thousandfold stronger than when tethered by the dust."

"The impelling mind when set free!" I thought those words and sentences would burn themselves into my consciousness, and for the first time I became aware of my freedom.

Friends, I had battled all my life against the slavery of conviction. I had battled all my life against the slavery of authority; all my life against man-made creeds and some man-made laws; all my life I had with pen and tongue endeavored to advocate the freedom of the human conscience and the liberty of the human mind. But now I was told that the mind when set free could act upon hundreds and thousands. I had been limited to one form of the dust. I had animated that form as best I could, but my words could only reach a few. The production of my pen through the press could only be read by a few, but here I was told that the "mind when set free" could act upon thousands. Upon whom could I act?

Oh, freedom! For the first time the consciousness came to me that I had been fettered. I, who sought to free others, had been enslaved. I who had pitied the people for the bondage of opinion, had been in the bondage of opinion myself. I was enslaved by my lack of perception. I had made a barrier between myself and the realm of knowledge. At last I found that there was another reality, that the thing that I had called a reality was buried, was gone, was set aside, was no more, and all there was of me was the memory in the hearts and lives of those who valued me, and the bitterness in the hearts and lives of those who hated me for my opinions' sake. Now I, that ego, was set free.

Can I move upon minds to make them know that in that one thing I was wrong? Can I tell them, I said, that the great bondage of the mind that wishes to be free, is the bondage of the limitation of setting the environment of the senses as the boundary of human existence?

I might have known better! Setting aside the doubtful authority of the Bible for human existence, I studied the poets, philosophers and ideal lives of earth; they all taught me that this is what comes after death. They have breathed upon me in my

study and many a time, until on the wings of imagination I have mounted unto the realm of thought and have been set free.

Oh, what a wonder freedom is! We prate about it in our prison-houses of clay, dear friends, and ask others to follow us to our particular heights where we inhabit new prison walls. For on one hill is the prison-house of theology and on the other is (what I now realize was) the prison-house of materialism.

To say that "we do not know," and say it with the willingness to know, is one thing. To say "we do not know," and say it with the spirit of "neither does any one else," is quite another. I realized that I had said it with that spirit; that there was not in all the earth any human being who knew about the life beyond. So I realized in this new-found freedom that I had been enslaved by that opinion; that it was a kind of creed that we Secularists had fashioned; not knowing about it ourselves we were quite determined that we, not only could not know, but no one else could know, and we followed it.

When it came to my consciousness that the body that had manifested my love, my hate, my intelligence or my lack of it, all there was of me, could do nothing whatever but go back to dust, what other real life could come to me, dear friends, except the life that was then and there in the spirit state?

You talk about real things and the rose fades before your very eyes; you talk about the realities of matter and they are transmuted and transformed even while you speak, and then you fall back on the immutable principles of truth, justice and freedom, and think you have something that endures.

I tell you, friends, the human mind is greater than truth, and justice, and freedom, or it could not think of them. I can think of truth, justice and freedom, and think that they endure, but what estimate do I put upon the human mind?

Here I am convicted, and that in the presence of these living witnessés, of the bigotry and bondage which even refused to think logically on a subject where my opinion had already been made up.

Set free! Ah, if you knew the meaning of freedom from every limitation; from eyes that can only see a few vibrations of light; from ears that can only hear, and that very indistinctly, a few vibrations of sound; from the limitations of the senses that feed and sustain the body, but have little to do with sustaining the mind; from the limitations of the brain that will not work when it is weary or over-wrought, and the limitations of the physical body that at last dies.

I would not have treated my friend as that body treated me. As I survived the change and the body did not, I account myself greater than the body; something more was I? That body doubtless disintegrates and passes back into the things of which it was made, to serve some purpose in nature; maybe, like the body of one of our progenitors, it will serve to nourish an apple tree on the fruitage of which small boys will feed. But of this that can think and live, and be in the presence of these minds, revered and blest, it finds comfort and satisfaction in freedom.

I have waited a sufficient length of time to become somewhat familiar with the spirit state, and to know the meaning of this word, freedom; to know that this consciousness is not an evanescent thing that will pass away after a while; it is no delirium. That which I thought delirium after the change of death grows stronger and stronger with each passing season, and all who are dead and were dear to me are restored in this state, as all who are alive on earth and dear to me are dear now, but they know me not; they have forgotten my body; it is of the dust, but they have not forgotten the memory of me, and through some wonderful intuition which I find in many of their minds I have been able to reach them, to make them understand, that this is the real self, to make them know the great purposes of life that they have in view are mine also.

But, my friends, I am here to testify that the great difficulty in the way of liberty, is the bigotry of those who talk about freedom; that the great difficulty in the way of separating man's theology from his past bigotry is the opposing bigotry of materialism. I am here to testify that sweeping into this nineteenth century was a subject that I am ashamed of never having investigated and understood before I left my body. This manifestation which we relegated to the domain of "superstition" or to some "unknown natural laws," is the natural manifestation of spirit to matter, of the spirit realm to the realm visible when human beings will not perceive that realm without it. I am here to testify to the reality of inspiration, of the messages of testimony from the spirit state, and to testify that the greatest barrier in the liberalizing of the human race is because this is not recognized in the great work for freedom; that where I have been teaching one kind of bondage is no better than another, but is simply the reaction from the other; and the bondage to the senses and to the realities of mere secular life is as great a bondage as that which the orthodox evangelical religionists give to their church authorities. The authority of the

senses, even when dominated by reason, cannot be fully trusted until the reason is enlightened in all possible ways.

My reason was no guide upon a subject about which I knew nothing. Neither is yours. When you know about a thing and have a perception of it then you can use your reason as to what you will do with it.

I had shut the doors of my mind, not willfully, but because I thought there was nothing to know on the subject of a future life. Yet once or twice when the Spiritualists were kind, when we spoke and wrote together on subjects pertaining to human well-being, they spoke to me about this realm, and I thought; these people talk as though they know what they are saying. Some had offered to take me where I would meet and know those on this side of existence, who having felt as I felt in human life, became aware of this intercommunion of this spirit state before they left the human form. No, I had to wait until this great change came to me, and I have to come here and acknowledge in all this that I was wrong. But I was right in one thing:

Down deep in my spirit—I can call it spirit now since that is all there is of me—down deep in my spirit I did believe that if there was a future life, it would be a life as natural to the spirit as the earth life to the body; that we would spring to it as buoyantly and gladly as the bird springs into the air that is its native element; that we would find it congenial and not be afraid; that our associations and companionship in spirit life would be according to our needs and not according to any restricted dogma or creed. I have found it so.

More fair than all the fair ideal pavilions of earth and sky is that realm which stretches out to aspiring minds. More beautiful the companionship because no shadows come between us here; we understand one another. It is because of the lack of understanding one another that these great shadows crowd in between us in human states. My friends, if we are not fraternal one with the other the earthly shadow is deep.

Greater than all dreams of human happiness, than all dreams for the welfare of mankind is the thought of impelling others in the direction of freedom; freedom from the bigotry of outward human arrogance, freedom from the bigotry of material bondage. Friends, let our reason be set free. Let it include all the knowledge of the earth and sky. Then with those who at this day and hour are visiting upon the world the great blessing of this message, with whom I have sometimes stood side by side in this battle for

truth, we, too, can clasp hands in liberalizing the liberal forces of the world, and set free the laws of intelligence and the spirits of men from the bondage of death!

As a fitting sequel to the evening's address, one, who passed away at the same time, a young girl, whose friends in the Sunny South (and later in the North) looked to with great expectation and hope for a future of promise as one who was full of gifts, we may say of genius, who had already entered upon a happy career of public usefulness, and of work for the enfranchisement of the race, with your permission, will give the closing poem (she being a poet on earth) in which she will portray her side of the story of the transition.

Life was so dear to me! I pressed
 Its dewy blossoms to my heart,
 But lo! it seemed I drank therefrom
 Rare nectar, like that which the gods impart
 On fair Olympus; and I strove
 To consecrate my life to love
 Of humanity and Freedom's breath,
 Never dreaming of tasting death.

Life was so fair to me; as yet
 No bitter had mingled with the sweet;
 I had learned nothing to forget,
 And new-found friends waited to greet
 My footsteps as they must forward press
 Out into life's strange wilderness.

I strove that every wrong should die
 If I could aid the things of worth;
 That all people should be free and high
 As was intended from Freedom's birth.

In one sudden shock I passed away;
 I had not time to be afraid;
 Nor even time to think—I could not stay.
 No voice beloved, no spoken word,
 No song; not any sound was heard.

But I awoke, and saw a wondrous glow
 Rising, in the far Orient
 A golden glory seemed to o'erflow;
 And the one to whom also death was sent

Seemed not to know that I was near,
Seemed awhile to rise in a shadow here.

But I was free at first; as fair
As these flowers that greet the morning's light.
Most beautiful, most surpassing rare
Was the scene that rose unto my sight.

I had panted for freedom on the earth
As pants the doe for the cooling streams,
As those poets having Olympian birth
Panted for the realm of immortal dreams.

I had hungered and thirsted for knowledge, too;
I quaffed the cup even to the brim;
But the light that pierced my spirit through
Came as a glad triumphal hymn.

I was sorry that there were those to weep;
Sorry for the loved ones far away,
Who would not know that my sudden sleep
Bore no part of me hence that could stay.

I was where I learned at a single bound
That the spirit is free as a dove; as a dove
I had wings like those that were sung of to-night,
The wonderful, wonderful pinions of love;

And I flew and flew as swift and far
As thought, just for the sake of being free,
That nothing could restrain or mar;
Nothing more could weary nor fetter me,
But only my spirit and I understood.
Then I returned for a time to brood;

Conscious of the things that were passing here;
That many wondered and mourned her as dead;
Every thought I could think met a sigh or a tear.

"Too young to die." This of me they said.
Who is young? who is old? I found my life
As though it were made for me, by me;
And kind spirits the gates of the new life unclosed
And welcomed me to my eternity.

I sing my song on the hills of day;
I will speak my word where there are ears to hear;

But mourn not for me, early taken away
From human love, and the human life so dear.
Life is life where'er it be, good friend,
And my life is living and never will end.

Drowned and Resuscitated.

In Mr. T. P. O'Connor's paper, "M. A. P." Mr. Maskelyne gives a short autobiographical sketch, in which, as a matter of course, he has a fling at Spiritualism and takes credit to himself for having "laid bare the frauds" of most mediums of note "from the Davenports to Eusapia Paladino!" But even Mr. Maskelyne himself has had a little experience of which Spiritualists will read with interest:

"I am one of the few who, having passed through the Valley of the Shadow, have returned. Bathing in a canal, I was carried out of my death, and, after the usual period of struggling, I was drowned. Saving my subsequent resuscitation, I was, to all intents and purposes, dead. I am painfully aware of the fact that there are some persons in the world who would rather I had remained so; but it was not to be. So far as my experience goes, drowning is by no means an unpleasant death. After the first few seconds, it is quite painless. One has not much time for reflection or introspection; and I am compelled to admit the unpoetical truth that all the past events of my life did not crowd through my memory in those few moments.

"One thing, however, did appear to my mental vision, as plainly as though it were actually before my eyes. That was the form of my mother, engaged upon her household duties. Upon returning home, I was utterly astonished to find that she had been as conscious of my danger as I had been of the occupation in which she was engaged, at the moment when I was so near death. There are, of course, innumerable records of such occurrences, in which a mutual influence appears to be exercised between mind and mind. Whether or not it may be possible to establish any physical law bearing upon the subject, I cannot say. But, to me, this mental action during times of stress and danger, call it 'Telepathy' or what you will, is bound to remain an indisputable fact, which no amount of reasoning can explain away."—Light, London. England.

Condition of a Suicide in Spirit-Life.

(AS TOLD BY HIMSELF.)

DELIVERED THROUGH MRS. CORA L. V. RICHMOND.

AN INSTRUCTIVE REHEARSAL OF THE EXPERIENCES OF A PERSON WHO COMMITTED SUICIDE BECAUSE HE SUSPICIONED HIS WIFE OF INFIDELITY—HE FOUND HER TRUE, BUT ALL TOO LATE.

The address which will be given to-night is from one whose life was taken by his own act. It is a typical account; but we desire it distinctly understood that the personality does not control this speaker, but that her usual control voices what he has to say. It is more important that you shall know that the individual experiences are real, and that to a very great extent the instrument or person through whom such an experience is given, in a greater or less degree, shares the condition of the spirit giving it. Therefore, it is required or requested that you have due appreciation and due understanding of this, and that an instrument that is attuned to such a narration must of necessity be kept free from any harsh vibration. We know you will give your sympathetic attention.

There is no reason, friends, why this narrative should be given, excepting that it is true, and that it depicts a state of spiritual existence, the result of one's own condition, and that it serves as an instruction and warning to other human lives. The one addressing you, from whom this account comes was unknown to you. You would not know the name if it were announced. Of course the personality, therefore, is of no interest, but the account will have interest from the peculiar circumstances of the case.

I was admitted to the bar and I practiced law in a large city. I devoted myself exclusively to my business and to my wife and children. I had no ambition, except to succeed in my profession, for the purpose of providing suitable subsistence for my family and for such other honorable purposes as men usually have. I de-

sired to succeed in my profession to please my clients, that I might, also, increase my business.

At the time I had reached forty-five years of age I was possessed of as good a practice as any one could wish. I could not leave that practice to accept the position of judge in one of the higher courts because the many interests of my clients were involved and they would not consent to the transferring of those interests to another. But I had no desire for the ermine, I had no desire for judicial robes. Therefore I continued my profession as a lawyer.

My wife was the daughter of a somewhat eminent man; she was the choice of my heart. As far as I know there never was a harsh word between us. That we differed intelligently on some subjects is a matter of course. Men and women would be almost imbecile if they did not. But we had no difference of affection or other interests that were in common.

I was pursuing my usual calling, deeply interested in several of my cases that required a great deal of thought and energy, when on one fateful day a woman came to my office, pale, harassed and careworn, evidently with many vigils and a great corroding care in her heart. She came without knowing what she did, and she said: "My husband is a client of yours and he is torturing my life away. I have come into the possession of these letters which convince me of his evil course, and I have come to you for advice. I have come to ask you what I shall do to protect my children?"

I never had anything to do with such cases; I never consented to accept any case which involved the domestic relations of man and wife. But there was something pitiful in this woman's appeal.

She said she had heard my name through her husband, and she thought I might do something to make him—as she knew I had transacted some legal business for him—pursue a different course of life; and she handed me the package of letters.

As I glanced at the superscription I thought I recognized the handwriting. I stopped for a moment and my heart stood still. Then I summoned all my energy, and I opened one letter. It was from my wife to this woman's husband! It was addressed in the most endearing terms. There could be no mistaking the handwriting. I was too well acquainted with the chirography not to know. There were many little forms of expression with which I was familiar. Friends, she was an exalted woman; she was refined; she was a woman of rare intelligence; she was an ideal woman, and this was her hand-writing.

I read the letters word by word, sentence by sentence, entirely through. There were appointments; there were cautions not to be discovered. There was every indication that my wife had carried on a correspondence with this man for some time. From the terms of endearment used I could arrive at but one conclusion.

I re-read the letters. I said to the woman, "This is all you have?" She said, "Yes." I said, "I will do what I can."

When she left I took the letters, folded them very carefully, and went to the stove in my office and, one by one, burned them all. That was my first act. I then spread out my law papers not in their proper order, but to show that I had been very much employed, and as I really had some most difficult cases, the papers of which were made most prominent. Then without any other thought I walked out of my office on a gray autumn day, and, for the first time in my married life, instead of turning toward my home I walked directly away from it. On and on I walked and no one noticed me, until in the gray impending shadow of the close of that dull autumn day I walked into the river. No one saw me, no one impeded my progress. I deliberately drowned myself.

There was no sorrow when I was doing it. There was no other way. I could not see her. I could say nothing about this which had come into my possession. I could not meet my children, they were her children, she had to do as she pleased with them. I thought it all over in that walk.

The next morning my body was found. There was a paragraph in the paper stating that so and so, "evidently absorbed in the great stress of legal business that had been pressing upon him for some time, had in a fit of absent mindedness either walked or fallen into the river." That was the end. No one thought it a suicide; every one believed the law cases had absorbed me to such a degree that I was not aware of what I was doing. So, of course, after the first flash was over everything went on in the great whirlwind of affairs in the world precisely the same.

I was not sorry when I awakened to the perception of being in spirit life. I was immediately surrounded by my friends. But there was such a pitiful look upon their countenances, especially upon the countenance of my mother, that I almost felt sorry that I had a grievance, for I interpreted this pity to mean sorrow for the great wrong done to me. It remained thus for a period, the length of time of which I do not know. But I felt in the intercourse and communion with my spirit friends, who seemed to pity me so, that there was something withheld, that there was certain restraint, and that I was the one considered. However they did

not say so, and there was nothing so far as their actions were concerned to tell me so. But that sort of perception that a man knows when his friends regard him as not wholly right, and finally, after the retrospect that comes to the spirits of all who have passed through the change called death, when I had examined my entire life. I had noted my faults—all men have faults,—I noted whatever there was in my relations with my wife that had not been fully and actually kind; but I never recognized, in my retrospect, that there had been the slightest coldness, alienation or change of manner between us. Never, until that fatal day, did I dream that there could be alienation between us. Still there was such an inquiring, pitying look in my mother's eyes that I finally said:

"What is it, mother? Do you pity me that I was so disappointed, that I had been so mistaken? Do not, for I shall continue to exist in this life with your love, and I will try to forget all ill feelings; in fact I have none toward her."

"But, my son," she said, "has it ever occurred to you that your act was rash?"

"How could it be rash? There was no other place for me to go than to you; I had no home. In one hour my home had been destroyed for me."

"But," she said, "your children?"

"I have left enough to provide for them."

"But," she says, "they require something more than to be provided with material necessities. They require a father's care; you, also, would have had some voice in their rearing and education."

"Oh, but mother, I could not. I could have had no choice; she or I must have decided to relinquish the children."

Still there was this all-absorbing and all-penetrating pity.

"My mother, why do you pity me? See, I am not sorry for what I have done; I have come out of earthly life because I could not stay in it; apart from my home there would be no life for me. My profession offered nothing in the way of ambition. I had no one to serve who cannot be served by another as well. Now you look at me as though you were sorry for something that I had done. Is it because I have taken myself out of mortal existence? If so, I am willing to bear any penalty that may come therefrom."

"Ah!" she said, "my son you do not know." Then for a time she withdrew from me.

Others ministered as best they could, but there still was this

something between us. There were companions of my childhood, these were kind and most loving.

Then I thought, "Can it be possible, can it be possible! that this one act of taking my own physical life, which would have been a burden to myself and, therefore, to others, is such an offense that it comes between me and all whom I have loved, honored and respected?" and there seemed to grow up within the most anxious feeling, a premonition such as we sometimes have in human life, but such as I did not have on the day that strange woman came to my office, a premonition in my thought and heart of a great impending trial, of something dreadful.

I said, "I am no longer upon earth, there is no horrible shock that can come to my body, and there are no earthquakes that can destroy these fair spaces and pavilions of light that are beyond me." For, alas! I was not in them. I began to think of all the religious training I had had concerning suicide or self-destruction. I wondered if the destruction of the physical body was worse than destroying one's moral nature or one's intellectual nature by vice, avarice and the various things in which I had seen men in the world engaged who died what is called a natural death? I began to ponder. "Was this really the result of not letting my wife know?" For in my heart and thought I had turned as wholly away from her as if she had been an utter stranger. That was the only way I could have prevented myself from expressing a harsh judgment. I said, "This woman is not the woman whom I loved, whom I took her to be." So I thought of her no more.

After I had had this partial enlightenment as to my state, my mother came again. She said: "And what has entered into your mind concerning your wife?"

I said: "I do not feel unkindly toward her. I came out of her presence because I could not abide upon the earth where there was no home for me."

She said: "Has the thought ever occurred to you that you might be mistaken?"

"Mistaken! mother! What do you mean? I am not mistaken in my ideas of honor, in my ideas of integrity, in my ideas of truthfulness and loyalty. I am not mistaken even in my ideas of justice. I feel no unkindness. What do you mean?"

She said: "Has it ever occurred to you that your wife is innocent?"

"Why, mother! had I not the evidence of mine own senses? I am an expert in hand-writing, if my own intuition and heart

had not taught me the hand-writing of my wife. I could not be mistaken in the terms of endearment; in the fatal days of her own appointments they were burned into my memory."

My mother still said: "Have you ever thought that your wife may be innocent?"

"Never."

"Will you go to her?"

"I cannot."

"But she is asking for you all the time."

"For me? How can she, how dare she ask for me?"

I confronted my mother with a feeling of sternness and rebellion, such as would raise in any human heart under similar circumstances. Ha! I said, then she has remorse?

"My son," my mother said, "be it a long or short time, be it a year or centuries, be it an hour or an eternity, you will have to go to her sometime."

"But tell me what you mean?"

"I mean," she said, "that you have acted hastily, without your usual good judgment; that you have left your wife in sorrow of the deepest kind and your babies without a moment's thought, because your affection, not your judgment, decided. Now I will tell you; I do not know what the effect will be upon you, but you cannot get out of the universe, although you did get out of your body. Those letters were written by your wife, but they were written to a recreant, unworthy brother, who had left his home and disgraced his family in former years, who had come back to the place where he used to live, under an assumed name, with his wife and family, and who was asking always for money from his sister. He was always getting into disgraceful trouble—as you know, you refused longer to act as his attorney. But she, because of the natural tie between them, and because she did not care to have you troubled with his affairs, gave him money and endeavored to redeem him, because she thought there was something that could be saved and redeemed. So she saw him many times. But this woman, his wife, did not know that she was his sister and, therefore, supposed that this correspondence was wrong. Now, without any explanation from her, without any opportunity of seeing her, you have taken your physical life; you have cut her off from intercourse and communication with the companion of her heart. You cannot return to your physical body to aid her. I have only told you this because you would have to know it, my son. I pity you from the bottom of my soul."

Then and there, dear friends, it seemed to me as though the universe itself were chaos, as though the Great Over-ruling Power had forgotten His mission, as though I had been whirled in a lightning storm against the rocks, as though a pitiless fate had led me to that condition. I could not retrace my steps. What was I to do? There was the dear woman whom I had pledged to "honor, love, cherish and protect, until death should us part." I had parted us to all intent and purpose by this act of my own. But I leave you to judge what the condition was of my spirit.

All the turbulence of my nature rose up against the fate, the law, the eternity or whatever could have permitted this thing to be. I had, without one thought of seeking an explanation, accepted that which seemed to me, as a lawyer and as a man, prima-facie evidence of my wife's guilt. I had gone deliberately away from every opportunity of an explanation into the unseen world, which she did not know of except through that exalted faith that women always have, a faith in the divine love, and that it would be well with us in the next world if we did our duty in the human state.

Had I done my whole duty? Ah! there it was; had love been the thing that I had boasted, had it been the thing that I flattered myself I possessed; had I been the exalted man instead of the creature that I found myself to be, I would have gone to my wife and asked an explanation. But love did not triumph. It was my poor, feeble human pride, it was the outraged affection, it was that which men call their honor. It was, therefore, my turn to wish that I was annihilated, to wish, in the great baptism of woe which had come over me, that I could be blotted out.

My mother said: "Will you go to her?" I shrunk away. I said: "Do not approach; do not let any friend look kindly upon me; do not allow any one to comfort me. It is I who am accursed by my own act."

It might, as I said before, have been days, it might have been an hour, it seemed a century or an age of time when all this great shadow oppressed me and held me in its fearful, awful darkness. You have never done a thing, perhaps, to another which you could not retrieve; never shot a little girl or boy in hunting nor injured anyone or anything by your own hand which you could not recall by your kindness of spirit. If you have you might know somewhat of that which came to me then. It seemed to me then, and it seems to me now, I shall never recover from this.

But there came a time when my mother said: "You must go

to her. Even if she cannot see she may perceive your presence; even if she cannot understand she may know that you are there."

"But I cannot go, mother. I would not attempt to burden her mind with the knowledge of my unworthy act. She has never dreamed but I went out of earth life from over work, and she thinks my thoughts of her were what her's have been of me. Can I go into her presence—I who feel so absolutely unworthy to be near her?" So many, many times we argued thus.

But there came such hunger and longing, in the midst of this despair, to go to her, that at last I found myself there.

Ah! but the great grief had laid its chastisement upon her heart, had set its seal upon her life. She had taken up with all true devotion the double work of being the father and the mother of those children, and through all those years that had intervened never one thought of me save that of pleading, pitying, all-absorbing love. I could see in the pure wellsprings of her heart and spirit such thoughts as these: "Oh, he struggled so hard for us; he bore this burden for our sakes; he took all this trouble upon himself that we might have comfort in the way that is our wont." She would softly weep by her bed, and then dry her tears lest the children should see her and question her on being sad. She went on as all brave women do, performing her earthly task, doing her work; sometimes thinking softly that perhaps I could know where she was and how she was faring, that she did not repine, that she loved me still, that she hoped for the glad reunion.

Friends, she is still in the earth life. She does not know of this awful thing that I have done; and we shall have to meet when she passes from earth life. I shall meet the gaze of her wondering eyes and such measure of reproach as I know they will contain, and that is my hour of torture. From now until then I will strive, and all these years I have striven to help her; all these years I have striven and will strive to make her burdens lighter. But what will she say, what will she think of me when she knows the real cowardice of my act?

Talk of Hades! this fire consumes without destroying. Talk of torture! this is torture that is mine. I do not ask you to help me to bear it, you cannot; I simply ask you to take the lesson home to your lives. Never do that which you may find afterward to be a mistake beyond recall.

The kingdoms of heavenly life are all before me. The beautiful, the wise, the good ever extend a kindly hand to me, but they know, they know the great cowardice of this suspicion and this

thought that entered my heart, and that this loyalty and love that should be above all suspicion, did not exist in my heart or I could not have doubted that stainless heart which is true.

So, dear friends, I have made my purgatory, my hades; I have no other struggle in spirit life, but I have been in it for many years. I have not yet made it known to her consciousness, the one who has to know it all.

I could give her a message perhaps; I might reach her through some of those instrumentalities with which you are familiar. But her life is busy in other ways. Though she does not scorn these methods she has never sought them. Her own steadfast nature and exalted spirit find spiritual strength without it; and I have been reluctant, dear friends, I have been reluctant to tear aside the veil and let her know. She will come in the course of time into this realm. The first one her spirit eyes will see will be one unworthy to meet them. I shall be a craven, cowering babe. Yet my mother says it will not be so; that there will be that in her love, in her knowledge, in her intuition, which will restore me at once. She says all this and tries to make me believe it. Perhaps I shall when, after more years and more light, and the great knowledge of infinite love to help, I become aware that my own trials and sufferings have expurgated my heart of this offense against the loyalty of love, I shall meet her possibly unafraid, but not until I have learned from her, from her own lips or spirit, and from her own heart that, knowing what I did, she still loves me.

I could tell you of those other minds and exalted lives who have sought to win me on; I could tell you of those brilliant minds of earth whom you have worshiped mistakenly; I could tell you of the shadows that rest upon countless human hearts and spirits that you do not know; but these gentle ministrants who are all about me say that the shadow is not the real self, that the better part prevails; that this great light of truth and love which is shining all the time upon me from those who are near me will restore my mind and spirit. But it never will until she comes.

Belief In Immortality.

BY REV. M. J. SAVAGE.

PERSONAL CONCLUSIONS OF MEMBERS OF THE PSYCHICAL RESEARCH SOCIETY AFTER CAREFUL INVESTIGATION—HAVE FOUND POSITIVE EVIDENCE THAT THERE IS NO DEATH.

The writer of the First Epistle to the churches of Thessalonica, in the fifth chapter and twenty-first verse, has used words which might well be the motto of this society. They are words which are a justification for all scientific inquiry. They are words which are a condemnation of any blind faith or the acceptance of positions for which there is no evidence. These words are, "Prove all things." Prove all things: test all things, try all things, criticise all things, investigate all things. "Hold fast that which"—bears the test—"is good;" throw the rest away.

This has been the motto of science, of course, in all ages; but even to-day, so far from its being the motto of most religious thinkers, writers, speakers, it is the precise opposite. During the last week, for example,—and I may be pardoned for referring to this by way of illustration,—in one of the leading papers of the city there was a discussion concerning the case of Dr. Briggs, which took this ground: that a belief in immortality, the Bible as an inspired book, religious truth of any kind, simply could not be proved in accordance with the scientific method, or received on the basis of reason. And this was a writer speaking in defense of the Church and of religion, who said the Church, religion, Bible, immortality—all these things—if received at all, must be received simply by faith—they cannot bear the test of reason. He would have gone on to say that they are above and beyond reason. If I had been in my usual condition, I should have publicly asked this writer a question. After you have put reason out of court, what reason is there for believing anything, or believing one thing more

than another? There is literally no reason left, after you have put it away. Therefore, literally, there is no reason why a man who takes this position should not accept Buddhism or Moham-medanism as well as Christianity. There is no reason left why he should believe anything—no reason left why he should believe one thing more than any other.

Therefore the man who takes this position, it seems to me, goes a little too far for the defence of his own proposition. But this is the attitude that has been taken, not only towards most of the great religious problems of the world, by the Churches of the past and the great Churches of the present; it is the position that has been taken in regard to this very matter which we are to discuss this morning.

I received a private letter recently, from which I am not at liberty to quote, and the names referred to in it of course I am not at liberty to mention; but the writer said he had been corresponding with two of the great theologians of the country, one a Congregationalist, the other a Methodist, the Methodist being a bishop, and that both of them had said they never expected to find anything like absolute proof of a future life—they took it on faith, and did not believe that proof was possible.

So you see this same position of surrendering the possibility of proof extends, not only to most of the great church dogmas, but to this question that agitates the hearts that have ever loved or ever lost, as to whether death is the end of all.

We have traced briefly, as it has been necessary, in broad outline but with sufficient clearness, the beliefs of man from the beginning as to the life beyond death; and we have come to this point, which is a most significant one. As I have already said, men have held all sorts of strange attitudes towards this profoundest of all questions. They have believed on what they called faith; that is, the authority of somebody whose statements they have taken on trust. They have revered some of those claims as a part of their religion. They have sneered at some as ghost stories in the daylight and in companionship with their friends; they have cringed and cowered with fear lest such things as ghosts might not be real, when they were alone and in the dark. They have taken almost every conceivable kind of attitude towards these questions except one of rational inquiry.

It seems to me, indeed, most striking that from the beginning of the world until during the last decade or two there has never been on the part of humanity anything like a serious investigation

of a series of claimed facts, which, if true, or only partly true, are the most important facts in all the world. Think of it! Until the year 1882, to be specific, whatever particular individuals may have done, humanity had never made a combined, serious, scientific attempt to find the truth in this great matter!

Some people have said that, if God had intended us to know, he would have told us about it in the first place. Why not apply that to every problem? God told primitive man very little. He did not even tell him what was good to eat and what was poison; he had to find it out by experience. He has absolutely, in this sense, told us nothing. He has revealed himself in the facts, the wonders, the glorious ongoing life of the universe, but he has left us to read these hieroglyphics, and find out their meaning for ourselves. He has done this in every department of thought and life. Why not here?

Then there are a great many persons who bravely tell you, however interesting it is, there is no use in trying to find out the truth in any scientific way, because it is impossible of discovery. How do they happen to know it is impossible? Great men in the past have told us that ever so many things were impossible which are every-day occurrences now. So we will not be quite content to take it on the dictum of anybody that it is impossible to discover another life.

If that other life be—if it is not merely a fancy or a dream—why should we assume that it is undiscoverable? I know no reason; and I believe that the human race will keep on in its attempts, knocking at the door until it opens, if any door there be. Humanity has been advised ever since I can remember, and I presume for a good many centuries before that, to give up trying to find the North Pole; and it has been said over and over again that it would do no good to find it, anyway, and that it was impossible to find it, even if it would. But humanity has never given it up; and it will not until it gets there. So you may advise humanity as much as you please to give up seeking for an answer to this problem, If a man die, shall he live again? I do not believe it ever will be given up until the answer is found.

It is a little curious that so many men, religious men, should tell us that it is impossible—that they should believe a line in Shakespeare rather than their own Bibles. I have heard it quoted over and over again, as though it were the summing up and the quintessence of all wisdom, that it is “a country from whose bourne no traveler returns.” This is from Shakespeare. Yet it flatly contradicts their Bibles and every religion on the face of the

earth; for every one of them assumes and teaches as facts that somebody at some time has come from beyond that bourne with a message to us here. And that is the reason, deep down in their hearts—literally, the remnant of a tradition of that sort—that they believe. The only point is that they assume what God has done or what the people have done over and over again cannot be done now and is never going to be done again.

With so much of preliminary, let me come to indicate to you in outline, but with perhaps sufficient clearness and force, so that you shall see what it is about, the work of the Society for Psychical Research.

It was organized in England in the year 1882. It was organized in this country—and I was one of its corporate members, having studied facts that it proposed to investigate for years before it was organized—in the year 1885.

The first president of the society in England was Professor Henry Sidgwick, of Cambridge University, and one of the greatest ethical writers of this century. Of the original vice-presidents, five have died. Among these was Professor Balfour Stewart, one of the best scientific men of his age; another, Richard H. Hutton, for many years editor of the London Spectator, one of the great papers of England. Two other original vice-presidents still occupy their position—the Right Hon. Arthur J. Balfour, one of the famous names in modern England, member of Parliament, a fellow of the Royal Society; and Professor W. F. Barrett, of Dublin University. Mr. Edmund Gurney, who died in the midst of his work, and Mr. F. W. H. Myers are two other names famous all round the world. Mr. Myers I shall probably refer to again—one of the great essayists and a well-known writer of the present time.

In this country we have not had so many great names; but we have accomplished some of the most important work right here among ourselves. I will name a few: Professor S. P. Langley, of the Smithsonian Institution in Washington; Professors Bowditch, Pickering, and Royce, connected with Harvard College; and one of the keenest and most interested workers of all, perhaps the greatest psychologist living, the man who is recognized throughout Europe as well as America as a leader in that direction, and whose leadership is being recognized by the fact that he is to go to Oxford for the next two years and lecture there on his special theme—Professor William James, a brother of the

famous novelist, Henry James. Professor James H. Hyslop, of Columbia College, is another man engaged in this work.

Lord Rayleigh, Professor Ramsey, F.R.S., and Professor Lodge. One of the greatest mathematicians and physicists living in England at the present time, and who has played an important part in the recent work of the society in England, is Professor Lodge. Professor W. F. Barrett, of Dublin, was active in starting the work both in England and here. One more I must speak of, because he is at present the president of the society in England. This is Sir William Crookes, F.R.S., the inventor of the Crookes tube that has played so large a part in connection with the X-rays during the last two or three years, and who has occupied one of the foremost positions in the scientific life and work of England during the last twenty-five years.

In this country Bishop Brooks, Rev. R. Heber Newton, and others have been intensely interested in the work, and have added to it as much as they were able. And, while there are a great many people who for one reason or another think that this matter is hardly worth their time and attention, let me give you the word of a man like Gladstone—Gladstone, the foremost statesman of his age; Gladstone, who held in his hand problems of the war and peace, not only of Europe, but of the world; Gladstone, the Churchman from head to foot, the orthodox believer in the Trinity, the Bible, Biblical and ecclesiastical tradition; Gladstone, one of the greatest brains, one of the purest hearts, one of the keenest controversialists of his time. He accepted an honorary membership in this society—honorary, because he was too busy to do work connected with it, but was glad to have his name associated with it. And, in accepting it, he writes, "It"—that is, the work of the Society for Psychical Research—"is the most important work which is being done in the world—by far the most important." He, the statesman, watching the changes, the institutions, the growth, the plots, the failures, the successes of nations; he, keenly interested in theological problems; he, looking at psychical research, and understanding all that science has accomplished, with all its adventures and discoveries—he says that this one thing is the most important work that is being done in the world.

I have told you that; I have been saying it for years; but the opinion of a man like Gladstone carries weight with everybody who thinks. Gladstone does not say, I am a Churchman, I have it in the Bible, I have it in ecclesiastical tradition, and that is

enough; this work of yours done in attempting to prove it scientifically is the most important work in the world!

Now what is the attitude of these men? Professor Sidgwick in his inaugural address challenged the world, saying to men of science and men of thought everywhere: Here are certain strange alleged facts—facts testified to since the beginning of the world, facts testified to in every nation to-day. Are they true? Are they false? He challenged the scientific world in England by the statement: It is a scandal to intelligent, thinking men and students that this problem should not be settled. It is a scandal that the world should not find out whether these things are true or not. And this is the spirit in which he undertook the investigation.

And remember that no member of this society commits himself to a belief in anything. He simply promises seriously and earnestly to investigate with the one purpose, if possible, of finding out what is true. That is all. That is the attitude which they took from the beginning, and no member of the society is committed to the belief of any other member. In other words, it occupies precisely the same position that any great scientific organization occupies anywhere—its one aim is truth. It is possible, for example, that an astronomer may think he has made a discovery in the heavens, and he reports this to the society, but the other astronomers doubt it. They do not think he has brought adequate proof yet; and so they wait and study until the proof is overwhelming and all reasonable men are obliged to accept it, or until it is decided that it was a mistake in the first place, and that no sufficient evidence can be found. This is the attitude of this society, then. So that, if towards the end I shall tell you the opinions of certain members of this society, you will understand that they do not bind the opinions of anybody else at all, and that these men expect the world to be convinced only when sufficient evidence has been brought to bear down all unbelief and all opposition.

Now what are the things these men are studying? You know that a few years ago there was a man in France, by the name of Mesmer, who discovered what he called "Mesmerism," or what came to be called Mesmerism, after his name. It was scoffed at by all wise people as nonsense. A scientific committee of investigation was appointed; and they looked the matter all through, as they supposed, and reported it all fraud and humbug. There is not an intelligent man on the face of the earth to-day, however, that does not know that it, and a good deal more, is true; only

to-day it is called "hypnotism" instead of "Mesmerism"—that is all; and it is being used as a part of the medical armory, a storehouse of weapons against disease, by hundreds of the best physicians in France and Germany, in England and America.

Then there are a lot of other facts. There are questions of the "subliminal consciousness," as it is called. We know that the mind works when we are asleep, or when our ordinary consciousness is engaged in attending to something else. So that this subliminal consciousness of ours became a fact for investigation. Then there are clairaudience, clairvoyance. There is the visible movement of physical bodies without any visible reason for their moving; there is the playing of musical instruments by no visible fingers or hands; there are visions, there are voices, there are scenes and experiences of death-beds; there are what are called hauntings, wraiths, doubles, phantasms of the dead and of the living. There is no sort of question that there are phantasms of both the dead and the living; but no scientific man takes that as proving immortality. It simply raises a question as to what they are and what they mean. But that what we call ghosts exist, no unprejudiced student has the slightest doubt.

So there are all these various fields of research. There are the reports of houses that are haunted. There are trances, visions, voices, automatic writings, such as I alluded to a Sunday or two ago. These are claimed facts; and it is a little strange that they have been claimed from the beginning of human history, only they have never been seriously or scientifically investigated before. I confess to you that it would be a relief to me to find out that there was truth in them, if only for the sake of finding out that the human race has not been crazy for ages. If there is only a grain of truth, no matter how exaggerated the stories have been, it would run a luminant light of reason up along the path of the human race. Tacitus, the Roman historian, nobody doubts when he talks of other things; and he tells these stories. He was a little wild and credulous, as we say when this kind of stories is told. So we have been accustomed to throw them away instead of investigating and finding if there were not the shadow of some great truth in them.

Now this Society for Psychical Research, both in England and America, set itself seriously about investigating these matters, just as they would investigate a bone of an animal dug up from the earth or the remains of a leaf preserved in a rock, or some other equally important matter. And I submit to you whether

this matter is not as important as bones or petrified leaves or the dredging of the bottom of the sea, or any other great—and I do not wish to belittle them—objects of scientific research? But, when I find a man who devotes his life to the study of petrified leaves or the bones of animals, or to something of this sort, and who scouts and sneers at these great questions, it seems to me that he is exalting that which is little and belittling that which is great. For, if the Society for Psychical Research does no more, it has already unspeakably enlarged the boundaries of human thought concerning man himself. Up to the present time there has been no dark continent or “Darkest Africa” on the face of the earth so dark as the mind of man; and out of this mind of man has been coming reports and beliefs of ten thousand mysterious things, which have whispered and promised wonders beyond human imagination. Now, if we do nothing more than add new continents to our knowledge of human nature, it seems to me that is worth while. It seems to me that, only next to the question of immortal life, is the most important subject on the face of the earth.

Now I may mix in a little of my own personal observation as I go along, though I am not to enter into personal detail concerning my own investigations this morning. Here are these claimed facts—strange, indeed, if they are true, and strange, yes, perhaps stranger, in view of the fact that the world has always been accepting them, if they be not true. Now how can we conceivably explain them? Take all these things that form the subject of the study of the Society for Psychical Research. How can these two facts be explained?

First, you can explain them, as thousands of people do, by saying that they are all fraud from the beginning.

In the next place, you can explain a great many of them as being illusion, misconception on the part of the sitter or of the psychic.

Then, in the third place, you can range them under the theory of telepathy.

When you have passed telepathy, if you go beyond it at all, you are over the border land in spite of yourself, and in the presence of invisible intelligences, all of whom always claim that they used to live here on this earth. Now I know perfectly well, and the Society for Psychical Research has discovered over and over again, that there is any quantity of fraud. There are a great many people in this world willing to get their living in what

happens to be the easiest way, and as to whether it necessitates telling the truth or avoiding deception of other people does not seem to trouble their consciences much. So, if there is an opportunity to get an easy living by simulating or assuming these things, you may be sure it is not lost. You men who do business on Wall street, know that there are a good many such people engaged in business. Then, naturally, there is a good deal of self-deception. Unless a person is experienced in the matter, when he goes and sits with a psychic, he is pretty sure to tell the psychic all that is necessary to know on the subject. He "gives himself away," as we say, by his tattle about himself.

Then there are a great many strange experiences which the psychic passes through for which he or she flies off to the land of spirits in search of an explanation, when an explanation could be found a good deal nearer home. And you know it is one of the cardinal principles of science to seek the nearest, the easiest, the most rational explanation.

But now we come to telepathy. I have known intimately Dr. Richard Hodgson, who is at the head of the society in this country, and who is one of the most careful scientific, skeptical investigators that I have ever known; and he told me it was his avowed intention to explain every conceivable fact without having anything to do with spirits, if he possibly could. He was bound as a scientist to stretch every other theory until it broke before he would admit the possibility of our having to do with anybody who had passed beyond the border land of what we call Death. But the Society for Psychical Research has demonstrated over and over again that telepathy, at least, is true. I know it is true from my own experiences; though I have no time to stop and give you cases, because it would take all day if I should treat my subject in that way.

What does this mean? It means that minds separated as far as from London to India communicate with each other, without even wireless telegraphy to help them; that, in the case of sudden accident or death—that is, when one soul cries out for its mate—that mate hears and knows what is taking place. Now, if things like this happened only once or twice or thrice, or ten or twenty times, perhaps you would say it was mere coincidence; but when it happens a hundred or a thousand times, the coincidence theory grows more difficult than the other one.

And in regard to the attempt of people generally to explain these super-normal facts, let me say that, after years of study, I

have found a great many explanations harder to accept than the original facts. I have felt about it somewhat as the old lady did who borrowed a copy of the "Pilgrim's Progress" with Scott's notes, which were intended to be explanatory and helpful. She brought the book back, saying she understood it all except the notes. I have the same feeling sometimes in studying these matters—they are plain enough except the explanations; and they seem a good deal harder for me to accept than the natural, claimed fact.

I know a case of telepathy, I know it beyond question, between the Indian Ocean and this city of New York. We have not discovered the law yet. We have not brought it under control any more than we have wireless telegraphy. I am not at all certain that we shall not by and by. Think what it means, you who are astonished at the telephone and telegraph and the thousand advances and discoveries of the world—think what it means for two minds or two hearts or two souls to come into contact, when separated by the diameter of the globe. Is there any other wonder of the modern world to compare with it?

By way of suggestion as to a possible scientific explanation of it which may come by and by, let me say this. We know that two musical instruments placed a certain distance apart, and keyed so as precisely to correspond with each other, will sometimes respond when either is touched. It is possible that there may be such a thing as minds or brain molecules keyed to each other so that, when some great sorrow or anticipated evil or stress touches one of them, there is response in the other, no matter how great the distance that may separate them.

Telepathy, then, is established. Clairvoyance, clairaudience—nobody who knows anything about them denies that they are true, whatever their explanation may be. There are people who see without eyes and hear without ears; that is, who see and hear apart from the ordinary use of the physical organs supposed to be necessary for the exercise of those functions. I could tell you wondrous stories, if I had time, which I know are true, about these. What does this mean? It just suggests, does it not, that if the soul can begin right here to get along without the use of its ordinary senses, it may be possible for it to get along without them altogether. It suggests it, I say; it does not prove it. I think you must have heard the story of the Second Adventist who thought he would startle Emerson by telling him that the world was coming to an end in a week or two. "Well, suppose it is, my

friend," was Emerson's reply. "I think I can get along without it."

So it is possible if we can get along without the use of the ordinary senses to a certain degree, we might carry it farther, and that there is a way of living without these bodies that so frequently seem to be the whole of us.

But passing beyond telepathy, which the Society for Psychical Research has proved beyond question, there are all the other subjects for investigation—hauntings, ghosts, every kind of vision and trance. If you will study you will find that an attempt has been made to explain all these by telepathy. We have come now to face the fact, however, that there are a lot of important things which certain people in the society think cannot be explained by telepathy. For instance, Frederick W. H. Myers has published to all the world his belief that, as the result of his investigations as a member of the Society for Psychical Research, there is no such thing as death. He thinks it is scientifically demonstrated that those we call dead are alive, and that occasionally, beyond any question, they communicate with us. Professor Lodge, one of the leading physical scientists and mathematicians of England, has come to the same conclusion. Dr. Hodgson, a graduate of Cambridge in England, who has traveled all over the world, one of the finest scientific investigators I have ever known, after fighting against this conviction for years, has at last published to the world that he is compelled by his facts to believe that those that we call dead are alive, is compelled to believe that we do get communications from them now and then. He feels perfectly sure he has had communication after communication with personal friends of his own, and that he has established beyond any scientific question the fact of personal identity.

Now let me indicate to you a moment the direction in which this study leads. I investigated this matter years before there was any Psychical Society. I did it because my parishioners were coming to me for help and sympathy; and I found I ought to have something better than prejudice to give them. I never tried to get into communication with a personal friend, as dearly as I would love to. I have never made that my object. I have simply studied it, to find if there is any truth here.

Now let me give you my word for one thing. I have had psychics tell me so many times things which I knew there was no earthly possibility of the psychics having ever known anything about that it has become a commonplace to me; it does not aston-

ish me any more than to talk through the telephone. It has happened hundreds of times, and I have pursued this question with the same rigid method that I would study a brick or a bone; for I do not want to be fooled or to be the means of fooling anybody else. So up to this time psychics have told me over and over again, and it has happened hundreds of times in the investigations of the society, things which the psychic did not know, could not have known; but I have always said, when it happened to me: That is not enough. I knew it. And, possibly, though I do not know how, my mind may in some strange, mystic way have been reflected in the mind of the psychic,—it may have been a case of telepathy or mind-reading. So I must have something more.

At last that which I sought for came. I have been told things over and over, perfectly natural things, things that concerned me and what claimed to be the teller on the other side—I have had important things told me that by no possibility could the psychic—who was not a public professional psychic at all, but a personal friend—have known, and which I could not have known. I have had, for example, a thing like this told me,—how a person was and what a person was doing two hundred miles away at the time—a message quicker than the telegraph could have brought, that which by no possibility could either of us have known. I have had internal mental experiences of sorrow and trouble brought to me that were buried in the heart of a friend, of which I had never dreamed, over and over again.

Whether you have investigated it or not, these things are facts; and, if they are true, they take us beyond mind-reading, they take us beyond telepathy. Think for a moment of the kind of explanations I have had people offer. They have said, in the face of certain facts I have given them, How do you know that your subliminal consciousness, that consciousness which is below what we ordinarily call consciousness, your sub-conscious self—how do you know that that sub-conscious self does not tap Omniscience, and get at the facts of the universe? They seem to me infinitely more difficult explanations than the facts themselves—more strange, more outre, harder to accept or believe.

So, friends, it has come to this, that after years of investigation, a large number of the leading thinkers, students, authors, scientists, physical scientists, chemists, mathematicians—great minds—have come to believe that there is no possible way of explaining that which has been over and over again proved to be fact without supposing that they have been in communication with

some invisible intelligence. That at present is my own belief. I do not hold it dogmatically. If somebody can give me an explanation for my facts, I will take it. I want only the truth. But I hold this at present as what a scientist would call a "provisional hypothesis," as an adequate explanation for my facts until I can get a simpler and better one. That they are facts I know; and that these facts take us over the border and whisper in our ears the certainty of immortal life I believe. And I believe not on faith, not on the basis of tradition, not for anything the Bible says. Though in saying this I am not criticising or belittling the Bible. I believe because a fact has come to and been handled by myself—a fact which I can explain no other way.

And if it be true, friends, as I have told you before, there are no other problems on the face of the earth that need trouble us. The moral problem as to whether God's government seems good and merciful or not is of no account in the face of the certainty of an immortal life and the chance of an immortal evolution; the question as to whether we are rich or poor is of no account; the question as to whether we are sick or well is of no account; the question of the loss of friends becomes diminished to a little temporary separation with the certainty of an everlasting union.

Believing this, death is wiped out; and an immortal career opens before us, leading to the highest heights that imagination can conceive, and suggesting that, when we have reached those, only something finer and better still remains.

A Living Grave.

BY PROF. F. L. O. ROEHRIG, M. D.

**PREMATURE BURIAL TOO COMMON—DEATH BRINGS NO TRUE SIGN
BUT DECAY—THE PULSE MAY CEASE AND THE HEART BE STILL
AND YET THE SLENDER THREAD BE FIRM.**

It is a well-known and abundantly confirmed fact that there always exists an apprehension of some possibility of premature burial and of mere apparent death, or suspended animation, a state which resembles death so closely that even the most experienced person believes one to be really dead, and that not even the most competent physician can distinguish it from real death. Hence there always exists the appalling possibility of premature burial. Medical science, with all its great modern advancement, its clear and deep insight into the laws of life and everything that concerns disease and health, is not and cannot fairly be, expected to extend its domain beyond what is obvious and observable as organic vitality, and into the mysterious and inaccessible realm of death-like conditions, the hidden inner processes in the act of dying and the complete final extinction of life. And as all past, as well as contemporaneous, history and universal experience have abundantly proved, it is a fact that the cases of mistake committed by experts and the errors of otherwise most eminent physicians, are in this one particular regard truly innumerable. Let us take a commonly occurring case as an instance. A patient appears to be dying. The impression is that death is at hand. The physician feels the pulse which grows fainter and fainter, until it is no longer perceptible. He examines the heart until its pulsations cease. Finally, he announces that all is over—the patient is dead! But in hundreds of cases the patient is not dead, but will yet, if time is allowed, come forth saved from the jaws of death—rescued from the horrors of a living grave! It is furthermore, not quite an unfrequent occurrence that as soon as one is believed to

be dead, he is by his surroundings, the inmates of the house, the family, relations, neighbors and friends, regarded as a nuisance that ought to be removed as quickly as possible. That there exists in very many cases a real danger of being buried, embalmed, dissected or cremated alive, has been fully acknowledged by various unquestionable, highly respectable authorities, and many celebrated authors have extensively and elaborately written on this particularly important subject; among them such as Alexander Humboldt, Hufeland, Hartman, and others too numerous to be mentioned. They all have shown that in every case of death which cannot be plainly accounted for by violent external causes, fatal vulneration, accidents by fire-arms or deadly weapons, suicide or murder—it is of the utmost importance to abstain from all sudden alarm and meddlesome interference, and most patiently to wait until every possible doubt as to the real and entire extinction of life is absolutely removed. In no instance, under no conditions, should the fear of ridicule, supercilious contempt or mockery coming from the thoughtless and the ignorant, the fear of being laughed at, for one's supposed credulity, or any other sort of intimidation whatsoever, influence us in our conduct on so grave and solemn an occasion. There is nobody certain that he will not at some time or other have to undergo the most horrible of all misfortunes, that of being buried alive and helplessly ending his life in a narrow coffin six feet under ground. Even the most celebrated and experienced physicians have been misled by appearances; while relying upon the assertion of public inspectors of the dead, has also often led to the most deplorable consequences. From a whole catalogue of publications on this most distressing subject, a few of the best authenticated cases that are on record—all of the most recent occurrence and coming from highly respectable authorities—may be (literally) quoted on this occasion; but for the sake of brevity, merely in their main features and with the omission of uninteresting particulars (such as names and places, etc.) and other, little-essential, irrelevant details:

Case 1. The person, after being restored to life “just before his funeral was going to take place, stated that he had been conscious all the time of what was going on about him, but was utterly unable to give the least sign of life.”

Case 2. A lady, after recovering from apparent death, “stated that she had been fully conscious all the time and aware of all the preparations that were made for the funeral, although unable to make it known that she was still alive.”

Case 3. In this instance "they waited five days for the funeral, when no sign of decay appeared and the person that had been declared to be dead returned again to life."

Case 4. "The girl had not been unconscious for a moment, nor was she able to give any sign of life."

Case 5. The person considered as dead stated on returning to life: "I attempted to speak, but found my tongue clinging immovably to my palate, and my limbs were as if bound by invisible chains, so that I could not make the least movement or sign."

Case 6. "The supposed corpse of a pregnant woman was taken out and cut open, and the child taken alive from the womb."

Case 7. The person thought to be dead "had heard the whole conversation without being able to give a sign of life."

Case 8. "A woman apparently dead had been fully conscious of all that had taken place. Her friends had, in spite of the opposition of physicians and the family, insisted that the signs of unmistakable decay should be waited for, and she returned to life."

Case 9. A person "had been laid out to be buried. A sister applied again and again to the inspecting physician, to obtain a delay of the funeral, as there might yet be some life lingering in the motionless and rigid body. The inspector was, however, of a skeptical turn of mind and sent the woman away, saying that her apprehension was wholly groundless and due altogether to her excited imagination. At last, the person recovered and lived for several years."

Case 10. "The city physician examined the body and signed the certificate of death. The person returned to life soon after."

Case 11. On another similar occasion "several medical experts unanimously concurred in their official testimony that the patient was dead. Two of these physicians were sentenced to a term of imprisonment after the person had revived."

Case 12. "A well-known lady in high life had heard everything that was said in her presence during the whole time of her state of apparent death."

Case 13. "Two leading physicians of the city (the names of Dr. Junker and Dr. Leon are given) certified to a prominent citizen's death, who soon after recovered."

Case 14. "A lady who is now at the head of one of the largest orphan asylums of a western city was pronounced dead by the attending physicians. All the tests known to the physicians were applied, and she was again professionally declared to be dead. Upon being finally restored, she stated that she had known all that

went on around her. She is living to-day, a vigorous, useful woman."

Case 15. "A young lady near Indianapolis came to life after fifteen days of suspended animation. Six physicians applied the usual tests and pronounced her dead."

Case 16. "The celebrated actress, Mlle. Rachel, died at Paris, January 4, 1858. She was embalmed while still alive."

Case 17. "The well-known W. I. Bishop was pronounced dead by his attending physicians, and with unseemly haste an autopsy was performed on that unfortunate man while still alive."

Hundreds of cases are reported where the supposed dead noted all the preparations for burial and all that was said and done, and yet were unable to move or make the fact known that they were alive.

One of the general errors is that the depriving of air will cause death very soon. But this is clearly disproved by the hibernating animals, frozen fishes packed up and sent off by express or mail to any distant destination which they reach while still alive, and especially by the experiment of the Fakir of Lahore who suffered himself to be buried alive in an air-tight vault for a period of six weeks, and was restored to consciousness. Many other well-authenticated instances are related by British residents in India.

Various cases have come under my own personal observation. I once rescued a child from the dissecting table amidst the insulting mockery and contemptuous laughter of surrounding physicians; and the child lived.

While I was R. Assistant Surgeon U. S. A., from 1862 to 1868, I saved at the Satterlee Military Hospital in West Philadelphia, Private Gilda from being buried alive, everything for his funeral having been arranged by the medical authorities in command. Similar cases occurring with my patients while in the military medical service, were those of the privates Blumenthal, Leupold and Harper. Blumenthal and Leupold received subsequently their discharge. Harper was returned to his regiment and went to the front.

It may be of interest to mention the fact that the "Humane Society" in London reported to have brought back to life 2,175 apparently dead persons within a term of twenty-two years.

A similar society of Amsterdam restored to life 990 persons apparently dead, within twenty-five years.

That of Hamburg saved within five years, 107 persons from premature burial.

Owing to the entire uncertainty of the signs of death, "Associations for the prevention of the burial of persons alive," have been formed in various countries of the civilized world. In the United States an average of no less than one case a week, of premature burial is discovered and reported; and, indeed, here in the United States where no legal regulations on these points exist, but where it rests with the good judgment or the ignorance of the relatives to decide whether a person appearing to be dead is to be buried alive or not, the danger of committing the most deplorable fatal errors is particularly great, and deserves an extremely conscientious and careful consideration. The certificate of a doctor or undertaker can give no assurance that in an apparently dead man life has really departed from the body. Now, as to the real and unmistakable sign of death, all the best and soundest works written and published on that subject do fully and unanimously agree and concur in their final conclusion, as will easily be seen by quotations taken promiscuously, here and there, from several of them. Thus, to make it short, marking them simply by numbers:

1. "Decomposition is the only reliable proof of the extinction of life."

2. "There is no sign that a person is really, and not merely apparently, dead, except an advanced stage of decay."

3. "No burial should be attempted as long as the only reliable sign of death, the decomposition of the vital organs, has not begun."

4. "The only reliable sign that the body has been permanently deserted by the vital force, is when it becomes putrefied."

5. "An advanced state of putrefaction is a certain sign of death, and therefore this sign has to be carefully considered."

6. "The mere beginning of putrefaction is not a reliable sign of death."

7. "Only the advanced stage of general decay is a sure sign of the cessation of life."

8. "The only certain indication that life has departed from the body is an advanced state of decomposition, the putrefaction of the vital organs, such as the heart and brain."

9. "The only true sign of death is the appearance of an advanced state of decay."

10. "A considerable portion of the human race had always been buried alive. Such disasters are even occurring frequently at the present time and will continue to take place until an advanced putrefaction is considered as the only sign of death."

11. "The dangers of being buried or cremated alive, or of a living autopsy, are ever present, as long as physicians fail to recognize the fact that an advanced stage of decomposition is the only infallible test of death. Otherwise, the human race will always be menaced with the horrors of a premature disposal of their mortal remains."

Possible Conditions of Another Life.

BY REV. M. J. SAVAGE.

AS WE CAME HERE INTO LOVING ARMS, EXPECTED, SO WILL OUR NEXT BIRTH BE ANTICIPATED AND WELCOMED—IDEAS HAVE BEEN DISTORTED BY THEOLOGICAL SPECULATIONS.

As a text, I take from the Epistle to the Hebrews the twelfth chapter and first verse—"Wherefore, seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight and the sin which does so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us."

You will understand, I trust, that I am not dogmatizing this morning, that I am not assuming to tell you only things which I claim to know. I speak with no authority. I give you only what seems to me to be rational thoughts and theories concerning another life, of the fact of which I feel perfectly sure.

When we come to the last moment of life, as we call it here, I believe that we shall find it not a horror, not a pain, but only a lovely sleep. Those who have the best right to an opinion on this subject will always tell you that in ten thousand cases there is rarely any consciousness of suffering in the fact of dying. Let us, then, put away from us that one fear. We may suffer a good deal during the rest of our lives. I do not believe we shall suffer in the process of passing from this world to the next.

Neither do I believe that there is going to be any marked or sudden change in us. Were I to die at this moment, I believe that, on my first coming to consciousness in the other life, I should be just my simple self. I see nothing whatever in the fact or process of dying that should make any marked change in us, any more than, as I have said, our going to sleep last night and waking up this morning has made another kind of being of us.

I think we have distorted all our ideas of the other life by

our theological speculations, and by supposing that death is a line the moment we have crossed which our destiny is fixed, and we are either devils or angels forever. I do not believe that we change. We carry with us our personal consciousness, our memory of what we have been, and who have been our friends, and those most closely associated with us. If I could be persuaded that I was to enter another life, and at the same time forget all about this one, and who I have been while here, I would not give much for its possession. It would mean absolutely nothing to me. I believe that I shall wake up from that sleep conscious of the past, conscious that I am I, and remembering and loving those that were dear to me here.

Neither do I believe, as some seem to, that the going out into that other world is into a strange and lonely country. When we came into this world, we were expected. Our coming was prepared for, and we were welcomed into arms of love and tenderest care. I do not believe that the next step ahead in the universe is into something poorer than the occasion of our coming here. So I believe that we shall find ourselves among friends, in a place that shall seem very much like home, with people who, as Mr. Collyer has somewhere and at some time said, are "just folks like the rest of us," so that there will be no lonely or sad waking up for us when we reach that other country.

Now I wish to mark very distinctly, here at the outset, one point that appears to me to be of great importance. We may be able, clearly, scientifically, beyond any question, to establish the fact of another life beyond this; and yet we may never be able to know very much about it in detail until we get there. I speak of this, and wish to speak of it with emphasis, because a thousand times the question is asked me, if anybody has ever reported from the other side, why have they not told us all about it.

Will you note carefully with me one fact? All our knowledge here is limited of necessity by our past experience, the experience of the race. If I were to attempt to describe to you any new thing or any new place, I could do it only by comparing it with something with which you are already familiar; and, just in so far as it was unlike anything with which you were familiar, just in so far it would be simply impossible for me to describe it to you so that you could have any intelligible idea of it.

Suppose, for example, that I should come back from a journey in Central Africa; and should sit down with a friend, and say, I found some very strange and curious thing there; and he

should say, Well, what shape was it? I would say: It was not the shape of anything you ever saw. It was a new shape. What color was it? It was a new color. What was it like? It was not like anything you ever saw. Do you not see that it would be absolutely impossible for me to explain it to him, though I might know about it and might be absolutely certain of the fact?

So, just in so far as this other life, which I believe is all around us, transcends the life with which we are familiar here, just in so far it is simply impossible for even an archangel to describe it to us, to give us an intelligible picture of it.

I sit down beside a Sioux Indian, and I talk to him about Herbert Spencer's philosophy. I may be familiar with it, but it is so beyond any experience or development of thought that he has had that it would be utterly impossible for us to understand each other. You sit down by a child of eight years, and let him ask you questions that imply twenty years of experience, and can you make yourself plain? You may know all about it. The child has had no experience in the light of which it could interpret the things that you would say. So it is nothing against the fact that some of us believe that another world has been discovered, and that occasionally a message comes from thence, that this message is not able to answer all the questions which curiosity may suggest.

In the nature of things, as I have said, it is impossible for us to understand or comprehend or clearly picture to ourselves anything whatsoever that transcends human experience. So you need not doubt the fact itself because you do not happen to know all about it and can find nobody who can tell you.

Where is this other country? The ancient peoples, as we have seen, put it frequently below the surface of the earth or away in some far space of the heaven, thinking that the rainbow might be a bridge over the abyss that led to this far-off paradise. Others have located it in the Isles of the Blessed toward the sunset. In all conceivable places has the imagination of man located the other life. Our astronomy, an astronomy learned and demonstrated since the principal theological creeds of the time were formulated, has compelled us to change our conception as to the definite location of any possible or conceivable spirit world. I am inclined to believe that it is very near us. It may fold this old earth of ours round, as does the atmosphere. Not that the inhabitants of it are compelled to remain always in contact with the earth. For I believe that death relieves us from the prisoning of

one planet and makes us citizens of the universe. But I believe that this spirit world is all about us. It may be true, as Milton speculated when he said—

“Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep.”

Now take a word of the most authoritative scientist of the age as touching this matter. Professor Jevons is one of the greatest authorities of the world. In his famous book called “Principles of Science” he says, “We cannot deny the strange suggestion of Young that there may be independent worlds, some possibly existing in different parts of space, but others perhaps pervading each other unseen and unknown in the same space.”

Who is this Young that Jevons quotes? He is the man who controverted the theory of light which was held by Newton, and converted the world to his theory, which is the universally accepted one to-day. In other words, he is one of the great names in the science of the world; and he tells us that for anything our eyes and ears have to say to the contrary, we may be surrounded on every hand by other worlds, invisible, intangible to us. We are so apt—we people who think we know it all—to be the fools of our senses.

Do you know that I can see only after the ethereal vibrations reach a certain number in a second, and that the moment these vibrations pass beyond another certain number I cease to see? In other words, I can see a narrow space while these vibrations are kept within certain limits; while on either hand the universe stretches off into infinity, invisible to our present senses. So I can hear within certain limits of ethereal vibrations; up to a certain point I hear nothing. They do not produce on the drum of the ear the effect capable of being translated, in the mysterious fashion of which we know nothing, to the brain as sound. After a certain number of vibrations have been reached, all is again quiet to our senses. Huxley tells us that, if our ears were adapted to take in all the vibrations, the noises of the growing of flowers in the night would be as loud as a thunder-storm.

In other words—and this is all I wish you to take from what I am saying—there may be millions of spiritual creatures walking the earth, pervading the atmosphere all round us, real, thrilling and throbbing with life, a life more intense than anything we know anything about or can dream of, and our present senses take

no cognizance of them whatsoever. Do not imagine, then, that a person or thing cannot exist because you cannot see it or hear it or feel it.

Do these people inhabiting the other world have bodies? I think so. I do not know what powers of imagination may be possessed by other people; but what some people talk about as "pure spirit" means simply pure nothing at all to me. Is there anything unscientific or unreasonable in talking about the inhabitants of this other world as embodied? Nothing whatever, to a man who really understands what he is talking about. Scientists are perfectly familiar with states of matter so ethereal that they are not cognizant to any of our senses. So real though invisible bodies may exist. Ninety-nine times in a hundred or nine hundred and ninety-nine times in a thousand, perhaps, they are humbug and fraud; but a "spirit" photograph is perfectly rational and not in the slightest degree unscientific. I do not know that there ever was a fact of that sort; but it is perfectly possible—so far as science has anything to say about it—for the sensitive plate of a camera can see better than human eyes. You can photograph an invisible star. You can photograph the side of an old ship after it has been painted over and over until no human eye can detect the lettering underneath; and the photograph will show that which is covered by the coats of paint. A camera, then, may see better than we can.

Let me give you one instance in this direction as a suggestion. Alfred Russel Wallace is the most famous scientific man living on earth to-day. He made independently, and about the same time, the same discovery that Darwin made; and from the Isles of the Southern Sea he sent home to Darwin a paper to be read at the British Association, setting forth this discovery. And at the same time Darwin was writing his book, not thinking that anyone else was thinking the same thoughts. So this man shares, and always will share, with Darwin the glory of discovering the central principle of evolution. He told me in conversation some years ago that he had carried on this practice of attempting to get photographs in the other world, with a friend in a private house, month after month; and he said, "I got a perfectly recognizable photograph of my own mother, which was utterly unlike any picture taken of her during her life." If true, this could not have been a copy of anything in existence—except his mother. This is Wallace's testimony, which you may consider for what it is worth.

So it is perfectly possible, I believe, that the inhabitants of the other world are embodied in some ethereal way, which we, perhaps, cannot understand to-day, and that they thrill and throb with life, in comparison to which this life of ours may seem to them almost a sleep.

Now comes another question. I have been asked it, I do not know how many times—thousands, I suppose. If our friends are about us and can see our suffering and struggle and temptation and disappointment and tears, how can it be any heaven to them? Before answering that question, as I intend to do, let me ask another. Which would you rather do, if you could have your choice when you leave this world—go away somewhere so far off that you could not by any possibility know what was happening to your loved ones, or would you rather be near by, even though they were suffering and you shared a little their pain? I had rather be where I could know what was happening to my wife and children and friends, even if they were in trouble, than to be away off in some delectable spot in space, trying to forget about any loved ones here, in order that I might be happy. That would be no heaven to me.

But here is another answer which seems to me absolutely conclusive. A mother, as she sits in her home with her little child playing at her feet, sometimes has an experience like this. The child breaks her doll or plaything of some kind or another; and this is a heart-breaking sorrow to the little one. But it does not break the heart of the mother at all. She picks the child up in her lap, clasps her to her heart, soothes and comforts her. She knows that it is but a passing sorrow, and is not going to cloud the child's life forever. So it seems to me that those who have found out to a certainty what the grand issue of life means cannot be ever troubled because we shed a few tears over a loss in Wall street or because we have a pain which may last us for a week. They know what is before us, they know it is to be victory in time; and perhaps they know that these experiences of suffering that we are passing through are part of the training that is to make us capable of entering into the joy and felicity which they have found their own.

There is another question. People say to me time and time again—and I am answering these as though I believed them, you see—If the people in the other world, my friends in the other world, can communicate with anybody, why don't they come

directly to me? Why must they go to a psychic, a stranger, somebody I know nothing about?

In the first place, I tell you frankly, I do not know anything about it. But I have a theory which seems to me a very reasonable one. Let me ask a counter-question. If electricity will run along a wire—I am using the old theory that electricity is a fluid; but I do not know what it is and do not know anybody who does—if electricity can convey a message from Chicago to New York over a wire, why cannot it convey it over a board fence? I do not know; and there is nobody in the world who does know. We simply know the fact! and, knowing that, we do not waste our time trying to operate over board fences. If we want a message from a friend in Chicago, we expect it to come over the wire.

Now why cannot my friend come directly to me? I do not know; but, supposing the fact, my theory of it is this. I believe that what we call psychic sensitiveness—that is, the ability to be impressed in a conscious way—might be compared to musical sensitiveness. Almost all persons have a little sense of musical sounds; but there are very few who can master instruments or who can sing so that anybody wants to hear them—very few, indeed. Well, now, will you go without music because you must go to the experts, the masters, the musical geniuses, to get it? Or will you sit at home, and say, I will not have any music until my next-door neighbor can furnish it or I can furnish it myself.

I do not know why we know only certain facts. I believe that this psychic sensitiveness is something that we all share within certain limits, but that there is only now and then a psychic genius, one so sensitive that he or she is usable, so to speak, in a practical way. That is my theory of it. I do not know why, but I do know the fact; and I have known people—and let me point out the unreasonableness of it in a word, in passing—I have known people who said, A friend of mine died ten years ago, and promised that, if it were possible, he would communicate with me, and let me know that he was really alive; and I have heard nothing from him. And I have said over and over again, Have you ever given him a chance? and, if you have not, what right have you to find fault that he has not reported? Perhaps it is your fault, and not your friend's.

There is another point here. I believe that these friends of ours are ministering spirits. Not that they stay always by our side—you will see in a moment I believe very differently from that—but many of them may be ministering spirits, watching

around us, rendering us service of which we have little knowledge, which we cannot comprehend or explain to-day. They may interfere sometimes to render us a signal service. To illustrate what I mean, and to show what seems to me to be a more rational theory than that commonly held. Some people believe that there have been "providential" interferences in their lives—certain things have happened which seemed inexplicable to them, at any rate; and they wonder whether God had been caring for them in some special way. Now I cannot think of God as partial. I cannot think that he hears the prayer of one person, and turns a deaf ear to the heart-breaking cry of thousands. That does not seem to me worthy of our thought about God. And yet there do happen these strange coincidences. I have a friend—and her name is so well known to you all that I am sure she would not mind my mentioning it—Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, famous for her devoted services during the war, and one of the greatest woman speakers that the world has ever known. She told me of her life being saved during her travels in the West on a certain occasion by her hearing and instantly obeying a voice. She did not know where it came from; but she leaped, as the voice ordered her to, from one side of a car to the other, and instantly the side where she had been sitting was crushed in and utterly demolished. This she told me. I know she is not a liar. I cannot believe that this was the interference of God; but it may have been the interference of some friend in the invisible. And this may account for interferences happening at some times, and not at others.

Suppose I am on the street to-morrow, and an accident happens to me. A friend may be in the neighborhood, and see it and come to my rescue. But the friend may not be there. There may be no one cognizant of the fact, so no rescue may come to me. This seems to me a possible and very rational theory of accounting for what we call special providences or interferences on our behalf.

And there may be a grain of truth in the Catholic doctrine of the saints. If I cry for help in my need, and a friend knows that I cry, and recognizes that need, and can help me, and does help me, my prayer is answered; though it may not have been by the interference of God in the ordinary sense of that expression. So, possibly, these heart-cries of ours, that go up into what to us is the silence, may reach the ears and touch the hearts of the friends who are not so far away as we ordinarily imagine; and out of that unseen there may frequently come to us help and comfort and strength.

These are possible things. I have not said one single word so far that any science or scientific man on the face of the earth has any right to contradict. He may tell me, and tell me truly, that I have said a good many things I cannot demonstrate; and I grant it. But he cannot demonstrate that they are not true. He cannot prove the negative; and he cannot prove that they are unreasonable. They are perfectly within the possibilities of the universe as we know it scientifically.

Now let us raise the question as to what it means to go over and live in that other life. Most of us, I suppose, have given up all fear of the old orthodox place of fire and torment; but we carry in ourselves heavens and hells, and, though we may put out the fires of the infernal regions, we do not thus put out the fires in our own bosoms which we ourselves have kindled. So, if we wish happiness in that other life, we must cultivate that in us which is spiritual and which is good. It is sometimes said that any quantity of the life we lead here will be of no use to us over yonder. It has been said, concerning certain men, "They made themselves wonderful scholars in certain directions; but they died young, and now what is the use of it all?" Just as though that experience was thrown away. I do not believe it is thrown away at all. A man may cultivate himself in following a certain pursuit. If he cultivates himself nobly and rightly, that general development of power may be just as valuable to him in some other pursuit or some other condition of life as it is here. So that all the intelligence that we have wrought out, all the development of self-control, of character, of nobility, of love, of goodness—these things are imperishable, and are, perhaps, those which Jesus had in mind when he advised us to lay up treasures in heaven, and not on the earth—to lay up the treasures that are invisible in the place that is at present invisible, and where we may take them up and find them of value on our arrival.

In that famous thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians, Paul says, "If we have knowledge, it shall pass away." He is discussing things that pass away and those that remain. He is true. He is right in certain directions. I may develop all kinds of knowledge in this life, and in the other land I may find myself in circumstances where that knowledge is of no value at all; but the cultivation that I have gone through in acquiring that knowledge may be of unspeakable value to me.

The intelligence, then, we may believe we carry with us. But, says some objector—it is said a thousand times, printed in

the reviews, spoken of in lectures—How can we think without the brain? Is not the brain the only organ of thought? Professor James, of Harvard, whom I quoted last Sunday, gave a lecture not long ago on two phases of this problem of the other life; and one of them was this, and he—one of the best expert authorities in the world—takes the ground that that objection about the brain is foolish, sophistical, shallow, and utterly worthless. In other words, one of the functions of brain at the present time may be thinking. The “I” back of the brain, or above it, may use it as the organ of thought and the communication of my thoughts to others in my present condition. But that does not prove at all that the “I” ceases to exist, and that there is no thinking done when this brain gets tired and goes back to dust. To resort to a crude illustration, you may attach a dynamo for a time to some particular machine. When you remove that machine, you have not destroyed the dynamo. You may attach it to some other machine, and find that you have there all the old-time power.

The best scientific men of the world have told us that this objection is of no value. Thought is not the product of the brain, in that sense. There accompanies every effort of mind certain molecular movements in the brain. That is all; but it is not a case of cause and effect; it is only concomitance. Thought coincides with the movements of the brain.

We may carry, then, with us all our magnificently developed powers of thought. We carry love, which is the grandest thing in all the world and the heart of heaven, whether that heaven be here or somewhere else. We carry with us pity and tenderness and sympathy. We carry all those things that we call spiritual, that are of value to us, that constitute our nobler and higher selves. The rest we leave behind, because we have got through with it, and do not want it any more.

• And now a word as to possible occupations. The Swedenborgians, you know, following the great seer, tell us that heaven is almost a duplicate of the present life; that almost all the occupations that we carry on here are carried on in some fashion over there. I think it is Milton—and I cannot quote his line with perfect accuracy—who asks the question—

“What if earth and heaven be to each other like
More than on earth is thought?”

I believe, even though I cannot prove it to you just now, that the thinker carries with him his great power to think, and that

there are opportunities for ranges of thought there that so surpass all that is conceivable to us to-day as to seem to us almost impossible. The thinker may study—study the universe, investigate, discover the natural laws of the universe under conditions of which we can hardly dream to-day.

Just a hint, a natural hint. Old ex-President Hill, of Harvard, was one of the most famous mathematicians of the century. I am afraid I should not enjoy his company, should I find him engaged in his favorite occupation on the other side. But this is what he said. Somebody asked him, What are you going to do when you enter the other life? And his reply was, "There are enough problems, mathematical problems, connected with the arc of a circle to keep me busy and happy for at least a thousand years."

That was one of the most famous mathematicians of the century. Why should the musician lose the enjoyment of his transcendent power? Why the artist? Why should any of the magnificent souls of the world find themselves without occupation?

And, then, I believe another thing. There are sainted souls, men and women both, in this life, who would not find themselves happy if there were not somebody to help, somebody to whom they could be of service. This condition of mind is illustrated, although humorously, in the expression of the old sainted Calvinist deacon, who had made up his mind he had committed the unpardonable sin, and was sure he would go to hell. Some one asked him what he should do there, and he said he would try to start a prayer-meeting. This dominant wish and will of the soul, I believe, will find scope for its inclination.

And remember how many millions of little children are passing into this country every year. They would need nursing and care and teaching if they stayed here. I believe they will need, and will find, nursing and teaching and care and tenderest love over there. And there are thousands of men and women dying uneducated, undeveloped, soiled, and vicious. Perhaps it is not their own fault. They may have inherited weakness, and been brought up in surroundings that made virtue practically impossible. I believe there will be opportunities for ministering to such as these.

Then, sometimes, when we get very tired, we think that we would like a long while, at least before doing anything again, for rest. As an illustration of this state of mind, I received a letter

from Edward Everett Hale during the last winter, in which he said: "When we get to heaven and we have been there a few eons, and had a chance to get rested a little and to look around us, I hope I shall have a chance to get off with you in some secluded place and have a leisurely talk about some things that I despair of ever getting hold of here."

And so this leisurely rest, this thrilling, throbbing occupation of love and service, this thirst of the discoverer, of the inventor, this genius of the artist, the musician—all that is noblest and finest and sweetest here, I believe, it is not at all unreasonable for us to suppose will find ample scope and unfolding over yonder. Much of it, most of it, of course, is guess-work now.

We are surrounded with mystery on every hand; and sometimes we get discouraged because we cannot answer all our questions. Get discouraged! Think of it, think a little further, think a little deeper; and this, which is your overwhelming difficulty at times, you will see to be the source and spring of every rational hope. Suppose that we could get through over there in a year or a thousand years; suppose there were no more questions to be asked, nothing more to be done, nowhere else to go. We should pray for a death that would stay death, from sheer ennui.

The only rational ground for belief in the possibility of an immortal life is in the fact that we are surrounded on every hand by alluring mystery, and a mystery that in certain senses may grow and increase as the ages go by. I am in a little valley. I cannot explain how the grass grows or the flowers bud and spring. I could ask a thousand questions that I could not answer; but my difficulty seems to me little and somewhat comprehensible. I climb up the mountains; and the range in the mystery of the unknown grows with every step of ascent.

So I believe that, as we advance, the mystery of the universe, and of our tender, loving Father, God, will increase, instead of diminish, at every step. So I can believe that the hope of an immortal life is a sensible hope, because I know I can study and think and advance forever and ever and ever, and never approach getting through; for there is no possibility of getting through with the Infinite.

So let us be content with so much as must be mystery, not be discouraged by it—but regard it as what it is—the ground of our noblest and most magnificent hopes.

Child Life in the Summer-Land.

BY SPIRIT JOHNNY R.

Editor The Lyceum: A little boy (a former acquaintance and schoolmate of my daughter) who had passed to Spirit Land, came with my boy and other spirit children to our circle, and said he wanted to talk with Ada. He could not use the alphabet, so the guide asked me to sit for him, which I did, and received the following communication.

AMANUENSIS.

I want to tell Ada all about my home, the beautiful flowers, the fine playgrounds, the nice school-rooms, so much nicer than the ones you are confined in, and what good teachers I now have. Our teachers on earth did as well as they could, but they'll all have to go to school again and learn how to teach before they can keep school where I now am.

I am not required to learn the same lessons that other boys learn, and then we don't have printed books all alike, but each one has a book of objects—that is, books with pictures of life—with different things printed in them, such as animals, birds, fishes, flowers, fruits, trees, arbors, walks, houses, lawns, and ever so many things that I don't think of now, and each thing or picture has a meaning, which is written under or over it, which is what we learn. Then your books are not like ours in other respects, for when we have learned one thing well it changes to something else, or takes another form with a new explanation, but this new form is always something that grew out of the old one.

No boy or girl is forced to learn so many set lessons in a day and compete with other boys or girls for marks. Each one has lessons suited to his own mind, and each lesson is so explained as to make us love to study them and look them over many times. We don't have marks and draw for medals. Our reward for

dilligence and being good is the smile and loving kiss of our teacher or guide. No one is obliged to recite just such a lesson at a given time, as we were in our earth school, but we study the lesson we love the most, and keep on with that one until it leads us to love another, or that one maybe assumes a different shape—that is, changes from a horse to a bird—but then we must have learned all about the horse, what he corresponds to, why he was made, what he can do, and what man can do with him; and, you know, there are so many kinds of birds, some big ones and some little ones, many pretty ones, and some not so pretty, some that sing so sweetly and some that are only proud of their fine feathers, like some little girls I used to know. We don't shut them up in cages, as you do; they fly all around us, and, when they are like our study picture, will come near so we can see how like the picture they are.

Then, you know, there are dogs and cats and sheep and cows, and they all mean something, and were made because folks 'on earth needed them. Don't you think you ought to treat them kindly, and take good care of them when the weather is so bad they can't be out and eat grass? I do.

Then there are lawns, gardens, landscapes, lakes, rivers, brooks and ponds, and a great many things and places, besides woods and hills and beautiful flowers, and you know we can always go to a place that corresponds with our lesson to study, and the place and the things in and all around it all help us to study.

And then we have such nice plays, all made up out of our studies—that is, after we have learned our lessons they are all put together, and we play them, each one having a part that represents his or her lesson.

We don't quarrel or get cross over our books, but if we get tired—which means don't love them so well—we put them down and rest, and then the teacher comes and smiles on us and on the book, and makes it look bright and pleasant again.

Our teachers and guides do not get cross, and no one gets whipped in these schools like they do in yours, for we don't have to do or learn anything we don't love. I didn't know what love meant on earth, because no one studies anything about it. My father and mother loved me as yours do you, but you know when you are naughty they do not punish you with love, but with a shoe or a stick. Where I live now they don't use shoes in that way, and a good many earth children wish they were never so used.

Well, we have bodies and hands and feet. I'm much nicer

than when on the earth, but we don't use our hands and feet as you do. When James H. and I come to see you, we don't have to walk until we are tired as you do, but can be there in a minute, especially when you call us. This is one of our lessons—to learn to travel by will-power, and it forms a part in all our plays. It is just like going into a balloon coach, only if you could see us coming you wouldn't see any coach.

Every one, as I told you, can have what they like best, and we have all kinds of playthings, which makes us very happy all the time. Your sister has a very fine room in her house—more nice things than you ever saw in a room on earth. She has a beautiful grand piano and a great big harp, and she gives Edith lessons, and when she plays the room is full of flowers. Guide Folger loves Edith and Willie best because they love flowers just like he loves them. We help in their garden, but love to romp with the horses and dogs, and the guide won't let them among his flowers. Edith loves little dogs too, but they don't try to follow her among the flowers.

The guide won't have any fences around the house or gardens. They love everything beautiful to be open to everybody's view; so all the lines—which mean fences—are made of flowers, with fine fruit trees at the corners, and everything can go right through the walks and welcome. If you could come over here on a visit, you'd think it was like his earth home, only ten thousand times nicer and prettier.

Well, I can't tell you any more now, but you must put this in a paper, so other boys and girls can read it.—From the Lyceum.

The Ministry of Life Through Death.

BY DR. FRED. L. H. WILLIS.

LIFE THE ALPHA AND OMEGA—THE CULMINATION OF ALL PRINCIPLES—DEATH BUT A CHANGE OF CONDITIONS, A TRANSITION—LIFE IS IMMORTALITY—ETERNITY.

There is one fundamental principle into which all other principles resolve themselves. It is the principle of life; the unending, the eternal life of all that is. Life is the Alpha and Omega—the beginning and the end. Life is from, of and in that infinite power that all men recognize, and that some term God. Life is God, and being infinite it must be eternal. Nothing can escape it, nothing can contradict it.

The being and existence of God can be defined only by infinity, which the finite cannot possibly grasp. Therefore life can be comprehended only by means of its manifestations. The type of the infinite lies in the finite, and man can learn of God or the infinite only through that which lies within his own soul. He knows of life through his own conscious being. That which he is the creator of through his own individuality, is his present revelation of the eternal and infinite.

All perception comes through existence. We know only what lies within us or what has become a part of ourselves through a conscious recognition of its verity. All the truths that we receive make an appeal to our recognition. We compare and arrange the truths thus presenting themselves for recognition. We accept testimony from others concerning them, but we do not, and cannot accept what has not its conscious relationship unto our own being, and it must come through our own intuitions, or our own knowledge, which is intuitional.

There are various ways of estimating and comparing truths that may be presented to us for acceptance. We may believe a

scientific fact, even though it may not have been demonstrated to us experimentally. We believe it through our relationship to the consciousness of others. We may believe in the revelation that has come to another, but we cannot know its truth until we accept it through our own perception of the fact and its law. For instance we may believe that the solution of a mathematical problem is correct when we have confidence in him who presents it unto us; but this is a borrowed knowledge, and cannot become really our own until we grasp the problem mentally, and outwork for ourselves the solution. The mind really accepts as truth that only which it is able to grasp through its own perceptions.

Man's reason sometimes wars against his intuitions. This makes him an intellectual infidel, doubtful of everything that cannot be measured or defined. He contends against all knowledge but that gained through the intellect. He questions concerning immortality. He doubts it. To reason with him quickens his intellectual activity, and makes his doubts still stronger and less ready to yield to the promptings of his intuitions; and yet the intellect is the only guide to the heart. It is the discredit given to rationalism that fills the land with bigotry and sectarianism. The true man holds a balance of power that enables his intellect to sanction his perceptions in their recognition of truth. Hence if we attempt to reason concerning life without the conscious revelation or certain perception of the attributes and laws of life, we become lost in vague speculations.

But let us turn to that expression of life called death. All that is about us dies. This is simply another statement of the fact that everything about us has life. The mineral kingdom, through its countless ages of form and arrangement, has known the change of its particles, and the vegetable kingdom its speedier change, and the animal kingdom its death for the perfection of its life. The higher the grade of being, the more rapid this assimilation or power to produce death or change. The raindrop dies to the flower when it feeds its life with its particles of moisture. The grain dies to the animal when it enters into its organization. The light dies to all nature when it becomes the life of all animated forms.

The death of nature, then, is its change, its reproduction unto a higher and more perfect existence. The symbolism is not more perfect between the simplest form of life and its next higher in the natural kingdom, than it is in the still higher degree of life known as the spiritual. When the mystery of life is revealed

unto man, then does he know himself, and as he knows himself, he knows infinity, eternity, God. The manifestations of life are, however, his only means of knowledge.

"If a man die, shall he live again?" This has been the question of all the ages. Revelation has failed to furnish a satisfactory answer because revelation appeals to the understanding through external channels, rather than unto the consciousness through the perceptions.

This question that has been discussed by the learned and philosophic for ages, is so easily answered that it seems strange to hear it urged again and again. Life has ceased in one form of manifestation. That life, or conscious being, is no longer manifest in the mortal body. The higher life clings no longer to the lower through the external or physical organization. But has it ceased to be life? Nay, death has no power save through life. The change it ushers in is perfected through life. Life and immortality are one. Death is but the more speedy means of the fullness of spirit-life. It is the beautiful and certain representative of life.

Then what is the ministry of death unto us? What does it reveal unto us? How by it are we to know more of the infinitude of life?

Dickens says: "When death strikes down the innocent and young, from every fragile flower from which he sets the sorrowing spirit free, there doth some good arise to walk the earth and bless it."

When die the old and stricken in years, the mystery of life is revealed, for from out of the form that held the feeble thread has been born the virtuous life, the noble deed, the kindly thought, and like the flower-petals borne down by the summer winds, so falls the outward semblance of the thought; but like the ripening fruit that gathers all the summer's freshness, and bears the seed for yet unknown summers' growths, so live those deeds and the glory of that life.

The ministry of death—to whom is it manifest? The mother lays her little one within the portals of the grave. She feels perhaps that through her own ignorance it lost its hold to the physical. She knows that its life on earth was necessary to her gladness. She feels that through premature death its perfection has been retarded, for it has been deprived of the rich lessons of the earthly existence, and so the pangs of self-reproach are added to those caused by the sense of loss. But wait a moment. The

little form was solely for the spirit's growth. The life of the spirit is still the mother's. Nothing can ever defraud her of that. Even after death has stricken the little form, she has still a sacred ministry unto the little spirit. If the little form could awaken all the holiest love of the mother's soul, cannot the little spirit, still hers by all that is holiest in the mother's soul and of which the form was but the casket, awaken her divine life so that its purer flow shall bless and perfect her child still? If so, then there is no death for that mother, but only the fullness of life.

When the spirit loses its power to link itself unto spirit, then it knows of death or loss. If the mother, in her longing to minister unto her child, knows nothing of that higher ministry of her spirit unto its spirit, then is there the death of loss unto her. But as the spirit in its new untried life can live only through its love, is there no certainty of response to the mother's desire as she longs for the presence of her spirit-child? It is not the mere form of life that she demands, but life itself. Her spirit still seeks to give. The mother's love is her most sacred life. Nothing so typifies infinite love as the mother's affection for her child. But where is God when the desires call for him? Just as close to the soul as is its desire. His love prompts the desire, awakens the need. The mother's love cannot be hoarded, cannot be repressed. It seeks ever the bestowal of itself, and demands that which can be blest by it. It goes freely forth unto her child even after the precious form is hidden from her sight. Then behold in this purest love the most perfect type of the Infinite Love, the life that is in all things. Behold in it the highest manifestation of the God-power of the universe, which is Love.

The mother can know her power to bless only through her desires, for as certainly as every human spirit instinctively longs for perfection, so the spirit-child longs through its desires for its mother's life, and as God—or the highest life—is calling the child-soul through these desires unto its perfection, so the bereaved mother is calling for that which shall receive of her holiest and best.

Is there no ministry of life through death here? Human love can attain the fulfillment of its desires in no other way than through giving and receiving, and the affections are the only channels for reception or impartation. To live is to love. To have is to receive. The infinite and eternal power called God, lives in every form of life, because it enters into or rather is the life of all existence.

Man only truly lives when all his affections are active; when he gives and receives through them all. That only is death which knows no life, no love. The spirit that knows nothing of any one form or expression of love parental, filial or conjugal, is dead unto that love. He who desires not his child's loving caress, who feels no desire to minister unto it of his own purest and truest affection, has no life in that affection. But when that love or life is once awakened, there is no death for it, and can never be. Every desire that calls for an expression of that love has eternal life in it. The growing soul claims the development of every attribute and knows eternal life in every affection, and no active life-giving affection can ever know death.

God, the infinite of life, of love, outpours that life, that love, in ceaseless, abundant streams. Can infinite spirit know want or desolation? Can it ever cease to give, or know a lack of objects of bestowal? How weak then all repinings in view of this ceaseless expression of the infinite unto the finite. When the great heart of love that throbs and pulsates throughout the universe feels the chill of death, and in its bestowal of infinite, measureless love knows the loss of that which can receive, then may the mother know the loss of love, and that death has robbed her of the dearest, most cherished recipient of her life, but never until then can she cease to minister unto that life, to be its life through her undying love.

But the mother's love is only one of the expressions of life. The other developments of affection are all necessary to the growth and perfection of the spirit. For them there can be no death, so long as they desire to give and receive. Then know, all ye who mourn the so-called death of loved ones, that so long as the heart clings to the object of its desire and affection, just so long is it the giver and receiver.

Oh, life, the wondrous love, the infinite good, the eternal blessing! There is nothing but declares it, nothing but rejoices in it, nothing but perfects it. Immortal life! It is the universal inheritance. God is life, and life is infinite: then where is death?

There stood beside a beautiful fountain two maidens of rare loveliness. One was rose-draped and crowned with light. From her whole being floated away glory and blessing. Radiance fell from her every movement as falls the sunlight in the valley.

The other was pale and draped in white. The glory of all things seemed ministering unto her. For her was the sweetest melody of the flowing waters. The life of the flowers was absorbed

in her life. The star-gleams gave their splendor to her. The sunlight and the moonbeams knew her as their own and ministered unto her. When she moved all light and beauty seemed flowing towards her.

The one was the Angel of Life, the other the Angel of Death.

They spoke unto each other: "I give but to bless thee," said Life. "I live but to minister unto thee. When shall I, even I, become like unto thee?"

And then said Death: "Thou, oh Life, art the giver, but what I take from thee is not thine own. See, thou hast it all still and even more, to give unto all beautiful things. Thou art the benefactor. Alas! when shall I become like unto thee?"

And then spake the flowing waters, the flowers, the stars, the sunlight and the moonbeams, and all bright and beautiful things: "Oh, beautiful Angels of Life and Death, know ye not ye are the perfection and glory of all that is ours, that what we take from one of you we give unto the other, that thus we may receive from God and give unto him. If thou, oh beautiful Life, shouldst cease thy bestowal, how could we know of and glorify him. And thou, oh blessed Death, if thou shouldst withhold thy mediation, how could he know of us or receive our praise. Oh minister unto us and mediate for us, that thus we live in Death and die in Life."

Life is one and universal. Even decay and death belong to its vital processes, and what death speaks to us in the world of nature, it speaks to us in the world of spirit—words of eternal life.

The March of the Soul.

BY URIEL BUCHANAN.

LIFE BEYOND THE GRAVE UNDISCOVERABLE BY ANY INSTRUMENT OF MAN'S INVENTION—INCIDENTS ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE PERAMBULATIONS OF SOULS THROUGH THE VALLEY OF DEATH.

“Immortality,
With its countless hopes and fears beating against the shores of
time and faith,
Was not born of any book, nor of any creed, nor of any religion.
It was born of human affection, and it will continue to ebb
and flow
Beneath the mists and clouds of doubt and darkness as long as
love kisses the lips of death.
It is the rainbow of hope, shining on the tears of grief.”
—Robert G. Ingersoll.

What is beyond the gloomy portals of the grave cannot be discovered by any instrument of man's invention, nor seen or felt by the contact of any mortal sense; but there is a means of communicating with those who have been freed from the bonds and limitations of the flesh, of discerning the nature of realms beyond the material confines of the terrestrial, and of catching glimpses of the soul in its eternal march along the royal highway that lies between us and the farthest fields of space. From the invisible source of a Divine Cause vibrate the creative rays that weave a network of spirit spheres which fill the universal sky; and the inner mind of man need only know them and catch the rhythm of their harmony in order to be in touch with the celestial beings that inhabit them.

When man dies he learns that life is conscious existence, unbroken, and that he is surrounded in the spirit world by asso-

ciations kindred to his past desires—if noble, his aspirations lead ever upward toward the celestial world of light and life; if depraved, his appetites and passions drag him down toward the dark and evil conditions of the lowest spheres. But the allurements to sin are mainly on earth, for the source of temptations is in the physical nature, and when the soul deserts the temple of flesh the greatest temptations to sin are removed; and when freed from such bondage the influence for good becomes stronger, and more rapid advancement is achieved. Every human being ultimately learns that the only possible attainment of individual immortality is made by working in harmony with the divine principles of truth. The soul will have a progressive life through a gradation of spheres; and as the advancing pilgrim draws nearer and nearer to the Great Heart of Being, the mystery and darkness that surround us here will be slowly dispelled. The bright light that illumines the higher spheres is the light of love; and in the all-pervading presence of its unfading glow there can be no shadows to darken life's pathway, neither will the soul know any night there.

There was silence in the dimly lighted room, and soft footsteps about the white bed where an aged man lay. And there was sorrow depicted in the faces of those who bent over him, for they knew that his soul was drifting away. The stately form, which had bravely struggled against the destructive forces of nature for eighty years, had laid down for the final rest. The eyes were growing dim, the heart throbs failing; and in helpless silence the loved ones waited for the solemn tread of Death. At last the breathing ceased, and over the face crept the fixed expression of a calm repose. No one spoke as they recognized the great fact; but glances were exchanged which are known nowhere else but in the still chamber of death. The flame of the lamp burning in the room fluttered. The old-fashioned clock on the mantel, which had faithfully ticked the fleeting seconds of time for many years, now yielded to the magic touch of unseen hands, and stopped. The hands on the dial pointed to the hour and minute that recorded the flight of the soul.

In another case a dog sleeping by the side of the steps in the rear of the house was suddenly awakened as if by a gust of wind, and commenced to moan piteously at the instant of its master's death; and a few seconds later the horses in a closed barn made desperate efforts to break out.

Again, a young man to whom music was the supreme ideal,

the ultimate sentiment in his soul—more dear to his heart than friendship or love, as dear to him as life itself—who, when he played upon his instrument, the heart beat with strange rapture and the mind became eloquent with thoughts of heaven—one night was wrested from loving hands by the messenger of death. His trained fingers would make no more music on earth; his magic touch with the bow would never again thrill the responsive strings of the violin to the sweet harmonies of sound. After his death his friends discovered that all the strings of the violin he had loved so well had been severed, as if cut by a sharp-edged knife. Even as the magnetic chord that had bound his soul to the frail, beautiful shell of matter was broken, so were the chords that held the soul of music in the violin severed, that the divine melody might waft his soul to that realm where music never dies, and where perpetual youth glows in the heart forever.

Laura was the name of a youthful maiden, whose light and delicate form was the visible manifestation of a noble soul, called forth by creative law from the mysterious deeps of eternity. Smiles and sunshine and the glow of youth were upon her face, and her eyes shone forth in the full luster of life's morning. But in early years, while she looked out upon the new, strange world with wondering eyes, and saw the rainbow colors on hope's horizon, and breathed the dewy fragrance that floated about her from the buds and blossoms of love's fair garden—even then, the invisible demon of disease made ingress to her heart's blood and brought its many millioned brood of silent, ceaseless workers which feast on the quivering flesh. She, who had come to shine like a star amid earthly lights, and to bless the home of her birth with music and song, with laughter and loving words, was predestined by the stern, all-pitiless law of death to a premature transition from the vale of mortality, leaving the wonderful mechanism of a supreme creation to the destroying workers whose home is in the rotting ground. Consumption, the unconquered foe to life, the kingly ghost of the sepulcher, had waved its pale spectral hand over the head of the fair one and pointed its gaunt finger to the waiting tomb.

Ofttimes, in the peaceful silence of the twilight hour, sitting with Laura by the shores of the ocean, we had listened to the winds and the waves, and the murmurings from the surging, viewless deeps, until our souls seemed uplifted from the vortex of existence into the very presence of Eternity. We had talked of the mystery that is written on every tree and plant and flower,

in every star, in every hope or fear that stirs the heart of youth. She was mystical by nature, and deeply interested in all laws and phenomena which pertain to the invisible; and she endeavored to grasp every phase of thought which throws light upon the great problem of the soul's destiny. "Will you promise," I once said to her, "if you should leave the earth plane before I do, to send back a message to me?" "Yes," she replied, "if possible, I will communicate with you."

And the time soon came when the warning hand at the threshold beckoned to her to pass through the shadow of death into the light of the mysterious unknown. Friends were waiting at the bed. Around were tearful eyes, expressing grief that finds no words. Her eyes moved with an uncertain gaze; mortal sight was growing dim; the shadows fell in denser waves; then darkness gathered about her and closed her eyes forever from the vision of all earthly things. But the last vision of her fading sight opened to the glorious realities of another world. Her white face shone in the twilight, and in the placid smile that rested upon her features was impressed a foregleam of the knowledge and the promise of immortality.

The room was darkened and hushed. To the clairvoyant vision was revealed the halo which clothed her soul. Like a wreath of mist, it gathered and circled above the head of the cooling form. The astral body grew denser for a time, then disappeared from sight. At that instant I felt a cool wave pass over my forehead and face. I saw no form; but I sensed the presence of a living power, which penetrated the deeps of consciousness; and I received the following message, spoken with a force and clearness that will never be forgotten: "I am not dead—there is no death. I am still Laura. I have eyes, and can see. Mother is here. Tell papa." Then the presence passed away. There lay the rigid, wasted form. The hands that chill the touch were folded on the breast. The evening twilight faded into darkness, and the viewless air was haunted by the gloom and silence which surround the dead. But where the soul of Laura had gone, the dawn of another day had come; and the rising spiritual sun lighted her pathway to the home eternal.

Who has no cherished memory of some vanished form—some well-remembered voice that is heard no more? Who has never knelt at the white tomb of a loved one and decorated the grave of the sacred dead with flowers? Alas! the echoless footfalls of the Silent Monarch are everywhere, walking in the midst of life.

What family circle has remained unbroken—what threshold unentered by his fateful tread? Is there a human being in all the world who has not seen or felt his ghostly presence and remorseless power? His shadow is in each heart. His voice is heard in every sweep of the wind that rustles the autumn leaves; and in the solemn waves of the relentless sea, murmuring the requiem of the unnumbered dead that have perished in the shipwreck and storm.

Century after century a Spirit-host has revealed itself in the flesh, made the earth tremble beneath its tread, and plunged again into the mysterious deep of infinite space. The pathway of time through the long procession of historic ages is strewn with the eloquent ruins of humanity's fruitless toil. The spirit of desolation broods over the wrecks of empires and points to the sepulchers of perished generations. Tyrants torture slaves; superstition dethrones justice; legislation condemns the innocent. The lightning rends; cyclones devastate, and scourging disease destroys. Fettered by the elements of nature and bound by the iron chain of necessity to the rock of fate; in the midst of human despotism where penury treads the roadway in misery and sorrow, while robbers ride in royal pride, the soul naturally questions the meaning of life's great struggle and the purpose of man's existence.

Why we were created is a problem that can have but one answer: The design of creation is to give being to immortal souls, with the possibility of the ultimate attainment of freedom from the limitations of the flesh and the elements of nature, and the enjoyment of existence in a realm where one may know every pleasure for which the heart yearns, may attain every ideal toward which the soul aspires. No human being has ever gone down to the grave with every desire fulfilled, every ideal realized. There are longings in every human breast which reach beyond the grave; there are hopes in every heart whose pulsations beat against the shores of another world. To say that death ends all, is to give the lie to the noblest thoughts and divinest promptings that live in the heart of man. To concede that the finality of life's purpose is reached at the tomb, is to eliminate design from the laws of creation and make of the universe of suns and worlds a shining mockery—a mirage on the desert waste of eternity—peopling the earth-space with the fleeting phantom shells of a cruel, torturing, purposeless power.

But when the eyesight is unsealed, and the heart purified by

the divine elemental fire, the consciousness of a deathless life awakens in man and becomes an invisible witness to man's immortality.

In the celestial city of space, beyond the limits of earth and the shadows of earth life, where the sacred ties that were broken here are reunited; where the unanswered longings here will become the reality there; the place where truth lives forever, and justice reigns; where the heart is freed from all burdens, and the soul disenthralled from the weight of all karma, and its penalties in suffering, and sorrow, and death—that will be heaven.

Message from the Spirit-Land.

Mrs. Alexander Taylor, a widow thirty-five years of age, was last evening for the second time prepared for burial. She had been dying for some time from consumption, and on Wednesday morning became unconscious. A doctor was called and pronounced her dead, and funeral preparations were begun. About midnight her friends were astounded to see Mrs. Taylor move and ask for water. She asked that a favorite niece, who lives in Iowa, be summoned immediately to receive a message from her mother, who has been dead several years.

Mrs. Taylor said her spirit was disembodied and soared through space till a brilliant and beautiful grove was reached. Here angels were flying about guarding what seemed the entrance to heaven. She was refused admittance, but was allowed to converse at a short distance with her husband, who died last winter, and with her sister, the mother of the favorite niece. The message sent to the niece she refused to disclose.—*Wheeling Special to New York World.*

Death and the After Life.

BY E. D. BABBITT, M. D., LL. D.

SPIRITUALISTS OFTEN WELCOME DEATH—CLAIRVOYANTS SEE THE SPIRIT ARISE FROM THE BODY—SPIRIT BEWILDERMENT AT THE CHANGE—SOMETHING ABOUT SPIRIT ZONES.

To most people there is something fearful and even hideous in the word Death. Spiritualists are apt to refine upon the word and use such terms as decease, passing on, passing away, transition, passing to the higher life, the higher birth, entering upon the morning of eternal day, etc. Longfellow, the spiritual poet says:

“There is no death! What seems so is transition.”

Old Theology throws a gloom over the world and the old poets strove to outdo each other in painting out infernal regions, in which poor human beings must eternally writhe and suffer for some unbelief or sin that has been committed in this brief period of life. The churches, though greatly improving, still continue to sing:

“Oh! what eternal horrors hang
Around this second Death.”

At their funerals, they clothe themselves in gloom, sing long drawn out, solemn plaints, and treat death as truly the “King of Terrors,” by having great black plumes waving in triumph over their very hearses. Contrast this with a Spiritualist conception:

“Shout aloud! Glad tidings
Come floating o’er the sea;
An angel’s born to glory,
A fettered soul is free.
Shout aloud! The tidings
Resound from shore to shore,
In happy strains of gladness
Till mourners weep no more.”

Spiritualists often welcome Death as the hour of triumph, from the fact that they can see its very process and the beautiful light beyond. The clairvoyant can see the "spiritual body" as St. Paul calls it, rising like a white mist above the coarser earthly form, and being shaped gradually into a similar but finer body rising above the head.

There are benevolent spirits who take pleasure in helping departing souls to become detached from their bodily encasement. This shortens and renders much more easy and pleasant the struggle of death, and makes the transition all the more triumphant. In fact, those who have become highly spiritual, whose souls have been kindled by the impressions from the higher world, can be lifted out of the body into the diviner light with scarcely a struggle.

In giving an account of the phenomena of the new life, I think I shall be able to be quite accurate from the fact that I do not depend upon mere impressions but have a kind of telegraphic signals given through my hands, to signify whether I am correct or incorrect.

What is it that rises from the body at death and becomes the new being? The image of the external body with head, face, trunk, limbs, etc., composed of the finest material of the old body itself, a material so fine that it cannot be seen by the external vision. This we are in the habit of calling a spirit, although it is a material body just as truly as is the coarser one, composed of a more exquisite grade of matter and having within it a portion of infinite spirit, just as it had before. The features are finer, the wrinkles of age are gone, all lameness has vanished and every limb is complete although in earth life it may have been amputated.

The Materialist says, "Death ends all. All power of thought has gone because there is no brain, and sensation has gone because there are no nerves." An immense mistake. There is a brain with swift and wonderful forces and nerves with fine, quick sensations but never painful ones after the coarser earthly elements have been well eliminated from the new body. While the brain is a part of the human ego in earth life, this psychic body is a higher ego. It finds its triumphant powers in spirit life, although as the evolution of the human faculties takes place more and more, it becomes powerful and sometimes wonderful in its manifestations even here, giving the lightning swiftness of thought which we term intuition, or in psychomic or statuvolic conditions revolutionizing bodily disease or mental perversions.

Those who can hold the coarser body sufficiently in abeyance to allow the psychic system fullness of action become clairvoyants, psychometrists, mediums or what is a still more comprehensive word, psychics.

That we have two bodies, the coarser and this finer more interior one, is often made manifest even in this life. Prof. Varley, the electrician, could move around in his psychic body and see his ordinary body lying in another place, and very many others, especially mediumistic persons, have been able to do the same thing. The outer body cannot act as a complete entity aside from the inner one, as the sensorium which covers the intellectual and spiritual faculties belongs to the psychic side of being. The sensorium is "the book of life," the great memory plate which in spirit life retains the knowledge of all events and impressions of the earth life with great vividness, bringing to its possessor a hell of remorse for all selfish and hateful deeds. The absurd idea that earthly events are forgotten by the spirit, comes from the fact that they cannot always be remembered while immersed in the aura of a medium through whom they may be communicating, especially as in many cases the vocabulary and the ideas of the medium will tend to modify the spirit's message.

Most people go into spirit life as ignoramuses and do not know enough to perceive the fact that they have reached "the better land." Our clergymen, our doctors and our men in authority know almost nothing of the other life and in fact many of them are not sure there is another life. Here Spiritualism comes in and gives the grandest message that mortal man has ever received, the message of immortality and never-ending progression.

I must throw out a few hints concerning the transition and first experiences of the spirit on entering its new career. It may be held briefly by a magnetic cord which connects with the brain of the coarser body, not with the umbilicus as some suppose. When this cord is broken, no earthly or celestial power can ever revivify the abandoned form. The spirit, however, feels a new life, perceives that much of its suffering is gone, finds itself nude, and is apt to exclaim as follows:

"What has become of my bed-clothes? Where is mother? Has everybody gone and left me alone? Where am I?"

The kind spirit who has helped the new comer out of his body, of course does not startle him by telling him he is dead, but informs him that he has come to a finer climate and they are going to make him well. Meantime he makes passes just above the

patient and then leads him to a high and beautiful place surrounded by bowers and charming objects, and laying him on a couch, makes some more delightful magnetic passes. The spirit helper may have ascended too far into a more refined realm to be seen by the patient who may exclaim: "How is it that I can hear you talk, but cannot see you?"

"You are going through a new process. Your vision will be better after awhile."

He is then supplied with a simple and pretty suit of clothing and feeling better he looks around and exclaims:

"This is the most beautiful country I ever saw. What country is this, anyway?"

"Would you like to make your home here?"

"Yes, indeed! I really can't imagine what part of the world this can be."

"I will tell you more about it when you get stronger; meantime some people are waiting near by to see you."

A beautiful lady and her beautiful daughter now come into his presence and he thinks them the most lovely beings he ever met. The darling little girl is so sweet he would like to clasp her in his arms. At first he feels almost awe-struck in the presence of the lady, but her winning ways make him feel at ease. He tells the lady that a strange feeling comes over him as he looks at her, as something about her, he cannot tell what, reminds him of his darling wife, but she went to heaven years ago. By this time his kind helper comes forward and addresses him thus:

"You see this is a beautiful land, with beautiful people in it. Would you be willing to live here all the time?"

"Yes, more than willing."

"Well, now, let me tell you that this is not any earthly clime; you have been born into spirit life."

"What! But I haven't died!"

"You have passed through what earthly people call death, but you find that it is only a beautiful birth."

"Glory, Hallelujah! How glad I am that I have got through with this terrible bugbear of death."

"And now let me rejoice your soul by informing you that this lady, whom you have already partially recognized, is your wife."

With shouts of joy and words of love they rush into each other's arms. Then turning to the daughter, the wife says: "This is our darling child that I have been training and beautifying for

you." In a twinkling her arms were about her father's neck, and kisses and caresses were the order of the day.

I have not space to describe these delightful scenes further, but will simply say that after a few magnetic treatments and inspiring the purer celestial air, the newly-born spirit will usually become free from his earthly elements of disease and be able to mount and soar in mid air.

However painful a sickness preceding death may be, when the actual transition takes place it is a delightful relief, unless the body or brain may have been blown to pieces by some violent process, in which case it requires some time to bring about the harmonious unity of the body. To a pure, high nature, whose thoughts have gone out in love toward all mankind, a condition of mind and body has been developed that makes the transition delightful beyond description.

Many persons, led on by some of the old dreamers of India, talk as though a human spirit is a kind of a nonentity which deals with neither time nor space, a theory which is too nonsensical to require any notice at this late day. Jesus said: "The kingdom of heaven is within you," and so many people run off in a tangent and conclude that heaven is no place at all but a mere condition of mind. Such a heaven has its bottom all knocked out. The realms of celestial life, like all the rest of the universe are a combination of matter and spirit, the material part in the higher realms being refined and beautiful beyond all description or conception.

The finer emanations of the earth are so light that they are buoyed up above all the grosser part of the atmosphere and there become segregated into a zone that extends about sixty degrees each side of the equator. This first zone is about fifty miles from the earth and constitutes the first regular dwelling-place of the spirit. A high, spiritual nature will often be able to ascend to this zone in a single day after death, but those who are weighed down with beastliness and selfishness, sometimes require a year of purification before they can reach even this zone. Spirits, like everything else, have weight, and so long as earthly particles cling too much to their bodies they will be too heavy to reach the first zone and their lungs too coarse to breathe the higher atmosphere.

The second zone is composed of the still finer emanations of the first zone. When the spirit has spent a year or less in the first zone, some fine mesmerizer puts it into the psychomic state and lifting off the coarser elements of its body, it will be sufficiently re-

finer to become an occupant of the second zone. The first zone is more beautiful than the earth, the second more beautiful than the first; and every step of progress up the eternal heights of being is more beautiful and complete and blissful than that which precedes it. Man's soul follows the law of evolution which moves upward, not downward. In this zone and onward the spirit no longer eats and drinks but absorbs its nutriment from the atmosphere. In from seven to nine years of life in the second zone, the spirit is helped to its third spiritual birth, what is called death being the first. It is now guided to the third zone.

The houses and landscapes here are almost beyond the conception of mortals. The inhabitants are unclothed except when they descend to the lower and more impure realms. There are three degrees belonging to the third zone, the second and third degrees consisting of island-like formations above the main body of the zone itself. In the second degree all vestiges of the sexual system have faded out, although man will always maintain his strong masculine form and qualities and woman her graceful femininity. This second degree of the third zone requires the fourth excarnation and the third degree, the fifth. The progress through these three degrees requires from thirty to forty years. A very beautiful sun which radiates psychic light is seen by all inhabitants of the third zone.

The angelic realms, consisting of seven mighty circles, are the next step of progress to which human beings attain. In these realms of unimaginable glory, requiring nearly half a century before the first circle is reached, the people have attained to angelhood and the realms themselves are sometimes called heaven. An excarnation must take place before each circle can be entered. Spirits old enough to have reached the third circle are sometimes called archangels, and such spirits as Socrates, Plato, Jesus, Confucius, Buddha and Pythagoras are still in the fourth circle. No spirits of Greece or Egypt are old and advanced enough to have reached the sixth circle, only those of India and China being inhabitants of the sixth and seventh circles. After thus progressing many tens of thousands of years in the divine life, the seventh circle will have been transcended and the Sublime Realm will have been attained to. This is the highest realm connected with our planet and the inhabitants who are like gods in the mighty sweep of their vision and their knowledge, are from China. Only the great minds of the seventh circle are high enough to commune di-

rectly with them and to gain from them that wisdom which shall give more or less direction to all the realms below.

What a sublime thing it is, then, to be a human being, for every child of earth shall yet pass through this inconceivable glory of life.

Death--What Is It?

BY MOSES HULL.

WHAT DOES DEATH DO FOR US?—COMPARISONS OF THE ANCIENT AND THE MODERN IDEAS—DARK VISIONS HANDED DOWN IN ALL RELIGIONS—HOW SPIRITUALISTS VIEW IT.

There is not a man, woman or child on earth who is not personally and selfishly interested in the questions at the head of this paper. As all who have ever lived in the flesh have met or must meet with the event called death, all now living in this stage of life are interested to know what death has done for our predecessors. I said we are selfishly interested in that question; for what death has done for and with them, that it will do for us. At best we have no permanent abode here; we are all emigrants bound to the same port where death has landed all before us.

What is death? What will he do with us? Where will he land us? Can the answers to these questions be found? If so, nothing can be of more interest to humanity than to find them.

To investigate anything we first make observations; then when possible we make experiments; then we try the various hypotheses one after another. The true hypothesis will fit the case in every particular. Is there any better way than this to investigate this question which is paramount in importance to almost any other? I think not.

When men depended almost wholly upon their physical senses for their knowledge, death seemed to most people to be a cessation of life and consciousness. As death is generally preceded with more or less pain, it has been called man's greatest and last enemy—an enemy which holds man in his grasp until he, himself shall be conquered by a higher power.

When this higher power conquers death, then it has been supposed that he will be compelled to release those under his domin-

ion; or, rather he will lose his dominion; and hence the world has looked for a physical resurrection of that which died.

Death having been supposed to be an evil, a curse, it has been supposed that it has only been allowed to obtain its dominion through sin. Thus, Paul said, "Wherefore, as by one man sin entered into the world and death by sin; and so death hath passed upon all men, for that all have sinned."—Rom. v: 12. "For that," in the margin reads, "in whom," that is, we all sinned in Adam, who was supposed to be our first progenitor; and for that sin we inherited depravity and death. The foundation of all these ideas is laid in the old interpretation of Gen. iii:16, "In the day thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die."

The standard commentaries of the past, but which will seldom be read in the future, have preserved the theories of the world on that point. They talk of death in the strains here quoted. Dr. Adam Clarke, in his Commentary, on Gen. ii:16, has the following:

"'Thou shalt surely die.' Moth tamuth; literally, a death thou shalt die; or dying thou shalt die. Thou shalt not only die spiritually [that is, become totally depraved], by losing the life of God, but from that moment thou shalt become mortal."

Dr. Benson, who was a commentator in the Methodist church a generation later, said:

"The death here threatened is evidently to be considered as opposed to the life (or lives rather), which God had bestowed on him. This was not only the natural life of the body, in its union with his soul, but the spiritual life of his soul in its union with God; and the eternal life of both. The threatening then implies, thou shalt not only lose all the happiness thou hast either in possession or in prospect, and be liable to the death of the body, and all the miseries which precede and accompany it, but thou shalt lose thy spiritual life and become dead to God—dead to God and things divine, and thou shalt forfeit thy title to immortality, and be liable to the death of the body, and all the miseries which precede and accompany it, but thou shalt lose thy spiritual life and become dead to God—dead to God and things divine, and shalt even forfeit thy title to immortality, and be liable to death eternal, and all this in the day that thou eatest hereof."

Dr. Buck, in his Theological Dictionary said:

"The covenant of works was made with Adam; the condition of which was his perseverance during the whole time of his probation. The reward annexed to his obedience was the continu-

ance of him and his posterity in such perfect holiness and felicity as he then had, while upon earth, and an everlasting life with God hereafter. The penalty threatened for the breach of the commandment was condemnation, terminating in death, temporal, spiritual and eternal."

To show the universality of these opinions, I quote once more; this time from the Westminster Confession of Faith:

"Every sin, both original and personal being a transgression of the righteous law of God, and contrary thereunto, doth in its own nature bring guilt upon the sinner, whereby he is bound over to the wrath of God and curse of the law, and so made subject to death, with miseries spiritual, temporal and eternal."

I could fill all the space allotted me in this book with quotations similar to those already made. But here are enough. My simple aim has been to give my readers the method generally adopted of accounting for death; also the world's idea of what it is. All these quotations represent death as a curse—a penalty coming in consequence of sin. It is with these orthodox authors a result of depravity; it could therefore be nothing more nor less than a curse. These opinions have surrounded death with a gloom which is almost as hard to conquer in many instances as death itself.

Not only have the representatives of theology felt called upon to use all their powers to represent death as the most dreadful thing in the world—the open sesame to miseries indescribable and eternal, but poets have felt called upon to harness their muse into the work of making death appear the curse of curses and the terror of terrors. Beside the severity of death in and of itself, it introduces those over whom it obtains the victory into the presence of frowning Gods and malignant devils who use infinite power to make those who have made mistakes in this life as miserable in the next world as their natures will admit. Thus the judgment, following death has made death more to be dreaded than if death annihilated its victims. Thus the good old Christian poets set the world to singing:

"And must I be to judgment brought,
And answer in that day
For every vain and idle thought,
And every word I say?

"Yes, every secret of my heart
Shall shortly be made known,

And I receive my just desert
For all that I have done."

Again:

"Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound
Mine ears attend the cry;
Ye living men come view the ground
Where you must shortly lie.

Death enters and there's no defense,
His time there's none can tell,
He'll in a moment call thee hence,
To heaven or down to hell."

"Death, thou art the king of terrors—
Terror felt by mighty kings."

"Death, 'tis a melancholy day
To those who have no God;
When the poor soul is forced away
To seek its last abode."

Thus has death ever been represented as a weapon in the hands of the Devil. When his Satanic Majesty, in the Garden of Eden, induced Grandmother Eve to partake of the forbidden fruit he got possession of the whole human race, here and hereafter. No wonder that certain persons believing that, have been, as a certain biblical writer says, "all their lives subject to bondage."

Since the advent of Modern Spiritualism new views of man, of his origin, his life, his death, and what follows, have taken the place of the dark, gloomy views formerly preached. Now many are using the language of the Psalmist. "He brought me up also out of an horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock and established my goings, and hath put a new song into my mouth."

Spiritualism has taken the sting out of death and victory from the grave. Investigation has proved that death has ever been in the world; it did not come as a penalty, but as a release—as a birth into a higher life.

"Life evermore is fed by death,
In earth and air and sky;
And, that a rose may breathe its breath
Something must die."

It is impossible that life can be where death is not; every breath one breathes kills certain qualities in the atmosphere breathed; and that atmosphere passes through certain changes by imparting and receiving certain elements before it can do anything toward further sustaining human life. The flesh which the reader of this now uses has passed through thousands of transmutations, at each of which something newer and grander was born.

I said, Spiritualism had taken the sting out of death, and victory from the grave. In a sense this is true; yet there is a sense in which death yet retains his sting—a sting which no philosophy or religion—nothing has as yet succeeded in removing. Death does not sting those whom it takes; it is those left behind who are stung; when death takes the visible presence of those we love; or those upon whom we depend, from us, it leaves a sting. Everything we see which reminds us of those gone—the unpressed pillow on which that head once rested, the vacant chair, once occupied, the pair of slippers put away forever, all remind those left behind of their loss—all unitedly cause them to feel more deeply the aching void; this agony cannot be quenched nor this void filled in a moment.

The one taken is not stung; in fact death comes to relieve the one whom the world supposed it has stung, of that which they were no longer able to bear. Thus far all will agree. But what does death do with those thus relieved? is a question which has been asked for ages; and, unless Spiritualism answers the question the problem seems as yet unsolved.

If appeal be made to science on these questions; so far science has proved to be agnostic, if not materialistic. Science is materialistic in that it deals with material things, and nothing else. It is agnostic in that it knows nothing beyond the material. With its telescopes it surveys the fields of space and views distant worlds; with its spectroscopes it tells of what these worlds are composed. With its microscopes science has found that every drop of stagnant water is a world filled with sentient, competing or co-operating intelligent organisms. In a certain sense science measures the life of monads and that of planets, and of everything between, but science has not yet invented the instrument which brings the spiritual part of man out as an objective reality.

The result of all this is that scientific men, unless enlightened by Spiritualism, as is the case with Sir William Crookes and Prof. Alfred Russel Wallace, are either materialists or agnostics.

When appeal is made to the Bible, if there be found sentences

in that book which indicate that there is something in man which survives the dissolution of the body, there are other places where that book says; "The dead know not anything, neither have they any more a reward; for the memory of them is forgotten; also their love and their hatred, and their envy is now perished; neither have they any more a portion forever in any thing that is done under the sun."

If one text seems to indicate a resurrection, another says: "As the cloud is consumed and vanisheth away, so he that goeth down to the grave shall come up no more." Thus the honest thinker is led to say, these men were as the men of to-day, in doubt on this question, and some of them wrote when the midnight darkness of doubt seemed to settle the most heavily upon them. Do I live? O, for some satisfying evidence.

Spiritualism comes to do the work which other philosophies and theories have thus far failed to do. Thus Spiritualism, instead of being the opponent of the religions of the world, has come as a kind of addendum to assist them.

Spiritualism asserts that death is but a birth. As all have been born out of the bodies of their mothers into this larger world of usefulness; and as all seem to be born into this world for a purpose, so at the event misnamed death all are to be born out of their own physical bodies into a world where, let us hope, we can be more useful than we have been in this world.

Thus clairvoyants have often seen the spiritual man or woman leave the body and taken by friends to the home prepared for its reception. Andrew Jackson Davis and many others have described such scenes. A friend of mine, one of the best public mediums in the country—a physician who was called to the cradle of a sick child, saw a lady dressed in white approach the cradle, and after bending over it a moment or two she took the child up in her arms, and after carrying it across the room she saw her arise with the child and pass out through the wall. "There," said she, "the child is gone." Whereupon they went to the cradle and found the little body lying there lifeless. This lady said she volunteered to wash and dress the corpse—a thing she had often done before. She said, "for the first time in my life I was unable to make myself believe that it was a corpse that I was caring for; the thought would haunt me all the time that I was dressing a doll. I had seen the babe taken away, and now I am dressing a doll." There are hundreds of similar cases, all of which go to prove that death is only a birth into a higher life.

After our friends have been born into that higher life they return to us with what the Bible calls "many infallible proofs" that they still live. This is not all that is proved by Spiritualism. There are many proofs that the condition of the people "over there" is not greatly changed from what it was here. All are born into that world with the experience, the education and the ability they may have acquired or developed in this world. Death simply releases one from the body; that is, the one called dead has left the body and bodily environments. Otherwise he is unchanged. Dr. Watts, I think it was, taught the people to sing:

"The dead are like the stars by day,
Withdrawn from mortal eyes,
Yet holding, unperceived, their way
Through the unclouded skies."

While the thing called Modern Spiritualism may not in all cases enable us to talk with our friends "face to face, as a man talketh to his friend," it surely enables us to signal to those on the other side, and at the same time enables them to signal to us.

I have been aboard a boat from which a diver went down to make discoveries concerning a sunken ship. While that diver was down there several hundred feet beneath us he could not speak to us as we spoke to each other, nor could we talk to him as we would have been glad to have done; but we could signal him, and so he by certain signs could make his wants known to us. Now we are at the bottom of an ocean of atmospheric air; our spirit friends if they breathe do not breathe such air as we do; they may not be able to talk as we talk to each other, yet a system of signals has been arranged by which they can make known to us the fact that they live; and something of their condition and mode of life. Thus is the question what is death? and what does it do for us? answered by Spiritualism.

Fear of Death Removed by Spirituatism

BY ABBY A. JUDSON.

SOME EARLY RECOLLECTIONS AND EXPERIENCES—THE NEW VIEW OF DEATH—A HAPPY CHANGE—THE CHRISTIAN ERA A SPIRIT-WAVE—LATER EXPERIENCES.

When I was a little girl in far away Burmah, I had a kind Karen nurse named Naheemo. After a while she died, and I was taken to see her body, and made to place my hand on her cold forehead. They said she was dead. I thought it was dreadful to be dead. They said her soul had gone to heaven, and that if I became a Christian, I would go to heaven, too, when I died. I said I wanted never to go to heaven, if I must die first. This horror of death clung to me as the years went on; and instead of diminishing, it became more intense. No one could tell me just where heaven was, but the hymn said it was a place

“Where congregations ne’er break up,
And Sabbaths never end,”

and it seemed to me monotonous and unattractive.

The old view of death was that it came into the world as a punishment for the sins of mankind. Paul wrote to the Romans that “Death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned.” In connection with this view was the teaching that those who believe in Christ shall be raised from the dead on the morning of the resurrection, and go to heaven where “there is no more death.” Death was bad enough in itself; but, taken as a punishment for sin, it was tremendous, and this thought poisoned every earthly pleasure.

The new view of death is that it is not a punishment for sin, but something that comes by nature, and would have come just the same if sin had never come into the world. This view teaches that after we have lived long in these bodies, our souls outgrow

them, become weary of being confined in them, and that we at last pass out of them, as a chicken passes out of a snug prison in the shell, in order to live a freer, gladder life than the one we lead here when encumbered by them. So, instead of being a punishment for doing wrong, it is on the contrary a desirable event, as it ushers us into a more advanced, but wholly natural state of existence.

This happy change in the views of many has come solely from the fact that clearer evidence of continued life without these dying bodies has come into the world than has ever come before. The door into the next life swung open a little for those who believed that Christ actually rose from the dead. They thought because he rose from the grave, his followers would rise, too. This was not very good reasoning, for if he could rise from the dead because he was God, that was no proof that common people could do the same. They believed that his body rose, and that it went up into the air, was received into a cloud, and carried up into heaven. As mankind observed nature, they found that when persons went as high as the clouds the blood burst from their noses and ears, and skeptics declared it was absurd to think that a body of flesh went on and on, far beyond the clouds, until it should reach heaven. Then the instructors said it was a miracle, and that this miracle was to be repeated at the day of judgment in the case of every person who had believed in Christ.

The new view is that at the death of the body, the soul, clothed in the same spiritual body which it possesses here within this fleshly one, passes out and goes on living in a wholly natural way. And these spirit bodies look like our everyday bodies here, and are often seen by clairvoyants, who have sometimes the fortunate power of using their spiritual eyes while still in mortal form.

All nature, and by nature we mean the spirit world as well as life in the body on the planet, is full of motion which the scientists call vibration. These vibrations differ greatly in their rapidity. Our bodies are made so that the drum of the ear carries the vibrations of a certain degree of rapidity to the internal ear, which connects with the brain, and then the soul hears. The retina of the eye is sensitive to a much quicker set of vibrations than the drum of the ear. The effect upon the retina is conveyed by the optic nerve to the brain, and then the soul sees.

Scientific Spiritualists think that the vibrations in the spiritual mode of existence are more rapid than can be sensed by the organs of these fleshly bodies; but that they can be sensed by the

much more delicate and subtile organs of the spiritual body. It is through these finer forces that a clairaudient person can hear voices and music in the spirit world, and a clairvoyant can see spirits and the scenes of that world. There is nothing miraculous in all this. It is wholly natural, being within the domain of Mother Nature, and in accordance with her laws. People used to be afraid of ghosts, because they were believed to be supernatural and were therefore weird, uncanny, strange, and bloodcurdling. But when we once understand that what used to be called ghosts are persons like ourselves, who have simply got out of their earth bodies but are still living and natural, we fear them not a bit more than the persons we meet in everyday life. Sometimes they purposely clothe themselves in a form that we can see with our eyes of flesh. Sometimes they are only in their spirit bodies, and only clairvoyants can see them. But however that may be it is all done according to natural law.

It is probable that Mary Magdalene, who was a medium, saw Jesus clairvoyantly in the early twilight in that beautiful garden in Palestine, but that he materialized a form that could be seen by the two disciples who were walking to Emmaus. Later, when at table, he asked a blessing, and "he vanished out of their sight." We would say that he "dematerialized," and many have seen similar things done at materializing seances, where the conditions were harmonious and natural. Of course no human being could possibly have convinced those two disciples that they did not see Jesus and talk with him, after he had been dead and buried. Many of us are equally sure that we have seen those who have died, and have talked with them, either through some medium, or when we have been alone. And it would be just as impossible to dislodge these facts from our minds as it would have been impossible to dislodge similar facts from the minds of the disciples at Emmaus, or Mary Magdalene, or Peter, or John, or Paul.

A spiritual wave made the other world seem very near to some of the dwellers in Palestine in the first century of the Christian Era. But being unacquainted with science and natural law, they believed it was all supernatural and miraculous. A similar spiritual wave is now visiting civilized nations, but under more favorable circumstances. The people have been so indoctrinated with the thought that natural law is always and forever supreme, that thinking persons do now fancy that manifestations similar to those of old are supernatural and miraculous. This spiritual wave is, we think, destined to rise much higher in the coming century.

And though it may diminish after a time, mankind will never again forget the lessons they will have learned regarding the nearness and the reality of the spiritual world. They cannot forget them, because they now come in connection and in harmony with scientific data and with the laws of nature.

The gate between the two worlds has swung very widely open in innumerable instances during the present half century. This has taken place sometimes in large companies of investigators and sometimes in a quiet home, where there was no thought of a spiritual manifestation. I will relate an instance of the second kind.

I had received letters from an old lady living in Rosendale, Wis. She wrote that she was, so far as she knew, the only Spiritualist in the town, and that many said it was the devil. She wrote, "But if so, give me the devil." I liked her sincere and courageous spirit, and wished I might see her, without supposing that I ever should.

In August, 1892, I was in Wisconsin, and was led by direct spirit intervention to go in an opposite direction to what I had planned. Accepting a certain invitation, I should have found myself, as I afterwards learned, the guest of "free-lovers." Going another way would bring me near Rosendale, so thither I went.

I found Mrs. Sarah A. Soul living entirely alone in her own house, where she had brought up her children, lost some of them, and where, I think, her husband had died. She received me with open arms, and I spent the night. Later she hired the hall, I returned, and gave the first, and perhaps the only lecture on Spiritualism that was ever given in that creed-bound village.

I asked her how she came to believe in Spiritualism, and she related the circumstances. Her daughter Hattie, the pet of her brothers, had died at the age of twelve. The family was large, and when the twins, Emalus and Emanell, were twenty-two, one of them was very ill and soon to die. He lay with his head raised on four pillows, to aid his breathing. All the family was present.

He said, "Take out a pillow," and they did so. This was said and done twice more, till he lay quietly at full length, with his head resting on one pillow. His gaze was directed upward, seemingly on the ceiling. From time to time he would say, as he gazed, "Who be you?" All present knew that he saw beings invisible to them. His mother said, "Do you see Hattie?" "Not yet," was his reply. At last he said something very earnestly and eagerly, but his voice was so faint that his mother could not dis-

tinguish the words. She bade his twin lean down and see if he could hear what he said. "Hattie! Hattie!" said the dying one. A moment more, and he ceased to breathe. He was with Hattie.

Of course Mrs. Soul then knew that the dead are alive, that they are sometimes near us, and can become visible under certain conditions. To know this is Spiritualism, and she became a Spiritualist.

I think it was after this that Charley died. The night I slept there I heard steps on the cellar stairs, and movements in my room into which the cellar door opened. In the morning she told me that it was Charley, that he was there a great deal, that he was taking care of her. She slept in the room adjoining mine. Before retiring she took me up-stairs and showed me the clothes of her beloved dead, hanging in the closets of their different rooms.

In the old days, when I was "through fear of death subject to bondage," such experiences would have terrified me. But as my eyes had been opened to the real nature of death, and to the wholly natural condition of those who have passed through the door to the other side of life, it seemed very beautiful to me that Charley should be near, caring for his beloved and aged mother, and that the loved and lost should look with tender eyes on the mother treasuring the garments they used to wear while in the lower sphere.

It is about two years since I have heard from Mrs. Soul. But wherever she may be now, whether in Rosendale or in heaven, I know she will be glad to have me give from her experience this testimony to the great facts that those who pass from mortal sight still live, continue to remember and love those they left behind, and can sometimes give us glimpses into the glorious life beyond.

Note.—Miss Abby A. Judson, who wrote the above article for *The Encyclopaedia of Death*, is a daughter of Adoniram Judson, the celebrated missionary to the Burmese Empire, and of his second wife, Mrs. Sarah Boardman Judson. She became a Spiritualist in 1887. Since that time she has lectured much on Spiritualism, has written several books on the subject, and has never for one moment wavered in her allegiance to this glorious truth.

Life and Death--Their Interblending.

BY DR. C. W. HIDDEN.

LIFE IS FASCINATING—DEATH IS INSPIRING—MAN MOVES OUT AND LEAVES THE HOUSE VACANT—FADING MEMORY NO SIGN OF A WEAKNESS IN OLD AGE.

Life and death are absorbing themes. Life possesses many fascinating features for me. Death inspires neither terror nor interest, for there is no such thing. Life is all round about us; eternally existent. Death is not; never has been. Death means annihilation; nature knows no such law. Life at times is lost to view, seems to have been destroyed; but it is only in appearance. Life has changed its form of manifestation; that is all. Science proclaims that matter, force, energy, cannot be destroyed. It is unfair, then, to argue that life, which animates, energizes, illuminates matter, is ever or can ever be blotted out. The pebble may be ground to powder; water may be transformed into steam, vapor; the air we breathe may be liquefied; matter in all its forms can be made to enter into new combinations, but cannot be destroyed. Energy, in its varying forms, may be utilized, manipulated, changed, but destruction, extinction—never.

Man may be called dead; but he is not dead. The house the man lived in is vacant. The tenement he occupied has been vacated, but the tenant has not been lost or destroyed; he has moved out. The house is not the tenant; the tenant is not the house. The body is not the man; the man is not the body. The body is the house the man lived in. Why not continue to occupy the house for all time; why move out? We do not know. But the time is coming when we shall master the problem. We know more about man to-day than has ever been known before. We know now that man has a physical body and a spiritual body; we have learned, likewise, that this spiritual or spirit body is the real

man. We know, also, that this world is surrounded by a spiritual realm, a spirit world which is apart from and yet a part of the one we live in.

We have discovered that life comes, not from within but from without; that the real source of energy; power, force, is in the spirit world and not in this, as we have been lead to believe. The spirit world impinges our own; blends with it so perfectly that it is difficult to tell where one begins and the other ends. Just as readily as air passes through the lung tissue into the blood, so spirit penetrates, permeates all things. The musician produces tones by touching the keys of a musical instrument, and the spirit man plays with equal ease upon the elaborate piece of matter-mechanism known as brain and body. We connect our house with the central station by telegraph or telephone; the spirit man is connected with his house, the body, by a system embodying the essentials of both in a manner surpassing in completeness anything yet devised by man. Sometimes we are forced to abandon a station; the building falls into a state of decay, but the system survives. There are times when the spirit man is unable to maintain connection with his station; the body falls to pieces, is resolved into the elements, but the man lives on. The body is the casket, not the jewel; the spirit man is the jewel, transferred to a setting more brilliant by far than anything earth can ever hope to offer.

Matter does not originate itself, is not possessed of life or intelligence on its own account. Life, intelligence, energy, are not inherent in matter. Light, air, sunshine, are not the product of the things of earth. Man, epitome of the universe, came from out and is bound into the vast realm of spirit. Not matter, but spirit, which governs matter, is the originator, molder, controller of the animate and the inanimate. Matter is not master, but a servant of the master; the body is not master, but a servant of the master, the soul. We are told that chemistry and the dissecting table furnish no evidence of the continued existence of a separate entity; that life, love, memory, are the results of a combination of forces, dependent largely upon the introduction and assimilation of food stuff. Chemistry and the dissecting table may be dismissed with a word:

The chemist and the demonstrator of anatomy deal with the physical side of life simply. The spiritual is beyond their grasp. Man, the spirit, cannot be weighed or handled like a lump of coal, or made the subject of the knife like unto a cadaver. Spirit

defies analysis; cannot be brought within the scope of those whose mental horizon has been limited or dimmed by the arbitrary rule of the scalpel and the microscope. The claim that the physical body constitutes all there is to and of man is based upon assumption, pure and simple; it cannot be shown to be true. Life is not the outgrowth of, is not dependent upon matter. Life is not matter, and, what is more, life is not man.

The leaf, the twig, the branch, are not the tree, though all aid in making the tree beautiful to look upon. It is the invisible something we call the forces of nature which constitutes the vitalizing agent, the real tree. Life and matter are not man, yet both help to round out and make perfect the physical expression of man. Man is a spirit. Life is not spirit; it is the handmaiden of the spirit. Life is the mirror of the soul. As to the food question: Physical existence, instead of being lengthened is, in reality, shortened by the free use of food. This may sound paradoxical but it is true all the same. We eat more than is needful; we take into our stomachs every day food stuff which has no true relation to sustenance of brain or body. The body is weakened, broken down prematurely as a result. In the food line it is quality not quantity that counts. The shipwrecked sailor, the invalid, the cataleptic sleeper, offer evidence that, up to a certain stage, we are not so dependent upon food as habit and custom would seem to indicate. The experiments made recently upon large bodies of men in the German army point to the same conclusion. The chemist of the future will strike the golden mean in food. Then the body will be run with less friction; there will be almost complete absence of wear and tear. Physical existence will not be limited to years three score and ten. The spirit man will have a better house to live in and will live in it longer.

We are told that, when age creeps on, memory, generally regarded as the sum total of the ego, fades and is gone. But memory, that magnificent by-product of the human brain, is not the man. The brain is not the man. The brain is man's thought storehouse. The brain does not originate thought. The brain absorbs, becomes saturated with thought. As we squeeze water from a sponge by pressure of the hand and fingers, so man squeezes thoughts from the brain by act of will. The brain is composed of matter. Matter does not think; matter cannot think. The brain is convenient for the storage of thought, but thought is not wholly dependent upon it. The cutting away of the brain substance without destroying the power to originate thought proves this,

just as the removal of the stomach reveals that the latter is not the essential organ in digestion. It is a matter of common knowledge that the loss of the tongue does not, necessarily, deprive a person of the power of speech. The wonders performed in the deep hypnotic sleep; the exercise of the faculties governing telepathy, telergy and the like, thought photography and kindred phenomena, all prove beyond a doubt that the eye and ear are not absolutely needful to sight and hearing. It has taken a long time for man to realize the possession of an immortal soul. But the darkness of the night is passing; a newer day is dawning. When we grow older and wiser; when we know as much about the psychical side of man as we think we know about the physical, we shall see that man, the spirit, is superior to matter, however intimately he may be related to it.

The fading of memory is not evidence that man has been or is being blotted out; far from it. It shows that man is losing control of the body; nothing more. Not comprehending the law governing connection with the physical organism man is obliged to let go his hold. Life is the force used to animate matter; it is the light in the tower. When the body, matter, falls by the wayside, man, life, memory and other soul attributes, move on to a plane or sphere as well adapted to spirit as this earth is to physical existence. There is nothing mysterious about it. The mystery is a creation of our own. Nature makes no effort to hide or conceal. Reason is not a sealed book. There is no fixed limit to human thought and action. No barriers exist in nature. Nature does not bar; on the contrary, invites investigation. There is nothing really deep or complex when we get down to it. When we brush away the thought cobwebs of the past spirit and matter appeal to us in a new light.

Because we do not see the soul is not evidence that the soul does not exist. We do not see the air we breathe, the fragrance of the flowers, the energy latent in water, the force which propels the street car; yet we do not question. We do not see the laugh, the thought which rouses the brain, the something that makes a woman's heart beat faster, the thing that causes a father's bosom to swell with pride and joy; yet we feel and know that we are dealing with things potent, albeit invisible. Man is invisible; yet none the less real. We do not see man; nevertheless man is here. When faculty and function fail it is not the end. The change marks the opening up of a newer and grander chapter. The

physical expression is changed, but man remains, a living, acting and active entity.

The faculties, instead of fading, are being gradually withdrawn. As the child is merged into the man, so the man reaches out to and becomes a part of a more perfect state of being. The supposed decay is the melting away from the here into the hereafter. Memory is not lost; it survives the change called death. When ready, for launching the blocks are removed and the ship glides down the ways into its native element. When ripe in years, faculty and function are withdrawn and man glides down the ways of peace into the harbor of eternity. The time is coming when we shall be able to grasp these important truths in their entirety. Then the darkness will disappear, revealing in all its beauty and glory that other world toward which our footsteps tend.

What man laughed at yesterday is the admitted fact to-day. What we dream of to-day will become the demonstrated fact of to-morrow. There is no death; "what seems so is transition." This is but "the dim dawn—the vestibule." "Life's theatre as yet is shut." This is but the chrysalis of being. The mists of to-day will be cleared away by the sunlight of truth to-morrow. Then we shall put off the mortal to take on immortality. And, when the day breaks and the shadows flee away, out there in that vast starry space we shall revel in new beauties and glories in that house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

Man Who Did Not Know He Was Dead.

BY E. W. SPRAGUE.

SOME VERY INTERESTING EXPERIENCES—PROOFS OF SPIRIT COMMUNION RECEIVED THROUGH HIS OWN MEDIUMSHIP—TWO INCIDENTS RECALLED FROM MEMORY'S PAGES.

In the year 1882 we were living in the village of North Collins, N. Y., and were holding developing circles with Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hawkins. Mr. and Mrs. Hawkins had a little son named Ned, their only living child.

When the circumstance I am about to relate occurred, Ned was eleven years old, and very sick with scarlet fever. The family and friends became much concerned about him. He failed rapidly and finally had spells of sinking away, apparently into an unconscious condition. At last he lay still and motionless as though he were dead.

Mrs. Hawkins was in a terrible state of mind. She had lost one boy less than a year before, and little Ned was her all, and of course the thought of losing him was agonizing to her. She walked the floor in agony of soul, wringing her hands and crying out to her spirit friends, asking them to save her boy, her darling boy.

Mrs. Sprague was trying to pacify her by giving her the assurance that Ned was not going to pass away; that the spirit friends were going to save him; that he was not dying, but would live.

Mr. Hawkins sat by the bedside watching the child. The only indication of life perceptible, Mr. Hawkins afterwards told us, was when he would put out his hand to touch the child, Ned's little arm would rise and push his hand away.

After two long and weary hours of watching, little Ned's eyes opened and he looked about the room in apparent surprise, and to

the astonishment of all he called out "Mamma" in a strong voice that startled them all and brought the mother quickly to his side. Before these sinking spells came upon him Ned was so weak he could not speak above a whisper.

They gathered around his bedside while the boy told his experience. Said he: "Mamma, I have been to heaven, and have seen Willie. I thought I went up through a box car, and when I got on the top of it I looked back and I had come out of the top of my head. O, Mamma, it was the prettiest place I ever saw; everything was so bright and beautiful, and Willie came running towards me, and I started to meet him, when an old Indian came and put me right back into my body, and I wanted to stay and see Willie."

From that moment little Ned grew stronger. The next day he arose and walked across the floor and sat awhile in a chair. In three or four days he was able to be up and about the house all day, and very soon he was as well and strong as ever.

At the hour when Ned was having these sinking spells, of which I have spoken, I was eight miles distant from him and knew nothing of his condition; I simply knew he was sick, but did not suppose he was dangerously ill.

I was taking dinner with a friend, when an impulse came over me which seemed to be pulling me toward home. It was so intense that I could hardly resist it. It seemed as if I could not wait to finish my dinner, and just as soon as I could do so without attracting attention I excused myself, left the table, hitched my horse to the wagon and started for home. I drove so rapidly that I know I must have attracted the notice of those I passed on the road.

It seemed I could not go fast enough. I had no idea why I was doing it, or what I was hastening home for, but on I went until about five miles of the road was left behind me, when the strange desire to get home left me. I slacked my speed and finally stopped at the house of a friend and remained so long that I did not get home until five o'clock p. m., at which time I learned the facts above written, and also that little Ned had returned to his normal condition at the exact time when the strange influence left me.

We were afterwards told by the spirit friends that they (the spirits) drew from us the vital forces to help supply the needed vitality to build up or strengthen little Ned's body, and that the Indian spirit, Me-wa-ga-nee, who was a "familiar spirit" in our

circles, took control of the body and magnetized it; and that it was he that caused Ned's hand to rise up and push the father's arm away when he attempted to touch the boy's face.

And spirit Willie afterwards told us that when Ned saw him he was hurrying to get there to send Ned back, fearing he would get so far away from his body that he could not return to it, and he knew his poor mamma could not endure the loss of the only child she had left.

Mrs. Hawkins had suffered much in consequence of Willie's passing away. He was a lovely boy of sixteen years and was drowned.

I have told this experience in as few words as possible. I assure the reader it was more wonderful than my weak words have made it. Verily the evidence of an after life, and spirit return, and spirit power for good, increases constantly.

One evening in the winter of 1881-82 Mrs Sprague and I had been to hear Dr. J. M. Peebles lecture on his travels around the world, and on our way home Mrs. Sprague suggested that we go down to Mr. and Mrs. Hawkins' for a little while. I reminded her that it was then nine o'clock and a pretty late hour to make a call. She said she felt as if we must go, and we went.

On entering the house we discovered that they had been holding a seance, and they asked us to sit with them in another. We discouraged it on account of the lateness of the hour, but were prevailed upon to sit around the table with them. At once I passed under control. A spirit who said he was Mrs. H.s' Uncle Jake entranced me and spoke to them, using many odd expressions and sayings peculiar to himself. His individuality was most perfectly manifested we were told at the close of the seance.

Now comes the strange part of this experience. Uncle Jake apparently did not know that he was dead, or that he had passed through the change called death. He declared that he was not dead, that he had not died at all. He said that Willie (Willie was Mr. and Mrs. Hawkins' spirit boy) had been telling him that he was dead, and had tried to have him go where spirits talk to mortals, and laughing he said, "I think they are all crazy. Finally," said he, "an old Indian came and persuaded me to come here, and here I am." He talked about the farm, and friends at home, how they had all turned against him and were running things their own way. He said they had paid no attention to him

for a long time, that they had the "big-head" so badly that they would not speak to him or notice him in the least. He mentioned several names of those in the body and those in the spirit, not seeming to realize that there was a difference or that there were two states of existence. In mentioning several of his friends about his farm-home, he did not seem to realize the changes that had taken place since his death. He had been six years in spirit life. As explanations were made to him regarding his death and his attention called to the fact that he was controlling my organism, he looked me over curiously and seemed nonplussed. Mr. and Mrs. Hawkins explained to him that he was speaking through me, and after a time the fact seemed to gradually dawn upon him. It seemed to come to him as a revelation; he asked many questions and seemed delighted when he began to understand the situation, even manifesting a desire to remain after the spirit attendants thought best to take him away.

When he had left me, an old Indian chief took control, saying: "Me bring white chief, ha! ha! Me big chief. Willie brave tell me get Jake chief come. Me happy, Jake chief happy, Willie brave happy too, all happy, all happy, good bye."

This Indian spirit was apparently overjoyed at his success in bringing Uncle Jake out of his darkened condition into the light. At the close of the seance Mr. and Mrs. Hawkins told us that "Uncle Jake" was a rank materialist, that he was one of those men who positively knew that death ended all, that he often expressed himself as follows: "When a man is dead he is as dead as an old dog." Uncle Jake was a very positive man and an eccentric character. Now comes the proof of the genuineness of this manifestation.

As before stated, Hawkins' people had just concluded a circle when we arrived at their home. Willie Hawkins—Mr. and Mrs. Hawkins' spirit boy—had been controlling his mother and talking to his father, telling him that Uncle Jake did not know that he was dead, saying, "Grandpa, grandma and I have tried every way we could to get him to come to these circles, but he only laughs at us and says we are all fools. We have talked to him and tried to persuade him to come, but he will not reason at all. He says we are all crazy. I have about given up all hope, he is so stubborn, but I have interested an old Indian in him now, and if he doesn't bring him I shall give it up."

Now, kind reader, let us look at the facts in this case.

First, I had no knowledge of the fact that such a person as "Uncle Jake" had ever existed.

Second, I did not know of the conversation that had been held between Mr. Hawkins and his spirit boy Willie through Mrs. Hawkins.

Third, not knowing that there had ever been such a person as Uncle Jake, I could not have known of his belief that death was the end, or that he did not believe that he himself had passed through the change called death, or that he had a farm-home, or that Willie had been trying to get him to come to our circles, or that Willie had sent an Indian after him.

Fourth, Uncle Jake conversed about his business and talked of those in earth life and in spirit life that I had never known or heard of, using his own peculiar expressions, etc.

Now, dear reader, it will make no difference what you or I believe regarding this experience. Here are some facts that need explanation. I have briefly related just what occurred without the least color or bias. I have related this in the hope that it may aid in bringing out more facts relative to the condition of things in the spirit world.

When Galileo by Christian authority was made to retract his published statement that the world was round and turned on its axis, it is said that on turning away he stamped his foot and said, "The world turns round the same." And so it is, the world has kept turning ever since, notwithstanding the fact that the same church that pronounced such doctrine heresy, and persecuted Galileo and others for teaching it, opposed it for two hundred and fifty years after it had been scientifically demonstrated.

So with every fact in the universe. It matters not whether we accept or reject them, each fact remains the same. May it not be true that Jesus "preached to the spirits in prison" (I. Peter, iii.-19), and also preached to the dead? (Peter, iv.-6.) Likewise may it not be possible that the spirits of Willie Hawkins, his grandfather and grandmother, as well as the good and faithful Indian spirit, Me-wa-ga-nee, were preaching and ministering to this spirit in prison—the spirit of "Uncle Jake?"

Proofs of Continuity of Life.

BY OSCAR A. EDGERLY.

In January, 1892, I was filling an engagement in Duluth, Minnesota. On the night of the twentieth of that month I had a very peculiar dream. It seemed that I was walking near a railroad station, when I saw just ahead of me, and walking at a very rapid pace a woman dressed entirely in black, and wearing the widow's long veil. As she hurried into the station, she boarded a waiting train and as the train started it seemed to me that she stood on the rear platform, and turning her face toward me I was horrified to see but the fleshless face of a skeleton. Raising the right arm this gruesome form motioned me to board the speeding train, even as the train seemed to disappear in the distance I still could see that waving, beckoning hand.

Then I awoke, terribly impressed by this strange and awe-inspiring dream. I at once felt that the dream had a significance. In the morning I was still under the depressing influence of this somnolent experience. I went immediately to the business office of a friend of mine, where my mail was delivered each morning, and as the mail carrier had not yet gone his rounds, I entered into conversation with my friend, relating to him my strange dream of the preceding night, and telling him I feared I should hear bad news from my home in Newburyport, Mass. He was inclined to laugh at my fears, but I could not free myself from the depression produced by my memory of the dream. Just then the mail carrier came; he handed a package of letters to my friend, who sorting them over, handed one to me postmarked Newburyport, Mass. I hastily opened it, and as I read I realized all my worst fears; for there was given an account of an accident whereby my father had received a mortal injury, in consequence of which he passed to spirit life on the eleventh day of February, 1892, necessitating my going home from Buffalo, N. Y., where I was then filling an engagement.

Now, I interpret the dream in this way: The semblance of Death beckoning to me from the moving train indicated that I was to be called home on account of the death of my father, thus showing that although I was fully fifteen hundred miles from where the accident occurred, still there was the possibility of my being made cognizant of existing trouble in that home through the agency of that allegorical dream, thus establishing the fact of premonition of death.

The following April after my father's transition I was spending a few days in Newburyport, Mass. One night, being tired after a hard day of mediumistic work, I had retired early, but I am sure I was fully awake, when the door of my room softly opened, and looking up I was surprised to see the well-remembered form of my father slowly advancing toward my bed. Here let me say that he had promised many times before his transition that if possible he would come to me from spirit life. As he came close to me I sat up and said: "Why, father, you have kept your promise and have come to me."

In answering me the tones of his voice were as clear and loud as ever I heard him speak in earth-life; his answer was, "Yes, my son, I have kept my promise." I then said, "Oh, father, by making the change of death you have proven the immortality of the spirit." He then said, "No, my son, I have not proven immortality, for to do that one must first live an eternity, but I have proven the continuity of life, and I have every reason to believe that I am immortal."

Now, I had never thought of this discriminating between the continuity of life and the immortality of the spirit, so I feel that this visit of my father to me was no delusion of my own mind, but that he was really present, as my senses told me he was, and his argument in reference to immortality proved that he was expressing to me his independent thought.

I relate this to prove the possibility of visits from the so-called dead to the living. My father continued on this occasion to converse with me on various topics for, I should judge, fully fifteen minutes, then suddenly he said: "Well, my dear son, I must now go." He advanced toward a window, standing for a moment before it as though looking out, then partly turning toward me, he gradually dematerialized.

I am positively sure that my father visited me that night from the Land of Spirits.

My Spiritual Experience.

BY CARLYLE PETERSILEA.

PLAYED THE PIANO IN A TRANCE WHEN A CHILD—SOMETHING OF
A BIOGRAPHY—COL. ROBERT G. INGERSOLL REPORTS FROM THE
OTHER WORLD AND COMMENTS ON HIS OWN EARTHLY CAREER

I am a musician by education and natural predilection. My father, who was an eminent musician and composer, discovered my talent in a peculiar way. He was giving my brother a piano lesson, and the boy, having no special gift for music, was making bad work of it. After a while my father, having lost all patience, said: "I believe that baby crawling under the piano can do better than you! Come here, Carlyle, and let's see what you can do."

It must be remembered that I knew nothing whatever about music, nor even the names of the piano keys. Now, here was my first experience of spirit control. My father placed me upon the piano stool and curiously waited to see what I would do. He did not have long to wait. Presently my eyes closed; my hands were seized, my fingers found the correct keys, and I played, in perfect time and rhythm, the exercise he was vainly striving to teach my brother. This was before the advent of Modern Spiritualism.

My father was a confirmed Materialist, although he had been carefully trained in Germany for the ministry. He was born only a short distance from the home of Martin Luther, and his fond parents ardently hoped that he would be a worthy follower of his illustrious countryman. They were doomed to bitter disappointment as the following words from "The Discovered Country," written by his spirit through my hand automatically, will show: "I had studied for the ministry in my youth, but the more I studied and thought about creeds and the life after death, as preached by the clergy, the less I believed, and the more unfitted I became to teach others that which I could not accept myself."

I will not weary the kind reader by a detailed account of my musical career from boyhood up, of my European successes, etc., but confine myself more especially to events that have transpired since my father's death, and my introduction to the world as an author. Now that I am a confirmed Spiritualist, I can look back over my past life and realize the aid that I received from the great tone masters in giving interpretations of their immortal works.

Previous to my father's death I was a member of the Episcopal church, in good standing, and had the most lofty contempt for all those unfortunates who had sold their souls to the Devil, and were known as Spiritualists. I had a large conservatory of music in Boston, Mass., and my father was one of my teachers. After his death I was conscious of strange sensations unlike any I had ever experienced. I had sudden cold shocks, like the pouring of a glass of ice water down my spine, and I seemed to hear a voice saying, "Write, write; your father wants you to write."

This continued in season and out of season, until I was afraid I was losing my reason. Finally it dawned upon me that my father's spirit was trying to control me, and I yielded to the influence after a protracted struggle on both sides. My father used my hand and I wrote "The Discovered Country," automatically from beginning to end. This book was pronounced by the much revered Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes the most remarkable book he had ever read. He said he thoroughly believed the ideas it contained, and the source from whence it emanated. It was entirely contrary to my ideas and pre-conceived notions. The control claimed that the book was his own personal experience after leaving the body, and represented the other side of life as he had found it. He said it was the entering wedge, and preliminary to what would follow. He said that many books would be written in an attractive and readable style that would present the highest spiritual principles and depth of thought. That much of the writing upon spiritual subjects was too speculative, abstruse, and entirely devoid of the influence of decarnate beings, consequently unattractive to the general reader. Since the writing of "The Discovered Country" there have been about twenty books written by various controls, some of which have been printed in book form, while others have appeared as serials in American and European Spiritual journals. While I am not, personally, a seer, my wife is one of the finest living clairvoyants, and her public descriptions of spiritual friends that appear to different parties in an audience, together with the messages given, invariably excite won-

der and amazement. Her teachings from the platform inculcate the highest spiritual truths and never pander to the sordid, mercenary instincts of those who seek only their own financial interests. One evening, before the opening of a meeting, a man took a seat by her side and asked her if she remembered the test she had given him two years ago? She replied that she could not recall it, and did not remember that she had ever seen him before. He said, "Won't you tell me something now?" She closed her eyes and the father of the man stood before her. She proceeded to give a minute description of the spirit. The man rudely interrupted her, "O, that's the old man, fast enough; but never mind about him. I want to know something about my business!" My wife said she could only tell him whatever the spirit told her. What a reception to give to a loving spirit father who would gladly tell a son all he knew about the spiritual life!

Among my published books is one entitled "Philip Carlisle," a romance. This book was written by an ancient spirit, who has been an English Lord, and an ancestor of mine on my mother's side. The book was written for, and dedicated to, Robert G. Ingersoll. I sent a copy of the book to Mr. Ingersoll. He wrote a polite reply, cordially acknowledging having received the book; thanking me for the dedication, and anticipating much pleasure in reading it. I never heard from him afterward. My wife and I grieved not a little at what appeared to be his utter indifference and want of sympathy with the contents of the book. On page 363 appears the following startling prophecy:

"To thee, Colonel Robert Solinger, I come; but not to thee alone. Still thou art a soul of strong growth, powerfully proportioned, and thou overshadowest many other souls of lesser growth. Thou art keeping the sunlight of truth from them. Thine influence is baneful and harmful, for it tends downward toward oblivion and death, not toward sunlight and truth. Robert, thou must be hewn down, or, thy materialistic arms lopped off. It is a question of vital import with my compeers, whether thou shalt be hewn down, or thy materialistic arms lopped off. We would prefer to trim thee up, Robert, still leaving thee within the material soil, so that thy top may look soulward, and thy branches not disport themselves so far out over the earth with their baneful, destructive shade.

"Imagine the sorrow of thine immortal soul, O, Robert—if we conclude to hew thee down—when thou findest thyself not dead, or oblivious, but sentient, living, thinking, and feeling; or,

like a bird escaping from its shell, and thou lookest back and down to earth, and thou readest in thousands of souls, still in the body, the hopeless, destructive theories which thou hast taught them. O, Robert! The souls of men and women have enough to bear, as they toil on through the material, without the added weight of the hopeless oblivion. Rob them not of the sunlight of immortality; for, if thou doest, thou must come down; but we hope to still spare thee, for thou art powerful, and, if thou settest thy face soulward toward truth, thou canst move a multitude with hope and joy, and their souls will spring up afresh. Thou art making great mistakes on many of the questions of the present day. When thou hast become enlightened, and thy soul hath absorbed truth, thy lower, or material branches may die, for want of nourishment, for the higher branches will sap them of their support. It is the light of truth which we propose to give thee, O, Robert, through this our chosen instrument, thy youthful friend, Philip Carlisle. This soul has been lighted, and is burning brightly with the fires of hope, truth, and immortality."

Here the message ended, signed "Philippei."

When Robert G. Ingersoll passed out of his body, my wife and I were grieved more than words can tell. We wept, we wept. "Well," said we, "the prophecy is now fulfilled! Robert has gone!" We sat together for a number of evenings, hoping that he would come; but we sat in vain. Last night, while we were sitting together, my wife suddenly began to laugh convulsively. "Why," said she, "your father has brought Ingersoll!" Sure enough, Ingersoll had come at last, accompanied by my father and the ancient spirit who had inspired "Philip Carlisle." Ingersoll was laughing most heartily. "So," said he, "you are the writer of that book! Only a few days before I left my body, I read over that prophecy, and I said to myself, 'My God, there is truth in this! I am going to die.' What an inheritance have I left my poor wife and family! O, God! O, God! My wife stands before the urn containing my ashes, and she moans and says: 'O, Robert, Robert, this is all that remains of you, and you are gone from me forever!'"

"Mr. Ingersoll," I said, "you have been a mighty power in the material world, and you will be a mighty power in the spiritual world! You know that book was inspired by a spirit because he is now with you and tells you that he wrote the book. I ask for justice! Do what you can to make it known to the world that the book is what it purports to be!"

"I will," he solemnly answered, "but at present I am only a babe in the knowledge of spiritual things. Every question contained in that book my soul has asked over and over again, and the answers more than satisfied me. Even many of the incidents connected with my own life are true; but I thought, when I read the book, here is a man who is ambitious to gain fame and money by trading on my name, but I will not help him. Now, when I got here and found that annihilation was not the law of nature I was overwhelmed with grief at the ideas I had preached, and joy upon finding myself an immortal soul. Now, here, I find Charles Dickens, and he tells me that he inspired 'Juno, or the New Woman,' (published recently as a serial in *The Progressive Thinker*). When I read 'Juno' I laughed and laughed. 'Well,' said I, 'this man is persistent certainly. First he writes a book trading on my name; now he borrows the name of Dickens.' Not that I did not think the story worthy of Dickens, but, I did not believe its spiritual origin. You are among the first mediums I have visited since I controlled Cora Richmond at the camp-meeting in Missouri.

"The guides of Cora Richmond came to me and said: 'Mr. Ingersoll, you must go with us and control Mrs. Richmond to speak to a large concourse of people. You owe it to the world, and you must do it.' I did speak through Mrs. Richmond, but not knowing how to control the medium direct, her guides took the thoughts from me and transmitted them through her organism."

I am happy to be the one who received this acknowledgment from the spirit of Robert G. Ingersoll, and feel it a duty and privilege, and simple justice to that grand medium, Cora Richmond, to add these words, since so many have doubted that Ingersoll did inspire her on that occasion.

"I, Robert G. Ingersoll, wish to add my addendum: I am here in spirit, alive and well; filled with eternal life! The life is the spirit, and the spirit is the life of man. This I did not fully comprehend before laying off the mortal coil. I thought the blood, the brain, and the nerves constituted the life of man. Those are, as I have now discovered, but the vehicle that the spirit of man makes use of. I feel now like one who has arisen from out a conveyance, and, my friend, I want to say that the price of the vehicle, for which toll was demanded was death. The eyes of my spirit are now cleared from earthly clogs, and my vision roams over the field of my former labors. 'Philippei' was right. My shade was too heavy. I find, as I wander over the fields of my former labors, that in thousands of souls the seeds of immortal

life did not grow, owing to my baneful shade, and I now swear, by my own immortal being, that I will visit in spirit every human soul that has suffered from my materialistic teachings, and, by removing all doubt and letting in the sunlight of truth I will warm and fan into life those dwarf germs of the soul. I will not leave earth or its inhabitants until I have righted every wrong committed, and made every soul glad that has ever suffered from word or deed of mine. I will work, work as no spirit or mortal ever worked before to prove to mankind that death is not the end, but simply, the passing, as it were, through a gate. The gate is the death of the body, but the field before me now is illimitable and everlasting. And, now, to you, the man who desired to benefit me, or my soul, rather, a few words of greeting. You wrote a book, inspired by a spiritual being, especially for my benefit, without hope of reward or benefit of any kind to yourself. You are the nobler man of the two. I will now in spirit return to you and benefit you if possible for a debt of gratitude I owe you. I will pay all my debts. I always did, and always shall. I may not be able at the present time to indicate the method of my procedure, but for every hour you spent in trying to benefit me I will return good measure, full and running over.

“My soul was greater than I knew and it wrenched the valves of my material heart; but the spiritual heart still beats on.”

I give the message as dictated by the Colonel, not even omitting the allusion to myself. Considering it was his first attempt at personally controlling a medium, it was most successful. He says he intends to make his presence felt in many quarters. God bless the work of the noble man, and that of the nobler spirit.

The Moment of Death.

NOT SO TERRIFYING AS GENERALLY SUPPOSED—THERE IS NO PAIN—
TESTIMONY OF PERSONS WHO HAVE NEARLY ENTERED THE
OTHER PORT—THEIR LIVES IN REVIEW.

Despite the wise teachings and noble example of Socrates, and despite the positive assertions of the best medical authorities, most people look with fear and trembling toward the moment which separates time and eternity for mankind—the moment of death. Physicians have long since established the fact that death itself is a relief, a beautiful and by no means painful transition, but they have also laid stress upon the fact that this dissolution must not be confounded with the symptoms of disease which precede death.

The question as to what transpires in mankind during the approach of death has been the subject of many studies and researches, and quite recently a number of French scientists, among them V. Egger, Dr. Sollier, and De Varigny, have collected material that could be reached upon this point, and published it in a pamphlet just issued in Paris. Naturally, the material is but scant, but it nevertheless furnishes an interesting contribution to the great issue—the moment of death.

The French publication gives a number of statements by intelligent and observing persons who were rescued from death at the last moment. These statements are confined to accidents and do not refer to exhaustion resulting from old age, but even in the case of the latter the experts claim to be justified in the assertion that where the power of life gradually fades away death is no more painful than in the case of people who in the fullness of vitality confront the great destroyer.

A number of the instances cited in the publication are connected with the experiences of lion hunters in Algiers, who have

been actually within the grasp of the claws and the terrible teeth of the king of animals.

Similar experiences are related by persons who were in imminent danger of drowning. One of them, a physician himself, tells how his boat capsized in a rushing stream and how he, after heroic but fruitless efforts to save himself, redoubled by the knowledge that he was rapidly carried toward a roaring cataract, drifted unresistingly in a sort of peaceful, semi-consciousness until rescue came. In all these instances, where accident brought people of well balanced mind suddenly face to face with death, there is the one consensus of thought that before the mind's eye of such people all the important events of their life, almost their entire life, so to say, passes in a moment. This is in accordance with life in a dream, where a single instant suffices to comprise an almost endless chain of events.

Professor Heine of the Zurich University, an indefatigable mountain-climber, had the experience of a fall into a steep abyss. He was rescued by what seemed to be a miracle, and he immediately set to work to gather the experiences of others who had been in the same position. They all agreed.

"What I felt in the few seconds of my fall," says Professor Heine, "would take hours to relate. All thoughts and mind pictures were of a marvelous distinctness and clearness. A long train of means to break the tremendous rush of the fall occurred to me first, and next there passed before my mind all the events of my life, realistic as in a kinetoscope."

Whymper, an English Alpine tourist of renown, fell from a height of over 200 feet. "I was perfectly conscious of what happened to me," he states, "and I counted every jolt I got from protruding cliffs, but, like a chloroformed patient, I felt no pain. Each repeated jolt, of course, was greater than the preceding one, and I remember quite well how I calculated that if the next jolt should be still more severe the end would come. But the most wonderful experience was that in this tremendous rush through space the air pressure, which must have been terrible, was not at all disagreeable."

Admiral Beaufort, of the British navy, relates what he felt when he once fell overboard. "From the moment my efforts to save myself ceased," he said, "the awful thought of death passed away like magic and gave place to perfect rest. This was apathy, pure and simple, and not resignation, for it never occurred to me that drowning was a misfortune. I did not think of rescue and

yet I did not suffer. On the contrary, my sensations were rather pleasant."

Darwin, who as a competent observer has few peers if any, relates that he once fell from a garden wall only seven or eight feet high, and he says that a reproduction of the thoughts which passed his mind in the brief moment of the fall would fill a volume.

If these phenomena of panoramic views of past life are closer examined, the French scientists say, the conclusion is irresistible that the visions are limited to a few scenes which are later on enlarged by the imagination. Children, whose life comprises less numerous and clearer elements, never have these reminiscences. Almost invariably their only thought is that they will not see their parents again. This is illustrated by numerous examples, though there are exceptions cited in the publication, notably that of a French educator, who in his boyhood was unusually bright, almost precocious, in fact. He fell into a well when he was a boy of eight years, and this is the way in which he relates his experience, in after life, of course:

"When the weight of the water jar carried me down I was conscious of a long space of time until I gathered my thoughts sufficiently to think of rescue. I thought I might gain a foothold on one of the protruding stones of the walls of the well and then to climb upwards on hands and feet. Immediately the idea came to me that this effort would be futile and that I would die. I remained motionless while the water rushed into my mouth and ears with a tremendous roar. It was in this moment that numerous episodes of my life passed by (defile) my mind with inexplainable rapidity and in kaleidoscopic form. I use the expression 'passed by' advisedly, because it appeared to me that these pictures were not simultaneous. Moreover, I think, I can say that I did not see a complete cycle of events, but that there were breaks and that the pictures had a certain rotation, chronologically reversed. Besides, the visions were unusually distinct, clear, and plastic. I saw myself objective, as if I were somebody else. I saw, as far as I can remember, scenes from a trained dog show I had witnessed a few days prior to the accident, little scenes from my school life, quarrels, and a competition for an award, but all this I saw as the experience of somebody else."

Dr. Sollier reports the case of a confirmed opium eater, a girl of unusual brightness in her sober moments. He treated her after the method which cuts off the use of the drug at once, and

which involves repeated stages of unconsciousness of the outer world. After each return to her senses the patient, who was firmly convinced that she must die, stated that her sensations were not only free from pain but positively beautiful.

Usually the death struggle is painless. The dying complains rarely. Even if consciousness appears to be clear, the dying are in the past rather than in the present, and the perfect rest which is often taken as a product of a strong will power is in reality a sign of absolute insensibility. "If I only had the power to wield a pen," murmured the dying William Hunter, "I would use it to express how easy and restful it is to die."—Chicago Tribune.

Death the Kind Pioneer of Humanity..

BY PROF. JOS. RHODES BUCHANAN, M. D.

THE GRAND REVELATION OF DEATH—THE HOUR OF TRIUMPH AND REPOSE—NOT A SLEEP, BUT AN AWAKENING—NOT AN IRON GATEWAY TO A DARK ABYSS—A REBIRTH.

Death is the welcome hour of triumph and repose, that ends a well-spent life. It is not lying down to sleep or dream, but waking up to look out, as the weary traveler at the end of a long voyage hears the cry of "Land!" and looks out to the sunlit mountains in the distance, knowing that an infinite and charming landscape lies before him.

There was a time for the white races of mankind, when death seemed the iron gateway through which men passed by millions along a dark and cloudy desert, reverberating with distant thunders and stifling with sulphurous odors, to reach the fiery lake of eternal agony; and alas! there are many who still realize such terrors in their dying hours—terrors born of imposture and insanity, which two more centuries will dissipate, when the hells will vanish with the false churches that portrayed them for the profit of the priest.

To escape from such horrid insanity, men have recoiled into cold, dead materialism, and then, as expressed by the eloquent philosopher Denton, "Death to the materialist is the skeleton grim, the antagonist of life, the end of all conscious being, the night that comes to all, but without a star or dawn of returning day; death to him reaps all, and the grave is the granary of humanity, and holds its contents forever."

But Death in a far-off Pacific island suddenly lifted my friend and colleague, Denton, from his toils to enlighten an ungrateful world, to the Summerland of peace, which he understood in earth-life as did Socrates before he departed, and there while he is awaiting my arrival, he is able to exchange greetings, and to speak to me of science and of the conditions of our country, with a vision broader and clearer than he possessed on earth. Denton, Cornelia, Pierpont, Owen, Parker, Paine, Garrison, Lincoln—the statesmen of our revolution, the martyrs of the first century and the leaders of progressive succeeding centuries, down to the profoundly eloquent Carlyle, Hugo, Beecher and Gladstone, speak freely across the gulfs of time and space, to their surviving friend in California; for in their world neither time nor space is any obstacle, and the voice of Plato which I have heard expressed by an extraordinary medium, is as clear and graceful as it was said to be in Greece, and his influence as pleasant when he afterward visited a friend on earth familiar with the higher world.

Accustomed as I am to the rigid criticism of literature and philosophy, I find in their language no feebleness of thought nor imperfection of expression, nor forgetfulness of history, which belong to the mortal conceptions of old age and of far-away time. Their language is lucid, simple and eloquent with truth and wisdom, for they are in the bright morning of eternal life, in which love is buoyant and hope unlimited. But these things I have not published, for pearls are not thrown at random, and why offer such pearls in a world not yet prepared to appreciate, and ignorantly suspicious of all that comes from the Summerland, while busy with ancient fiction and forgery, and interested in modern dreams, fraudulent philosophism, and the pretentious creations of mysticism and hysteria.

The real and charming life in the higher spheres as it has been described by those who reside there, and by those who have enjoyed a brief relief from holding their bodies here, has also been recognized by those whose psychometric faculties enable them to obtain glimpses—real and vivid of those whom they can approach. Thus have been gathered and confirmed the elements of a comprehensive pneumatology, poetic and beautiful, yet strictly scientific, and this inspiring and refining knowledge enables us fully to realize that death is the happy hour when the burdensome, suffering and decaying bodies are given back to Mother Earth, to reappear in other forms, and the adult man leaves the juvenile world forever, with its ignorant follies, mistakes and calamities, to enjoy a

nobler life. There are some to whom this fateful hour is not entirely new, and who meet it as the actor meets an audience, after many rehearsals have made him familiar with his part and the orchestra.

They are souls that have outgrown the juvenile life of earth, and are prepared for the adult life of heaven. Some have been released from their burdens in the night and gone forth with celestial companions to meet ascended friends and look at the mansions in which they may hear music unknown on earth, revel in perfumed airs, and enjoy a boundless, unencumbered freedom, only for a time, and be told they must go back to the toils of life, and perform their unfinished tasks.

Such has been the experience of thousands, but the toilers to whom they return cannot imagine any possibility so far transcending their own habitual ignorance. Yet there are others still more ripe and ready for transition. Nature has endowed them with something like the full and complete normal organization that evolution holds in reserve for all mankind at the appointed time. Their interior psychic faculties have been fully developed into equality with the exterior capacities, controlled by the senses and by gross matter. To them the interior nature of all things is accessible. They feel, they see, they know, as do the angels in heaven. It is not a sixth sense they enjoy, but a pure intelligence, in which all senses are combined with all intelligence, and as their knowledge is immediate, penetrating and far-seeing, I have not thought it wrong to call it intuition, and thus liken it to divine intelligence, though the name I gave to its more familiar daily action was Psychometry.

Intuition is then the divine element in the constitution of humanity—the element that leads toward the Infinite that we call God, Deus or Theos, and we use the name as familiarly as if we had a comprehension of that to which we apply it. But the first lesson of wisdom is to be aware of our own ignorance, and to know that the knowledge which we need is continually coming from the Infinite sources of truth.

Divine wisdom comes to us in Intuition—comes to the souls that have attained their normal development. Intuition has always been on earth, opening the new paths of science, and is at work to-day. But Intuition like all other divine things has always encountered the bitter hostility of the barbarian ages, which are now slowly beginning to pass away. So have the angels in heaven always been eager to enlighten their descendants on earth, but for

more than two thousand years they have been met and resisted by sword and halter, and fires have almost everywhere in Europe been built for the destruction of millions in whom any spiritual power should appear. The horrible atrocity of this crime of a superstitious church, seems to be fading out of men's minds, as objects at a distance grow dim and finally invisible, but these atrocities come within two centuries of our own time.

Parricide was a crime so extreme that it was supposed impossible by Roman law, but witchcraft murders were strangely similar to parricide. They were the war of children on earth against their forefathers in the higher world, attempting to teach and civilize them by bringing the spiritual influences that would enlighten their ignorance and depravity.

To a world of intellectual darkness and bloody crime, death is the only messenger that can save them from themselves by arresting their progress in crime, and transferring them from debasing war and moral darkness to eternal peace and progressive enlightenment. The truant children are gathered in by the great schoolmaster Death. Instead of a terrible enemy as he has been painted, Death is the kind friend who comes to save and lift us up, as the shipwrecked sailor is saved by his friends.

Long before its normal century has expired, the human constitution loses its youthful energy and power of intellectual progress, and fossilizes its thoughts, demanding its perpetuation by the young in succeeding generations, establishing laws, colleges and corporations by means of which it is presumed that the ignorance of immature, undeveloped generations and races may rule all future time and resist the divine law of evolution. But Death destroys their laws, their governments, their armies, and their splendid cities, and all memory of their existence is lost in the splendor of greater knowledge, and the greater nations that rise above the buried cities, and explore the desolation of Assyrian deserts. But the greater nations that rise above the crumbled remains of the forgotten, are themselves but promises of the far greater achievements of Death in building up Humanity until the interblending of the earth-world and the heaven world, realizes the grandest hopes of poetry, philosophy, philanthropy and religion.

Death is the essential factor in evolution, and came in soon after the dawn of animal life in unicellular organisms, not liable to death, and hence incapable of progress. Death transfers the individual life to a sphere of progress, and leaves a living being on earth, relieved from the fossilizing effect of habit, and capable of

a more hopeful career in which the divine environment and influx promise continual progress.

Yet not to all is the mastership of Death an absolute necessity except in relieving them from the incumbrance of a decaying body, for there are those in whom the eternal spirit is sufficiently matured while yet in the body to be able to release itself from its bonds for a time, to have the clear vision and quick understanding of the angel world, and to pass beyond the limitations of earth life, through the same gates that Death finally opens for all.

Beyond the portals of death, which have been called "the gates ajar," is the divine University in which the millions passing through the kindergarten of the lowest sphere advance without hindrance toward a divine wisdom, unknown on earth, as our senses cannot grasp its elements. But the knowledge of earth and heaven is an unbroken continuity, from the science and art of the mechanic, to the sciences that grasp the past and future, and the relations of worlds to each other and to creation.

It has been the unaided and greatly hindered labor of my life to introduce divine wisdom on earth in the 19th century, by the united power of the spiritual intelligence dormant in humanity, but partially emancipated in the select few, and the same intelligence matured through centuries and even through many thousand years in the celestial university; and in Cornelia Buchanan I found one of the emancipated souls "akin to heaven," competent to aid in the evolution of sciences for human use and benefit, and competent to commune with the advanced students of many centuries. With her assistance I explored the realms of biology which I had previously examined by the aid of anatomy, physiology, pathology, therapeutics and psychic experiment, publishing the results in my *Journal of Man* and two volumes of *Psychometry and Therapeutics*.

When she reached the higher world in 1891, she was no stranger there, and to me she still remained a daily companion and guardian friend, familiarly exchanging our observations. Thus visiting the spirit world by proxy, not being myself introduced by Death, I was not idle in realizing that I was the first visitor from earth of the realms I was then exploring by her aid, and that they contained a vast wealth of historic knowledge in the minds of those whose lives had made history, which they were ready to give mankind, and which was of the utmost importance, as the world had been misled and its intellect narcotized by the superstitions which have ruled all nations until science came to their rescue.

That science must be the world's savior the enlightened of the present century do not doubt. But the physical sciences though they destroy the scientific fictions interwoven with superstitions, do not rectify the false personal history and miraculous legends of the past, which have been incorporated in all systems of education. Psychic science alone can do this by obtaining from the actors in historic scenes their personal recollection of the facts.

• What hinders us from recalling all the history of the founders of religions—the ancient and lost history of America, of Atlantis, of Egypt, of Chaldea, of China, Persia and Etruria?

Nothing but the confirmed habits of minds that have never risen above the material, and cannot be reached by spiritual truth, for the same reason that the color-blind cannot appreciate paintings, that some savage tribes cannot count a hundred, and that some cannot learn music. But the spirit-blind are so numerous that they assume to be normal men and deny the truthfulness of those who possess the normal spiritual vision, which comes to all who possess a certain degree of refinement.

Dogmatic skepticism refuses to follow the methods of liberal science and give due weight to all honorable and intelligent evidential testimony. It resists accumulated facts by sophistry, by evasion and by stubborn denial, which amounts to saying: "I would not believe if I saw it myself"; and finally by bringing in some absurdly fanciful theory. It treasures up all the blunders of the ignorant, the frauds of fakes, and the speculations of the fanciful as arguments, against psychic science, and the careful discoveries of scientists, who are pre-eminently entitled to confidence. Hare and Crookes, Edmunds, Denton and Owen have been deprived of the honor due to their faithful pursuit of truth, and every step in the progress of psychic science has been resisted by multitudes who know nothing of real psychic investigation and make up for their deficiency in reason by copiousness of their irrelevant loquacity, and by calumnious fictions, such as sometimes come from the Rev. Mr. Talmage.

In all the forms in which materialism assails Spiritualism, one of the most superficial and ingeniously fanciful is to assume that everything done is in accordance with the laws of matter, and that we must enlarge our conception of matter to include everything called spiritual. Another is to suppose, for it is only a supposition, that man has in himself some mysterious power by which he can create phantasms, spirit voices, materializations, prophetic

warnings and revelations of things unknown on earth. Such is the credulity of the objectors of the Hudson class.

The most plausible defense of materialism and objection to psychic facts is brought forward as a theory of vibration, which might amount to something worthy of notice but for the fatal defect that there is really nothing in it. The gulf between material forces and forms and conscious life is utterly impassable. No bridge has ever been found. Even such skeptics as Tyndall, Spencer and Huxley confess the gulf to be impassable.

The supposition that human thought and emotion, love and wisdom for example, are vibrations of various rates and forces, shows that the theorist cannot rise above matter, and has not obtained a single clear idea of psychic life and phenomena. He is reasoning outside of psychic science, and needs to obtain a lesson in the a b c of proper expression, and begin his studies anew. Vibration is simply a peculiar form of motion, and motion is nothing but a change of place, by material substances, particles, masses, molecules or atoms. The substance moved is now in a different place, but is absolutely the same as before it moved. If certain motions are impelled by sufficient force, then power, heat or light may be developed, but that is due solely to the force causing the motion. Forces produce sound, heat, light and electricity by operating in a vibratory manner, but the force alone is the efficient cause of the vibration, and all the effects. There is no mentality in this, until a spirit comes to recognize it, and the writer who does not distinguish between the thought or spiritual faculty that perceives and understands a vibration and the vibration itself, needs to go to a school for mental discipline and learn the vast difference of matter with all its forces and vibrations occupying a certain spot in space and thought which has no material or special limitations, and has not a single one of the seven essential properties of matter, and therefore has no vibrating material nor even the substantiality of a shadow, for a shadow has two of the properties of matter, and consciousness has none, though it associates with spiritual forms.

The Hudson theory, the vibration theory, the nonentity of matter theory, and the omnipotence of matter theory are all such nonentities to a solid thinker that he sees no handle by which to seize them nor goblet in which to hold the airy nothings which are only vague expressions of the reluctance of undisciplined minds to come out of the clod and leave the cavern of materialism for the sunshine of heaven.

When the materialist has been sufficiently hammered by facts

to admit that his neighbors, his kin or the men he has heard of may give him a communication describing their lives here and in the higher world, he is at home in the Smith, Brown and Jones messages, but afraid to go any farther, and hear from those who have been a thousand years away from earth. He is like the rustic who cannot accept a telephone voice coming from New York. Even Mr. Stead said at first that he would reject any messages to him from distinguished ancient personages, and I presume they avoided him, for his soul was absorbed in the whirl of London life while he turned his back to the ancients.

But I have never found any difficulty in obtaining satisfactory and well-tested messages, full of the life, the character and the peculiarities of the spirit, in phraseology, sentiment and personal characteristics. At first they came spontaneously, because I was in close sympathy with those who addressed me. A remarkable message came from Confucius, imprinted on a large green leaf, inserted by spirit power, between two slates just placed twelve feet from where we were sitting. Soon after, being in my office in the College at New York, a musician's wife came in, highly mediumistic, and he addressed me through her, told me how I would die and made some judicious criticisms upon expressions used in an unfinished essay on my table, of which no one knew but myself.

Being at that time interested deeply in the religious Spiritualism of the apostles in Palestine, they came to me unsought, by slate-writing and pictures produced in my presence, and when I held the slates. Pictures of St. Peter and John the Baptist were produced by the spirit power. More than one message came from St. John by spirit writing, and in 1893 he appeared in a spiritual photograph, at Los Angeles, standing by my side.

The picture of Moses which I have published, came most unexpectedly as I held the slates on which it was produced, with the tablets of the law written in a strange language believed to be Egyptian, while I could hear the sound and feel the motion in the slate, which had no material pencil.

The desire often occurred to me to present my remarkable pictures to a public audience, but I never found a psychic atmosphere in any community which would properly receive and appreciate such an exhibition. I have reserved them for friends and students as I have reserved the numerous communications from the distinguished persons who in ancient and modern times have made their impress on the centuries in which they lived. The pleasure of rare knowledge has always been sufficient to me, and

the public opinion of the world has never interested me so much as the public opinion of that higher world which I can understand more easily, as I agree with it most cordially.

How different are the men and women of that world from this. What volumes of the strangest romance of history they could give us, and have given now and then when they found some congenial spirit on earth. All the wonders of the ancient history of Central America, of Mexico and the mound builders, of Egypt and Mashonaland, of China, Persia and Assyria. The prophets who predicted the mysterious and wonderful desolation of Assyria still live and witness the fulfillment of their prophecies, and they could speak to us to-day if our souls could meet them on the mountains of the soul, remote from war and avarice, for I have heard the voice of Jeremiah, who like all the poet-prophets of Israel regarded the kingdom of Bashan in Assyria as "almost an earthly paradise." So was it described by Jeremiah, yet he fearlessly predicted the destruction of Babylon and Bashan, saying, (ch. L., v. 3) "For out of the North there cometh up a nation against her, which shall make her land desolate, and none shall dwell therein; they shall remove, they shall depart both man and beast."

39. "Therefore the wild beasts of the desert with the wild beasts of the islands shall dwell there, and the owls shall dwell therein, and it shall be no more inhabited."

37. "And Babylon shall become heaps, a dwelling-place for dragons an astonishment and an hissing, without an inhabitant."

Two chapters are given by Jeremiah to the destruction of Babylon, which was a city sixty miles in circumference, with walls 200 cubits high, and five hundred years before Christ, the destruction was complete. He predicted that Bashan should be taken from the Babylonians and occupied by the Jews. The kingdom Bashan was the ideal of Oriental splendor, with more than thirty walled cities, close together, the well-preserved remains of which attract the curious traveler to-day; but travelers fear to visit the ruined land where the wild beasts hide and Arab robbers wander at will. In the time of Isaiah and Jeremiah, the vine, the olive, the fig, the pomegranate and apple tree adorned its rich plains, and terraced hillsides. But Isaiah predicted its ruin on account of its offenses against divine law, "The land shall be utterly emptied and utterly spoiled," (xxiv:3-12), and a very recent traveler, J. L. Porter, says:

"I saw now, and I saw at every step through Bashan that the

visions of the prophets were not delusions. I saw that they were one and all graphic and detailed descriptions of real events which the divine spirit opened up to the prophet's eye, through the long vista of ages. Were the same holy men inspired by the same divine spirit to describe the actual state of Palestine, they could not possibly select language more appropriate or more graphic than that found in their own predictions, written thousands of years ago. This is no vague statement, it is the result of years of study and years of travel."

In this desolated region, says Mr. Porter, where a few Druses and Arabs wander in fear and danger, he saw (as he passed some solitary dwellings) "no less than five towns were in view, entirely deserted," and in many of the abandoned cities, the rock-built houses standing to-day entirely empty, could accommodate a large population. Of this said Jeremiah: "I beheld and lo, there was no man. I beheld and lo, the fruitful place was a wilderness, and all the cities thereof were broken down."

Mr. Porter says: "I have pitched my tent on the site of ancient Tyre and searched but searched in vain for a single trace of its ruins. Then did I realize the full force and truth of the prophetic denunciation upon it: 'Thou shalt be sought for, yet shalt thou never be found again.' (Ezek xxvi:21). Ezekiel spoke of this in detail: 4. 'They shall destroy the walls of Tyrus and break down her towers; I will also scrape her dust from her like the top of a rock.' 12. 'And they shall make a spoil of thy riches, and make a prey of thy merchandise; and they shall break down thy walls and destroy thy pleasant houses; and they shall lay thy stones, and thy timber and thy dust in the midst of the water.'"

I am tempted to quote largely from Mr. Porter's fascinating description of a country that travelers fear to explore, which is to me more interesting than Pompeii and Herculaneum, as it is far more ancient and has been lost to sight. The land is covered with cities that have stood over twenty-five centuries almost unobserved since accurate history began, standing all desolate amid the beauties of nature, unchanged as the Pyramids of Egypt—their stony walls and stony roofs seeming as if built for eternity—everlasting witnesses to the power of prophecy—the voice still sounding for ages from the realms of what we call Death, which is the realm of immortal life, watching over the darkness of our earth life.

Is there not some warning in all this for modern nations? Is it not a sublime proof of the divine law that "the wages of sin is

death," not only in Assyria, but in every nation that has perished, and in the modern nations that have all been marching on the blood-stained highway that leads to darkness and death, while the flag of justice and freedom floats from the summit of Mount Blanc in the republican nation called Switzerland.

I speak of these things to do justice to the majestic beings in the land of what mortals call Death. Though we do not see them, they see us, and they can speak. Moses, Jeremiah and Plato, Daniel and Paul have spoken to me already, with profound historic revelations, and when I reach the higher world I shall be able to return more readily than they to the struggling champions of Truth and Justice on the earth.

Strange as these facts must seem to a world just awakening from the long night of ages, they are to me too familiar to hesitate or apologize and explain in mentioning. In the book of Daniel is told the wonderful story of spirit writing which is becoming a familiar fact to-day. It says (chap. v., v. 5) "In the same hour came forth fingers of a man's hand and wrote over against the candlestick upon the plaster of the wall of the king's palace; and the king saw the part of the hand that wrote." And the words, "Mene, Mene, Tekel Upharsin," were interpreted to the king by Daniel as an awful prophecy for himself.

Nearly twenty years ago, unsought and unexpected by me, the spirit of the prophet Daniel came to me when holding slates in New York, for spirit messages, and gave his message of cordial endorsement of my psychic purposes, not written but carved into the body of the slate, and signed by himself (Daniel) as one who could command both man and beast, and then upon another slate that I held, was a slate pencil drawing produced, showing a lion overpowered and subdued by a hand above and before him. But I did not think it expedient to offer such facts to the literati and pseudo-scientists who were equally ignorant of the prophet Daniel and of psychic science. In the twentieth century my testimony will not be needed, for the world will be flooded with spiritual messages, and as St. John wrote in 1880, "not one shall doubt the truth, the world shall bow down before it."

Death Critically Analyzed.

BY CARL SEXTUS.

THE MODERN GRAVE-ROBBERS—SPIRIT MANIFESTATIONS—EXPERIENCES OF SPIRITS CONSCIOUS OF BEING BURIED ALIVE AND RESURRECTED BY GHOULS AND RESUSCITATED ON THE DISSECTING TABLE OF A MEDICAL COLLEGE.

Yet we have grave-robbers up to this date; although of a different kind, the grave-robberies continue. It is no longer because of the treasures, that the grave is robbed, it is to secure the corpse itself for the dissecting table. We often hear of medical students who in the nighttime are taken by surprise, while stealing newly buried corpses or we hear of a regular gang of bandits and loafers caught in the same dastardly act, employed by medical colleges to perform this work. They give with the greatest frankness the names of those who ordered them out and the reward they are to be paid for the stolen corpses. Although the authorities do everything in their power to punish the guilty, these outrages continue to happen. The reason is, that the punishment is not severe enough. Students and physicians declare with the greatest effrontery that if they are in need of a few corpses for study, they will take them when they can get them, or they will let others supply them, no matter from what source. And thus the story ends. It is well known that most people look up to physicians as great heads, far above common men and the laws of common individuals. They are dazzled by the great men of science, so that even the authorities will sometimes connive at their infraction of the law. Of course under such circumstances they continue in their unlawful doings.

In the town of Superior, Wis., a disagreeable scandal was recently brought to light. Sensational stories created among the people much excitement. This was not without reason. There

was talk about mysterious crimes. Some time ago a woman's hand was found on the streets of the city, supposed to be suggestive of a murder; but after some investigation the police came to the conclusion that the hand came from one of the hospitals, and had been dragged away by dogs. Not a long time afterward the arm of a man was found on West Fourth street, not very far from the place where the first hand was found. Other parts of human bodies were found in other parts of the town. The police then took serious hold of the case, and conducted an investigation which has since proven that these ghastly discoveries belonged to bodies that had formerly been buried in Nemadji Cemetery. The police claim to have sufficient evidence to prove that these corpses, which had been duly buried in this cemetery, had been taken out systematically for the use of physicians and medical students. Occurrences like this should no longer be allowed. Such actions are unjust, as well as unlawful. The unprincipled way in which these medical gentlemen have allowed stumps of human bodies to be thrown around is rude and uncivilized. Egotism and self-worship go hand in hand. To have no regard for others does not trouble them much. It does not happen to their own relatives, however, it is only strangers, well—therefore, no matter. If these gentlemen found out that some of their own relatives or friends were to go through a similar cutting up, the same kind of slaughtering, we should hear them come out with loud cries of unlawful violence and horrible crimes. They would demand the protection of the law, and its most severe punishment for the law-breakers. Why, then, treat others as they do not wish to be treated themselves. The papers often contain news of graves that have been opened and the bodies disappeared. It is, however, only the few cases which come to the knowledge of the public.

We have sufficient reason to suppose that not all apparently dead people will wake up in time. An apparently dead person can be so deeply in the trance state, it is claimed, that he will not wake up under the knife. Let us imagine such a terrible fate, a person in a trance and conscious of all his sufferings, meeting such a fearful death, quartered, skinned, and slaughtered alive. I have collected several, but for the want of space and to avoid unnecessary repetition of this sad subject, I will not mention them all, but only produce a couple of the more eloquent cases for closer reflection.

It is very fascinating to read what a man with clear thoughts simply and plainly describes; it is the man himself who tells of his

apparent decease and never-to-be-forgotten experience on the dissecting table. The narrative is quoted from Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine: "I had been ill sometime of a slow and lingering fever, my strength wasted, but the sense of life seemed to become more and more acute, as my corporal powers became weakened. I could see by the looks of the doctor that he despaired of my recovery, and the soft and whispered sorrow of my friends, taught me that I had nothing to hope. One day, toward evening, the crisis took place. I was seized with a strange and indescribable quivering—a rushing sound was in my ears. I saw around my couch innumerable strange faces; they were bright and visionary and without bodies. There was light and solemnity, and I tried to move but could not; for a short time a terrible confusion overwhelmed me, and when it passed off all my recollection returned with the most perfect distinctness, but the power of motion had departed. I heard the sound of weeping at my pillow, and the voice of the nurse said: 'He is dead.' I cannot describe what I felt at these words. I exercised my utmost power of volition to stir myself, but I could not move or cry out. After a short pause, my friend drew near, and, sobbing and convulsed with grief, drew his hand over my face and closed my eyes. The world was then darkened, but I still could hear, and feel, and suffer. When my eyes were closed, I heard by the attendants that my friend had left the room; and I soon after found the undertakers were preparing to habit me in the garments of the grave. Their thoughtlessness was more awful than the grief of my friend. They laughed at one another as they turned me from side to side, and treated what they believed to be a corpse with the most appalling ribaldry. * * * For three days a number of friends called to see me. I heard them in low accents speak of what I was, and more than one touched me with his finger. On the third day some of them talked of the smell of corruption in the room. The coffin was procured; I was lifted and laid within it. My friend placed my head on what was deemed my last pillow, and I felt his tears drop on my face. When all who had any peculiar interest in me had retired, the undertaker's men placed the lid on the coffin and screwed it down. I was then left alone. Everyone shunned the room. I knew, however, I was not yet buried, and though darkened and motionless, I had still hope. The day of interment arrived. I felt the coffin lifted and borne away; I heard and felt it placed in the hearse. There was a crowd of people around, some of them spoke sorrowfully of me. The hearse began to move.

I knew it carried me to the grave. It halted, and the coffin was taken out. I felt myself carried on the shoulders of men, by the inequality of the motion. A pause ensued. I heard the cords on frame was immovable. Soon after a few handfuls of earth were lowered and rested on the bottom of the grave. Dreadful was the effort I then made to exert the power of action; but my whole frame was immovable. Soon after a few handfuls of earth was thrown upon the coffin; then there was another pause, after which the shovel was employed, and the sound of the rattling mould as it covered me was far more tremendous than thunder. But I could make no effort. The sound gradually became less and less, and by a surging reverberation in the coffin I knew that the grave was filled up and the sexton was treading in the earth, slapping the grave with the flat of his spade. This, too, ceased, and then all was silent. This is death, thought I, and I am doomed to remain on earth till the resurrection. Presently the body will fall into corruption, and the worm will come to partake of its banquet. In the contemplation of this hideous thought, I heard a low sound on the earth above me, and fancied that the mole and rat of the grave would soon be upon me. The sound grew louder and nearer. Can it be possible, I thought, that my friends suspect they have buried me too soon? The hope was like light bursting through the gloom of death. The sound ceased, and presently I felt the hands of some being working at my throat. They dragged me out of the coffin by the head. I felt again the living air, but it was piercingly cold. I was carried swiftly away—I thought to judgment, perhaps to perdition. After being borne to some distance I was thrown down like a clod. It was not upon the ground. A moment after I was lifted into a cart, and by the interchange of two or three brief sentences, I became aware that I was in the hands of two of those robbers who live by plundering the grave and selling the doctors the bodies of parents, children and friends. When the cart halted I was lifted out and carried into a room, my shroud rudely stripped off and I placed naked on a table. My eyes were still shut, but in a short time I heard by the bustle in the room that students of anatomy were assembling. Some of them came round the table and examined me minutely. They were pleased that so good a subject had been procured. The demonstrator himself at last came in. Previous to beginning dissection he proposed to try on me some galvanic experiments. The first shock vibrated through all my nerves. The students expressed their admiration at the convulsive effect. The second shock

threw my eyes open, and the first person I saw was the doctor who had attended me. But I was as it were dead, and could not move. Among the students I saw the faces of many with whom I was familiar, and when my eyes were opened I heard my name pronounced by several of the students with awe and compassion, and they wished that it had been some other subject. When they had satisfied themselves with the galvanic phenomena, the demonstrator took the knife and pierced me on the bosom with the point. I felt a dreadful crackling, as it were, throughout my whole frame—a convulsive shuddering instantly followed, and a shriek of horror rose from all present. The ice of death was broken up—my trance ended. The utmost exertions were made to restore me, and in the course of an hour I was in the full possession of all my faculties.”

Such an experience is horrible, yet the person in question should be glad that he got away with his life. If the dissecting knife had been brought down into the more vital parts it is possible that all rescue would have been impossible. He was fortunate even in his misfortune. How prone the human senses are to self-delusion and self-suggestion, can be seen from this case. The entranced person heard how some of his friends on the third day of his trance condition “talked of the smell of corruption in the room;” they believed him dead and they expected therefore this smell. Their expectation and imagination brought about this false apprehension. This, together with so much else mentioned in connection with these cases, shows again and again how the human judgment can be led in the wrong direction.

Another instructive case from the grave and from the dissecting table. Even grave-robbers may once in a while be the unconscious means by which a human life is saved. Mr. Hayward, who lives in Missouri, is the man who went through this strange experience. The Kansas City Journal, which I quote, contained the following: “To be buried alive while sorrowing friends stand about the open grave, and then come to life in a dissecting room, is the actual experience of George Hayward, an Independence jeweler. Although years have elapsed since he was lowered gently into his grave, the memory of the moment when the undertaker screwed down the lid of his coffin, shutting out the sunlight, and the sensations he felt as he was lowered into the grave, while a funeral dirge was being chanted by the village choir, still remains to him as a horrible dream. He was conscious from the time he was pronounced dead until he was snatched from the grave

by the medical fraternity and laid on the dissecting table in the 'interest of science.' Mr. Hayward still retains the grim recollection of hearing the damp earth falling on the coffin lid, a mournful accompaniment to the sobs of relatives. He was unable to help himself or make a sign, and, knowing this, his agony was at times intense. His greatest agony of mind occurred when the sexton rounded up his grave on top and the sound of receding footsteps smote his ears. Mr. Hayward says that at this moment he fell into a dreamy sensation peculiar to a drowning man. How long he remained in this condition he does not know, but his sense of living again came over him when he heard a scraping on his coffin lid some little time after he had been buried. Mr. Hayward is a man of sixty-nine years of age. For years he has been in the jewelry business at Independence, and at present conducts a shop on South Main street. He has the belief that many people are buried alive, and his own experience has a tendency to confirm this belief. To a Journal representative Mr. Hayward related this burial and resurrection experience with the unconcern of a man who does not fear death. 'It was in Marshville, England, County Gloucestershire, where I was buried,' said Mr. Hayward very grimly. 'My father had a large family of boys, and he raised us all on the farm near the village. I was quite young, and it was my chief delight to go to the fields with my older brothers. In those days the farmhouses were surrounded with big yards filled with straw. This straw was allowed to rot, and in the fall of the year it was loaded on wagons and carted to the fields as a fertilizer. It was a bright morning when we started for the fields, and I ran ahead of the horses. The horses in England are not driven with reins, but they follow the command of the voice. After reaching the field the pitching of the straw commenced. The men used hop picks, which are fashioned somewhat after a heavy pitchfork. While standing near one of the hands, by accident I was struck on the head with one of the picks. It penetrated my skull, and at the time made me feel faint and dizzy. My injury was not considered serious. After returning to the house I was sent into the cellar, and, much to my surprise, I could see in the dark as well as in the light. After coming from the cellar my strength failed me, and I was soon bedfast. Two doctors were called. One of them insisted that my condition was due to the blow on the head, the other that I had pleurisy. At any rate two weeks elapsed, and my eyes closed in supposed death. It was death as far as my relatives were concerned, yet I was pain-

fully conscious of every movement going on around me. My eyes were half closed, and as I was laid out I heard my elder brother, John, walk into the house. I saw him approach the cot with tears in his eyes, and sympathizing friends consoled him by asking him to dry his tears. "He is gone," they said, and other similar expressions were used around the bier. Well-known faces would peer down at me as I lay with my eyes half closed. Tears rained on my face as the burial shroud was wrapped around my body. As soon as the undertaker arrived I knew I was to be buried alive. Try as I would, nothing could break the spell which bound me. Every action and every word spoken are as distinct to my mind now as then. Well, the time for the funeral arrived, and the service was preached over my living but rigid body. The undertaker approached and the lid of my little prison-house was fastened down. Life seemed all but gone when this took place; but, as I stated, no effort of mine could break the spell. The coffin was shoved into the wagon, and the trundling of the vehicle sounded in my ears. I was painfully conscious of the fact that I was soon to be lowered into my grave. Strange as it may seem, at times I did not feel fear at my impending fate. The coffin was taken out of the wagon and lowered into the grave. In those days boxes were not used as a receptacle for the coffin. The clods of earth fell heavy on the lid of the casket. There I was being entombed alive, unable to speak or stay the hands of my friends. My effort to move proved futile, and the close air of the coffin seemed stifling to me. Suddenly the shoveling ceased and the silence of the tomb was complete. I did not seem to have the fear then that a person would naturally expect under such circumstances. All I remember is that the grave is a lonely place, and the silence of the tomb was horribly oppressive. A dreamy sensation came over me, and a sense of suffocation became apparent. My whole system was paralyzed; were it otherwise my struggles would have been desperate. How long I remained in this condition I do not know. The first sense of returning life came over me when I heard the scraping of a spade on my coffin lid. I felt myself raised and borne away. I was taken out of my coffin, not to my home, but to a dissecting room. I beheld the doctors who had waited on me at my home, dressed in long white aprons. In their hands they had knives. Through my half-closed eyes I saw them engaged in a dispute. They were trying to decide how to cut me up. One argued one way, while the other doctor took another view of the

matter. All this I witnessed through my half-open eyes. My sense of hearing was remarkably acute. Both approached the table and opened my mouth to take out my tongue, when, by superhuman effort, my eyelids were slightly raised. The next thing I heard was: "Look out, you fool, he is alive!" "He is dead," rejoined the other doctor. "See, he opens his eyes!" continued the first doctor. The other physician let his knife drop, and a short time after that I commenced to recover rapidly. Instead of cutting me up they took me home. There was great rejoicing among my relatives. I owed my life to the doctors' dispute as to what ailed me during my illness. I suppose I was kept alive for some purpose," continued Mr. Hayward, as he finished his grewsome tale, "for I am the father of ten children."

Mr. Hayward has been a resident of Independence for some years, and is highly thought of as a citizen. He is a member of the Latter Day Saints' Church. Old medical records contain not so very few of such cases. In the olden times they were (perhaps more natural beings and more honest) at least more willing to admit their errors and recognize the limitation of their own knowledge. Now, on the contrary, such stories are carefully concealed. The common individual must not have any information (it is unprofessional). There is, however, a comical side to this case, and it is this, that although bearing the great and proud name, men of science, they continue in their medical papers and journals with the greatest ease and frankness to express themselves concerning the unprofessionality of others (colleagues, professors of science and physicians). Such things are well known, and it need therefore not attract any special attention. We live in a world of appearances and contradictions.

APPARENTLY DEAD ON A VISIT IN THE OTHER WORLD.

I have already mentioned cases which seem to indicate that the soul of one in trance, being individual, can leave the body. If such outings are possible for the soul it will illustrate to us the most important fact, that the soul can leave the body and travel in the regions of space, and take full cognizance of what is going on in the other world, at least in that realm of the other world where the human being after death is most apt to arrive. Apparent death is beyond doubt the deepest degree of trance. It is undoubtedly also the condition, and perhaps the only one, during which the soul will be able to get an insight of and to make a visit to the other world. That people in the general lethargic

condition, and also while normal, are able to see what occurs in far off places, is well-known. It is also certain that some especially mediumistic persons have been able, under equal conditions, to let the soul, consciously or not (at least to the conscious mind) make visits to absent individuals, even if they be at remote distances. This is an established fact. It is claimed by the most intelligent and truthful men. But an insight in the other world we have, in general, only had from apparently dead people after their awakening to normal condition. If it is really lived and not an hallucination that the individual has been subject to, such an occurrence is of great importance. When we hear asked: "Who knows what is on the other side? There are none that return to us in order to give us any information," if we take into consideration the following material, it is an erroneous expression. The actually dead can perhaps not do this in the same easy and intelligible way as a person in flesh and blood. Therefore those that have been apparently dead can only demand some attention. They speak with material voices from a material body and to a material listener. They are easier comprehended under such conditions. We live on a material plane, in a material world; but this does not preclude the possibility that the deceased can communicate with the living, perhaps only in general, in a more insignificant way. The material man in general in what we call a normal condition is often a poor medium. He is often very far from being sensitive enough to receive impressions from the unseen world. If the apparently dead are right in what they claim to have seen and experienced in the higher world, then we are in receipt of messages from this world, even if they be limited messages, which are not to be scorned. It is demonstrated that human lives have been changed through such experiences in the condition of apparent death. I will give examples of such cases, which are very instructive; examples which are inexplicable. The human explanation is often so very far from the truth, especially if we take into consideration the conduct and character of the persons who met with these strange experiences, and not to forget the great effect it had on their future life and doings. A case recorded by Plutarch would seem to support the theory that during such periods of protracted insensibility the spirit of the sleeper, freed from the body, wanders away to realms and scenes not conceivable by the ordinary senses. Plutarch relates thus an interesting story of a man named Thespius. Thespius met death suddenly; a misstep and he fell down from a great height and was

picked up to all appearances dead. There could be no doubt that he was dead, yet there were no external wounds about him, but still the physicians were satisfied of the fact of his decease. He had, as they declared, gone to the borderland. Arrangements were now made for his burial, but on the third day after his fall and death, some feeble signs of life became apparent, and he revived. Physicians that were called, as well as his friends, would at first not believe what they saw. The most wonderful thing about the case is, that Thespius' character had undergone a remarkable change. In a short time it became quite evident that the whole tenor of the man's life had changed, and fortunately to the better. Previously his character was that of a reprobate and a vicious man. After having been in the apparently dead condition, he became quite amenable and kind. He employed the utmost effort in being as good as possible, he followed virtue, was an angel in human form. Friends and relatives desired an explanation of this mystery and received it; the explanation was in itself more astonishing than the change in his manners. Thespius informed them, namely, that the reason of the change in his way of thinking and talking was this: that he, while his body was laid out for burial, had been on a visit in the higher world. His spirit had been liberated from his body and floated away to a strange land, where it had joined a whole company of other spirits; he had been in the borderland, of this he was convinced. There in this strange land he was reformed; his past life was disclosed to him in all its hideousness, and the glorious capabilities which were before him were revealed in such a manner as to make him ambitious of attaining them. This he claimed brought about his wonderful reformation. What are we to say of such a claim? We have no right to call it a hallucination. We know nothing concerning the other world as long as we have not visited it. The well-known Dr. Passavant also records an instance of a peasant boy, who revived after being supposed to be dead for several days. The boy expressed the desire of being able to remain in that wonderful land, where he claimed to have been on a visit. As he was successfully called back to this life, he resented it bitterly. He informed those that gathered about him that he had been in a most beautiful place and had felt so happy while he associated and conversed with his deceased relatives. He declared that he had been in a more sublime heaven than human imagination can fancy. With this boy there was also a very marked change after his condition of suspended animation. Before his insensibility his faculties were

not even ordinarily brilliant, but afterward, after this heavenly excursion that he claimed he had been on, he conversed and prayed with surprising eloquence. As a whole he was altogether another boy after his trance.

If man is immortal these things seem very natural. A little girl in St. Louis, Bertha H., seven years old, created quite a sensation some time ago. She often fell in a deathlike trance after a previous fit. These attacks occurred without any preceding illness. Apparently she did not suffer from epilepsy. The physicians could not explain the reason. The girl was bright in every direction and not at all sickly. During her trance condition she was completely cataleptic. Recently, after recovering from one of her attacks she told her parents of remarkable sights she had witnessed during her trance condition. She said that she had been playing with a deceased brother, who told her she was about to have the severest fit she ever had, and thereafter would never have another, but would recover. A few days later she had the fit, and was pronounced dead, and was saved in the last moment. To all appearance she died, but the mother could not reconcile herself to the fact that the daughter was to be buried. The day before the time set for burial an old friend of the house came on a visit. He heard of the mother's sorrows and doubt. He could not himself really believe that the girl was dead. A good idea occurred to him and he began to work hard on the feet of the little girl. The result became soon apparent, the blood returned to her cheeks and after continued manipulation she opened her eyes and awoke. She has later enjoyed perfect health. What shall we call this, trance and nothing else? Had she been actually dead she could naturally enough not have been awakened. She told that she had been flying through the air in company with spirits, she had constantly been together with her deceased brother during this period.

A vast array of facts abound, showing that a close connection exists between the discarnate and incarnate souls of men. Another case: Miss Kate De Mertini, of Indianapolis, was engaged to a gentleman who became estranged from her. She sent for him to see her, and after a stormy interview they concluded to break off the engagement. As he was in the act of leaving her, she threw up her hands, and, screaming that her father was calling her, fell over in a faint. As soon as she was revived, she went into violent convulsions, and died the same evening. Before her death she continually repeated that her father was calling for her. Her

father died nine years before. It matters very little what term is used to denote the existence of the soul after death, and the possibility of its communication with those remaining here. If consciousness survives death, we are glad to know there is "a priori possibility that a telepathic impression may be communicated from it to the incarnate soul." Now there are two questions: First, was it really the father of Miss Kate De Mertini who called her? Second, was she really dead when she was buried? Perhaps she was only in a trance. Who knows? A case that is accompanied by such strange circumstances ought to have been made subject to the most thorough investigation before the physician gave permission to burial. But as is usual in these cases this was not done.

Another addition to the list of instances where deceased relatives have been recognized by the dying comes from Dexter, Me. A man who recently died there had been so ill for weeks that he was unable to lift a hand or even turn his head. Suddenly, to the astonishment of his attendants, he raised himself in bed with apparent strength and ease, a glad look overspreading his features, and, pointing into space with his upraised hand exclaimed: "There he is! There's Ben!" Then he fell back dead. Ben was a brother who died several years previously.

Armstead Hoskins, colored, died a short time ago in St. Louis under strange circumstances. His neighbors say he was frightened to death, and when they speak of him it is with bated breath. Hoskins, it is said, saw a ghost, and was thrown into convulsions, from which he never rallied. Hoskins had apparently good health until Friday. It was Friday night he saw the vision. No one seems to know exactly what it was, for Hoskins did not describe it minutely, but the neighbors have an idea that it must have been awful, for the man was taken to his bed and never recovered. He continued until his last moment of consciousness to speak of the ghost. Perhaps such persons are clairvoyant, and therefore able to see what other people who lack this faculty cannot see. We are certainly right in supposing that clairvoyance is the faculty of the spirit, it does not belong to the physical body. The exercise of the spiritual faculties depends upon the operation of spiritual laws. A mortal is more or less subjected to the action of physical laws. He is to some degree hampered and limited by material conditions. He can, therefore, not always be clairvoyant; only periodically can he be perfect. Even though he be a good clairvoyant he cannot always, and at will, behold spiritual scenes and personages, because he is environed by material conditions.

The highly esteemed physician and author, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, it is claimed, possessed at times this remarkable clairvoyant faculty. Dr. Holmes, in the preface to his book on "Visions," tells how once, when watching by a deathbed, the impression was conveyed to him that "something" had escaped from the body into space. The spiritual world is the only perfect one. We live in an imperfect world. We can, therefore, with our imperfect eyes, see very little. The unseen, the great and mighty exists, nevertheless. It works always and unceasingly. We are surrounded by a world of sensation, of activity, and of force, of which we can take no cognizance with our mortal senses, unless these be aided by telescopic or microscopic instruments in the objective world, and by spiritual perceptions and intuitions in the suprasensual realm. If there is another world I see no reason why its inhabitants should not be able to communicate with the people of this earth. In this case, spirits can be seen and a telegraphic impression might be communicated from a discarnate to an incarnate soul. Sensitive beings have their own atmosphere about them. These sensitives are especially susceptible to telepathic messages on account of their magnetic and sensitive condition, surrounded by a magnetic atmosphere. This atmosphere, like our common atmosphere, is not perceptible to the common eye, nor can it be felt by the coarse instincts of the unspiritualized animal nature. The famous German investigator and philosopher, Van Helmont, has said that "there exists in man a certain energy which can act beyond his person, according to his will or imagination, and impart virtues, and exercise a durable influence, even on distant objects." The Bible says that Paul had trances or visions making his views more vivid; he speaks of a man he knew as sometimes "whether in or out of the body I cannot tell. God knoweth." These psychical experiences are now being seen as natural yet wonderful results of our inner faculties, which sweep out far beyond the range of our external senses. Intimations, warnings, chidings, comfortings, etc., often come to us, beyond doubt not only from the living, but also from the dead. Let us rest convinced that beneath the ordinary experiences of life, perceptible to the senses, there exist spiritual phenomena which will repay investigation and which science is only now beginning to learn; very much points to the fact that man is immortal. If the cases of visits in the other world are really as described, then we must admit that such occurrences prove immortality. The great poet Young, in his "Night Thoughts" expresses these prophetic words so beautiful and eloquent:

Can it be?

Matter immortal? and shall spirit die?
Above the nobler, shall less noble rise?
Shall man alone, from whom all else survives
No resurrection know? Shall man alone,
Imperial man! be sown in barren ground,
Less privileged than grain on which he feeds?"

The great secret regarding a life in the world above has furnished material for manifold reflection. The great uncertainty with many people as to whether there is really anything beyond the grave or not is well known. The uncertainty can easily be understood, man wants to know. The uncertainty is, however, unjust. There can be no doubt that there is absolutely a life after this on earth. But under the present conditions half in doubt, half in uncertainty, half in hope, the desire to have some exact information of the unknown is very natural. The unknown is what we desire to know. It is that which we ought to know a little about. To reject it as nonsense and to say that there is nothing outside of our own range of vision is of course erroneous. Humanity so far has achieved the solution of but a very few problems, and how are they solved, the greater number of them? How little we know of the other life. How little we know of death. How little it is that we can think and how much less it is that we know for certain of a life in the unseen heavens beyond the darkness of death. At the bottom of every human heart I believe there is a belief rooted of another life, a higher and more perfect condition after death. The greatest men we know have all believed this.

In some letters written by Mazzini, the Italian patriot, to members of an English family with whom he was very intimate, occur these expressions of his thought in regard to death and a future life, the death of a member of the family being the occasion: "Remember, for God's sake, that there is no such thing as death for all that is best in us; that what people call death is only a transformation and step onward in life. Love is a vouchsafer for immortality. We would not scatter a single flower on a tomb if there was not an instinct in the soul teaching us that love pleases the cherished one who is buried beneath, and depend upon it there is more truth discovered by these flashes of the virgin soul than by all the dim painfully elaborated lanterns of analysis and reasoning knowledge." And again: "Let you all feel, as I shall, her presence more than ever. Let you all believe—as I believe in my undying affection—that death is the cradle of a new, purer and

happier life. It is so. God knows I would not give at such a moment a mere poetical instinct as a consolation. I know it is so. Every departure of loved beings has made me feel so more and more. Your mother is living, loving, wanting love, longing for your rising (sometime) calmly and trustfully to her, and rewarded for the love she had, for the truth she did and wished to do, with more power to help you on, to influence you with holy virtuous thoughts."

Beyond doubt Mazzini is right in his sayings. He has in a more simple manner, and more true to nature than many others, given expression to feelings that are astir at the bottom of the human heart, at least with the civilized individual. An opinion from a man like Mazzini is valuable, especially if this opinion be the expression of the conviction of his heart. Mazzini, great in so many other directions, was also great in his faith. The child-faith which he had absorbed with the mother's milk he had retained. The storms of his life, the obstacles he had encountered during his career had not made him short-sighted. On the contrary, they had widened his views; turned the faith of his childhood into something real. From a dream, with indistinct apprehensions, to a solid conviction of another and higher existence. It is a characteristic that all really great men believe in a soul and a higher life.

It seems as if it is necessary to possess a certain mental development and greatness in order to comprehend more fully what the small souls cannot understand. Small souls can, generally, not see very far. They have no rapport with the higher world; they live only in the material. For this reason they have never a higher inspiration, are not in rapport with the higher zones. As always there is a great truth in the master's words. Without any inspiration from the higher world we should never have known any Shakspeare. The immortal Shakspeare has given us these words for the instruction of man:

"There is not the smallest orb which thou beholdest
But, in his motion, like an angel sings,
Still 'quiring to the young-eyed cherubim
Such harmony is in immortal souls.
But while this muddy vesture of decay
Does grossly close it in we cannot hear it."

Shakspeare was a seer. All really great men are seers, although they are not always conscious thereof. Earlier or later in

life comes, in general, the understanding of this. If this thought is first clear to them they will understand how to put themselves into rapport with it. Sight and hearing convey increased beauties to the understanding and comprehend as the higher senses are developed. Hesitation and uncertainty are no longer present. Geniuses, like Beethoven and other great men in varying realms of thought, have all had a very refined and unusual perceptive ability. Beethoven, although deaf, often heard the most exquisitely divine music. These impressions were the cause of these wonderful compositions known to all the world. It seems as if there are senses behind senses. It is remarkable to notice that while sickness often prevents the physical senses from acting, the inner, unknown, inexpressible senses receive higher impressions. It is certain that it takes almost superhuman ability, for an outside person to give a reliable opinion of, and distinguish closely between a hallucination and a real vision perceived by a sick, or apparently sick person. It is difficult enough in the case of a healthy individual, still more so with the sick, but far more difficult is it in the case of a person whose real mental and physical condition cannot be determined. With the sick we always assume that the faculty of observation and the sense-impressions are dimmed and exposed to self-delusion. Even the apparently correct conception of the healthy individual, whether physician or layman, who will judge of the impressions of others, are themselves, in many cases a delusion. Through careful investigation it has often been seen that an apparently sick and suffering person, instead of imperfect senses and clouded visions, is endowed with a higher development of the senses and a better understanding. We certainly also know of many contrary cases, where, during particular suffering or disease, the balance is lost. The sense impressions are deranged, false ideas and hallucinations result.

But to know of such cases, furnishes us neither proof nor right to declare of all such unusual sense-impressions and experiences of sick persons, that they, when reaching above the horizon and beyond the field of experience and boundary line of sense to the incredible and wonderful, are only imagination, self-delusion or hallucinations. If we deliver such an egotistical, one-sided decision on a subject we are not closely acquainted with, then perhaps we are ourselves suffering from self-delusion and self-suggestion, on account of our limited sight and conception, and because of our prejudice against the unusual, first and last based upon our ingrown traditions towards all that is uncommon,

inexplicable and above our own comprehension and experience. To apply an illustration: The cases of apparent death during which the patient declares that his soul during the remarkable condition, has been moving in a higher world, spoken to deceased persons, etc.; this is, beyond doubt, by most people regarded as a hallucination, because such an occurrence was past all belief and experience, forgetting that the person was in an extremely extraordinary condition. That the person was apparently dead can easily be employed as a proof by a superficial thinker that no credence can be found in the statement of such a person. Such a conception, beyond doubt, is erroneous. It appears to me that there is just as much occasion to believe such statements as to disbelieve them, or even ridicule them. In the first place, let us not forget that a person who is only apparently dead is in general not affected by physical impressions. The natural blood circulation has ceased; there is no feeling of pain, at least it is not recognizable; all the functions of the body are stopped; catalepsy is present, as in the case of real death, and the body is cold. The body is passive, and we must remember that no bodily impressions can act as a hindrance to the mental activity. Let us provide that the soul under such unusual circumstances is completely independent of the body and the animal functions, what a great opportunity has not the soul then unobstructed, to elevate itself above the material. To go beyond the limits set on earth, to roam in places heretofore unknown to it, and impossible to reach under the usual bodily conditions.

If we consider the fact that there are senses behind senses, we may say that the ordinary senses cease their activity when the animal functions of the body are checked only, giving the higher senses an opportunity for unobstructed development and activity. We must not forget, how incredible it may sound to the ears of the men of science (who believe that they know all), that we have absolutely no knowledge of the higher senses. As to the impressions of these senses as well as their field of activity we know as yet nothing certain. Perhaps very often are higher sense-impressions and influences from outside, observed by the soul, and higher inward senses are not consciously transferred to our ordinary senses, and to our present degree of mind. The daily struggle for life and the pursuit of pleasure, puts the animal as well as the rational faculties of the human mind into intense activity, that all the higher impressions are lost to our ordinary consciousness. The transference of the impressions either does

not take place, or it is so weak that it is not noticed by our higher consciousness. Beyond doubt if this is the case, it is largely on account of the activity of the animal organs and the whole human machinery with its rapid change of matter. These physical reasons we know entirely cease in cases of apparent death.

The Unseen Cord.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

There is an unseen world which binds
The whole wide world together;
Through every human life it winds—
This one mysterious tether.
It links all races and all lands
Throughout their span allotted;
And death alone unties the strands
Which God himself has knotted.

However humble be your lot,
Howe'er your hands are fettered,
You cannot think a noble thought
But all the world is bettered.
With every impulse, deed or word
Wherein love blends with duty,
A message speeds along the cord
That gives the earth more beauty.

Your unkind thought, your selfish deed,
Is felt in farthest places;
There are no solitudes where greed
And wrong can hide their faces.
There are no separate lives; the chain,
Too subtle for our seeing,
Unites us all upon the plane
Of universal being.

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